Saturday Review

March 11, 1967 35¢

pring and the Traveler:

N THE WRITER'S PLACE

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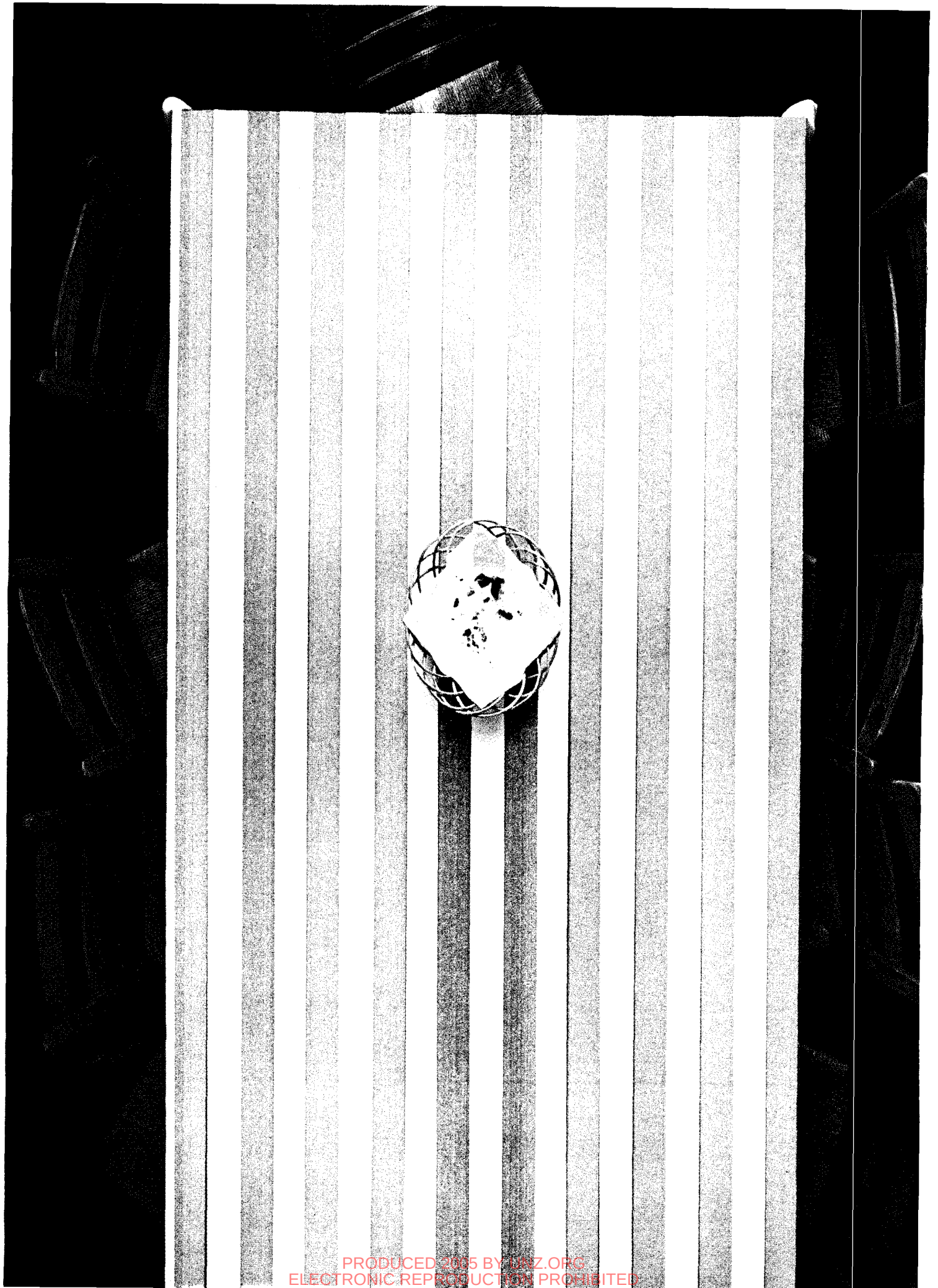

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By 1985, the world will have to find another breadbasket besides ours.

That's the year when the food needs of the world's underdeveloped nations will be so great, it will be impossible for this country to meet them.

According to our own Department of Agriculture, even if we put every single one of our presently idle 55 million acres of land into full production, we'll fall short by about 12 million tons.

And what's worse, not even the combined productive capacity of all the rest of the world will be able to make it up.

Obviously, there's only one solution: the needy nations have got to learn to feed themselves. But to do that, they need help; technological as well as material help.

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If India, for example, improved its methods of farming and tripled the amount of fertilizer it now uses, it could increase production by 50 percent in the next 5 years.

In fact, it's been estimated that with the right economic changes, most underdeveloped countries can not only feed their own peoples, but *they can have surpluses* within 10 to 20 years.

Let's face it, there really isn't much choice left. In the world war against famine, potentials like these are our last defense.

And American businesses like Olin can be only too glad to give the hungry nations all the technical help they need.

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It is always amusing to read reviews which warn the reader by describing a book as lubricious and end up by making it sound delicious. But most reviewers are no fools: they are communicating on what reviewers call "two levels." For every reader warned off, ten more are alerted.

Unfortunately, a fine book's sexuality may obscure its other qualities (viz. *Lolita*). I have a hunch that James Salter's *A Sport and a Pastime*, for example, will be bought for dubious reasons and remembered with good reason. Verbal descriptions of the book may start with a long, low whistle. But if this brings Salter's novel (second of Doubleday's *Paris Review Editions*) to readers, then let the whistling begin.

In fact, it already has.

"Look out, Grove Press, here comes Doubleday," writes *Publishers' Weekly*. ". . . *A Sport and a Pastime* tells—all. An elegant young American forms a misalliance with an acquiescent French girl of the lower classes, whose sexual talents have never before been fully realized." "Graphic bedroom report," writes Eliot Fremont-Smith in a *Times* preview.

"Salter . . . transfers to the fever of the flesh . . . what is as erotic a novel as any since Henry Miller even where *it is as lyrical as it is lubricious* . . . as seen, or rather imagined, by an older friend, thirtyish, filled with autumnal resignation," says *Virginia Kirkus' Service*. "Seldom has the progression of a consumingly physical attachment, from its initial insatiability to its more advanced experimentation, been charted as explicitly." But in a book full of seduction, writes *Kirkus*, what is most seductive are Salter's descriptions of France around Dijon and Nancy (sometimes Paris).

We have been to bed before, and quite a lot lately, in fiction. But Mr. Salter, whose strange, visionary novel is painted in short, sure strokes of the brush, has taken some of the plainest (and best) language available, and shown the way beyond Henry Miller.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

A Sport and a Pastime ($4.50), by James Salter, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 7000 Camp Bowie Boulevard, Fort Worth, Texas 76116.

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Our man in Denver took three nice ladies for a ride they'll never forget.

Hertz would like to thank Mrs. John Carlson of Sioux Falls, South Dakota for sending us a letter exposing Willard Reed for what he really is. A nice guy.

When Mrs. Carlson and some of her lady friends were in Denver, he rented them a car that broke down. (That wasn't very nice, but we're only human.) They called the Hertz office and he promptly got them into another car. (That was O.K. but it wasn't actually nice.)

It was the next day, on his day off, that Willard Reed really got nice.

He felt so badly about the car breaking down that he called Mrs. Carlson at her hotel and offered to take the ladies for a sightseeing ride. He picked them up, drove them through the mountains for three hours, and deposited the ladies back at their hotel.

Honestly though, we must admit that Willard Reed didn't go to all this trouble, on his day off, just because he's a nice guy. He had an ulterior motive.

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Who speaks for the civilian dead in South Vietnam?

It's time someone did. For a perverse and cynical double standard is being applied to the American effort in Vietnam. The March issue of The Reader's Digest sets the record straight:

"News of civilian casualties caused by U.S. air raids over North Vietnam recently brought anguished protests here and abroad. The number of civilians killed in these raids totaled a few hundred North Vietnamese—killed not purposely, *but by accident*. Yet, there was silence about a different kind of killing—the *purposeful* slaughter committed by communists against the civilian population of South Vietnam.

"The number of *civilians* killed by Red attacks in the South since 1957—by the communists in South Vietnam and by those sent from the North—runs to 11,000 actually counted, and many thousands more uncounted. Untold thousands have been maimed in deliberate acts of Vietcong terror, and another 40,000 have been kidnaped. Few of the kidnaped ever return."

Read "Who Speaks for the Civilian Dead in South Vietnam?". The article, condensed from *U.S. News and World Report*, is documented, incisive, enlightening. It is just one more reason why 50 million Americans count on The Digest month after month to keep them informed about the forces that shape our times.

Also in the March issue:

Look at America's "New Towns"! They are whole new settlements, built from scratch and designed to get around "the grind-and-bore part of living, like commuting, traffic jams, parking problems, driving miles for a loaf of bread." The big aim: jobs for all who live there, a home for all who work there. An exciting report.

Teach your mind to think. You struggle with a problem, but can't solve it. Then someone else finds the solution, and—behold—it's obvious. What did you do wrong? Here are "six working precepts to aid in solving problems—three are preventive, to help keep you from an incorrect line of reasoning; three are remedial, to help you if you find yourself stuck." Condensed from *International Science and Technology*.

America's clear and present danger. Gen. Nathan F. Twining, who served as chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff from 1957 to 1960, explains why he considers the cold-war strategy the United States is now pursuing to be a blueprint for national suicide. In an exclusive interview with editors of The Digest, the General challenges those who have let our deterrent force grow slack while "evidence mounts that the Soviets have been pursuing a vigorous weapons program."

The unforgettable George S. Kaufman. "His porcupine bristle of black hair looked like an explosion in a wig factory. But his funereal features gave him a forbidding air. 'I'm never sure,' an actress once said, 'whether George is smiling at me or baring his teeth.' This was George S. Kaufman, who for more than 30 years was the most successful writer and director in the American theater." An affectionate salute by a close friend.

Brains across the sea. Unnoticed by most Americans, "a massive tide of skilled professionals is now sweeping from the poorer to the richer countries. Ultimately this 'brain drain' poses a threat to world peace. For without substantial resources of trained and educated manpower everywhere, the gap between the rich and poor nations cannot be narrowed." An absorbing report on a dilemma that is looking for a solution.

The great research boondoggle. Though we are being told that government is paring expenditures to the bone, millions of federal taxpayer dollars are going into pseudoresearch that not only provides negligible public benefit but corrupts and wastes our valuable scientific manpower. Here are the documented, disturbing facts.

"Blacklisted!" For years, a handful of men held the entire broadcasting industry in a grip of fear. When they attacked radio-and-television entertainer John Henry Faulk, they destroyed his promising career; the ensuing libel action was among the most significant in our recent legal history. The inside story, condensed from lawyer Louis Nizer's best-selling new book, *The Jury Returns*.

Also in the March issue:

Man on the Moon: How Soon?
Aspirin: The Wonder Drug Nobody Understands
Flying Saucers—Are They Real?
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Reader's Digest

WORLD'S BEST SELLER

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Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.

For after shave, after shower, after anything! **Brut.**

Old Folks at Home

"HOW WAS the movie, dear?" asked Mrs. Fethergill. She'd stayed home, nursing a cold, while her husband had gone to the neighborhood art house.

"Strangest picture I've seen in years," said Mr. Fethergill, as he hung up his hat and coat. "There wasn't a single scene showing the lovers naked in bed."

"What!" She sat up on the sofa in surprise, took off her glasses, and laid aside her sewing. "Are you sure? Wasn't it a *foreign* film?"

"French. Roger Bearnaise directed it."

"And there wasn't *any* nudity?"

"Not even a buttock." He kissed the top of her head dutifully. "But I haven't told you the queerest part. The lovers are a middle-aged couple. Married. To each other. And they sleep in *twin* beds." He paused dramatically. "With *night clothing* on."

"Gracious!"

"I kept waiting for them to *sing* to each other, like Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy," said her husband.

"No adultery! No nudity!" Mrs. Fethergill thought a moment. "Maybe there was some *symbolic* sex you missed."

"No, I watched for symbolism very closely. And I didn't see a single church steeple. No stallions rearing up, either."

"Didn't *any* appetites get indulged?" she persisted.

"Nope. There wasn't even any sloppy eating."

"But what was the climax?" She was growing more and more puzzled.

"A little boy pats a dog."

"Maybe *that* was symbolic."

"No, the dog had been lost and came home again. That's all there was to it."

Mrs. Fethergill sighed in bewilderment. "Another New Wave must be breaking," she said.

"You're right, dear," agreed Mr. Fethergill sadly. "And you and I are Out again."

They went disconsolately into their bedroom, got into their night clothes, and went to sleep in their twin beds.

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

The Sporting Life

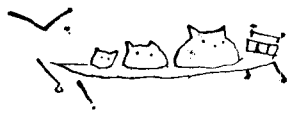
WEALTH confers many distinctions on a man, and one of them is the privilege of being called a sportsman. A poor man is never a sportsman: He may be a sport or a good sport, but the title of sportsman is reserved for the rich.

An electrician or a supermarket manager, a weight inspector, bus driver, or laundromat mechanic who buys passage on a fishing boat sailing from Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, or Manasquan, New Jersey, is not a sportsman no matter how many excursions he makes. Sometimes the newspapers, in a mood of benevolence, will refer to such fishermen collectively as sportsmen, but the real test comes when the boat is rammed and sunk. The men are then called by their proper titles: electrician, supermarket manager, etc.

The distinction may seem superficial to some people and undemocratic to others, but that's the way of newspapers. Bing Crosby is a sportsman, but no paper would dream of calling a smalltime off-Broadway actor a sportsman just because he goes to the Catskills to shoot squirrels. In the same way, a native African who arms himself with bow and arrow to bag an impala or a steinbok to get some meat and a decorative pelt is not a sportsman, whereas a Texan who flies from Texas with expensive guns to shoot antelope or leopards is a sportsman.

A bank president is a sportsman if he spends a few weekends at the race track, but a bank teller is not a sportsman, though he may bring $80,000 of embezzled money to the track to enrich the sport.

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary defines a sportsman as one who pursues



sports, especially of the field. This is an imprecise definition. The dictionary-makers don't seem to realize the importance of money. They may think a man qualifies as a sportsman by regularly attending prizefights or football or baseball games; but unless he is well-heeled he is nothing more than a fan. By leading a life of quiet respectability he may attain the rank of sports enthusiast.

Gamblers and what newspapers call underworld characters or underworld figures are not sportsmen but sports figures. An experienced newspaper reader knows that a sports figure is not a sportsman, but confusion sometimes arises because the news departments of papers usually don't see eye-to-eye with the sports department.

A few years ago a copy boy delivered to the city desk of the now-defunct *World-Telegram* four envelopes of clip-

No Nudes Is Bad Nudes

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1. *Aren't you dressed a bit warm for the weather? It's 79 degrees.*

Can't afford to catch a chill.

2. *The forecast for today is sunny and mild.*

You can never tell when the North wind will blow.

3. *But snowshoes?*

I hear there's a storm in Manitoba heading our way.

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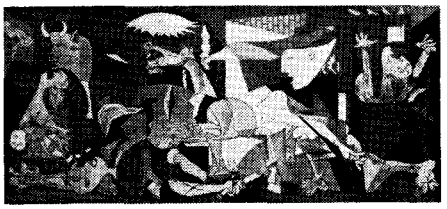

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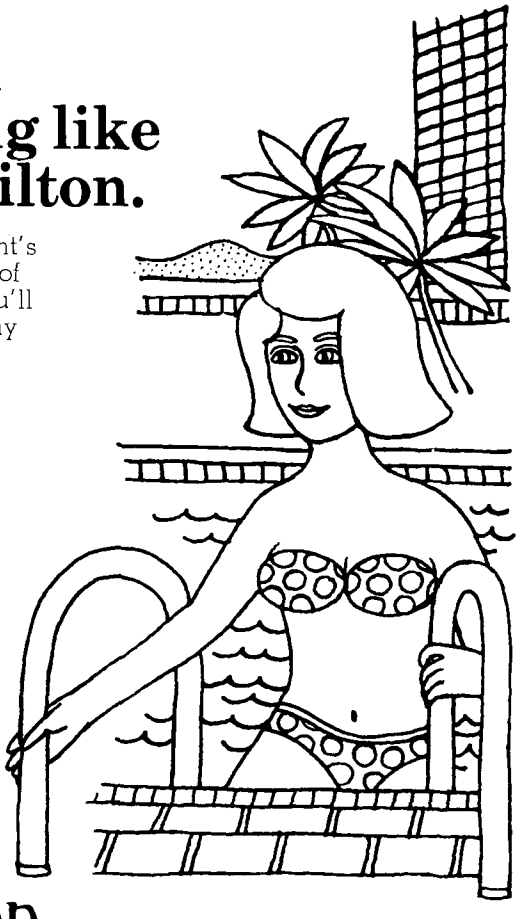

TEL AVIV HILTON

pings from the paper's morgue. Two, labeled on the basis of sports stories, read: LUCCHESE, THOMAS, SPORTSMAN. The other two contained stories written as straight news. They read: LUCCHESE (THREE-FINGER BROWN), THOMAS, RACKETEER.

—JOHN FERRIS.

Happy Conclusions

(Being a sampling from a hobbyist's collection of endings culled from popular fiction.)

HE LET his fingers follow the downward track of her tears until he found her chin. He lifted her face with a strength that surprised even him.

"Yes, Kitten, I'll try," he said.

"This here's a Colt Forty-five pistol pointed right at your belly, Sidewinder," Pete said, laughing coldly.

"I guess you heerd what kind a noise it's gonna make."

She crept close to me, the tips of her body like frost. And so we huddled together, breast to breast, warming ourselves with our love, frightened creatures in a wondrous world, beyond knowing . . . fearful, and yet an tic ccip ppat inggg.

"Don't be a —fool—Morgan Terry!" Miss Meliss, tart as one of the plum pies on her kitchen table, observed from the door.

"Kiss the girl!"

He wasn't.

He did.

Slowly Brek smiled. "Don't call me Veronar," he said softly. "I remembered, just in time, that I am William Webster, Earthman. You can kill me in any way you plan. But the defeat of the Astrarchy and the new freedom of Earth are fixed in time—forever."

Slowly, yet with an awful strength, Emerson Stoner brought the muzzle of the pistol to his temple.

His death precipitated the Great Crash of 1986.

"'Ere's health and 'appiness to Lydy Carter!" bellowed Tim lustily. "The best damn barmaid in all o' England."

"Aye, aye to that!" roared John Hawkins.

"*Amcen*!" echoed Abu Ben Assedik.

But Sir Magnus couldn't drink the toast to "The best damn barmaid in all o' England," for Lady Carter's lips were on his mouth.

"God," he cried, dying on Mars. "Gee, we made it!"

—F. DE SALES MEYERS.

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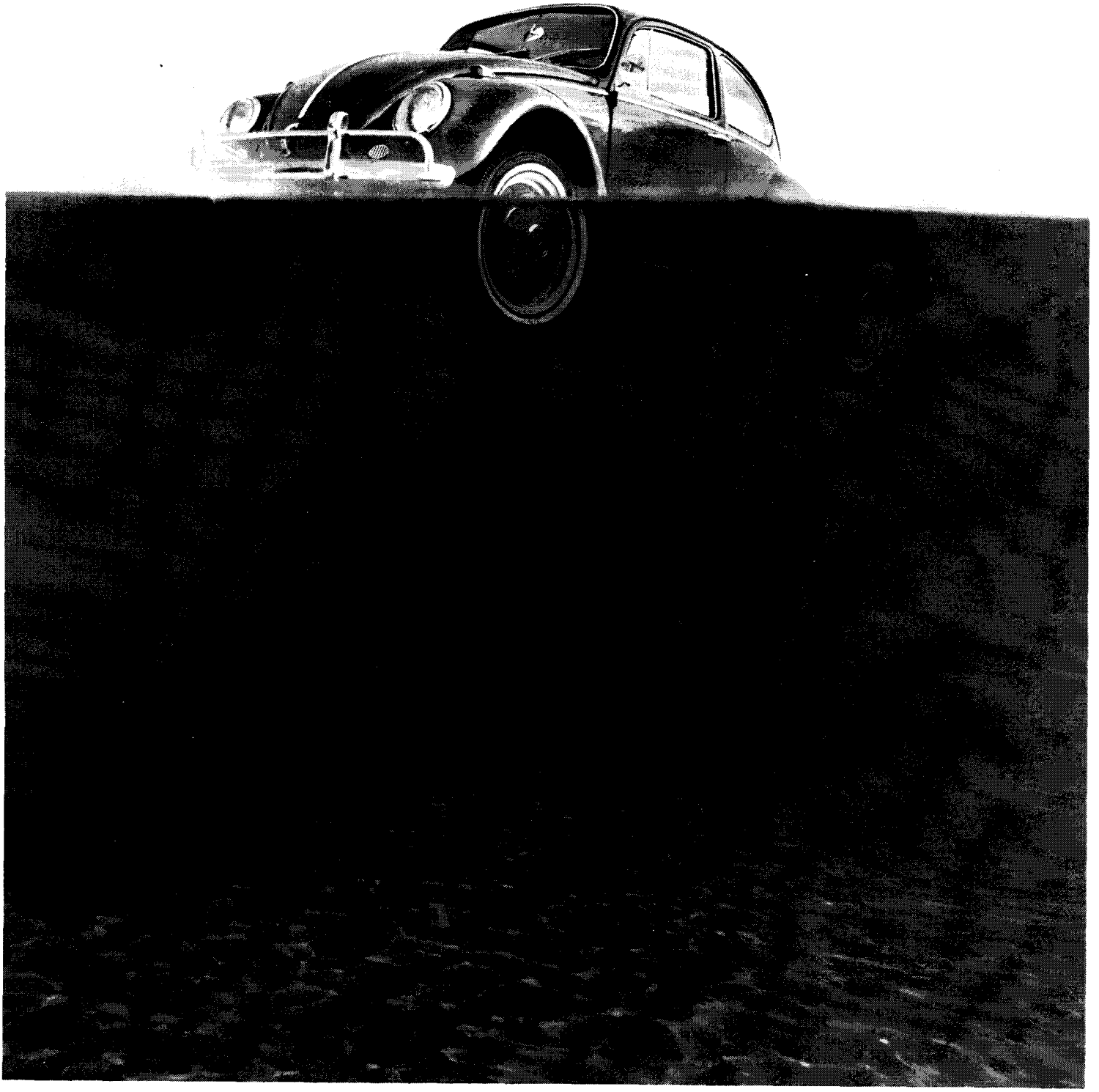

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So drive around the big puddles. Especially if they're big enough to have a name.

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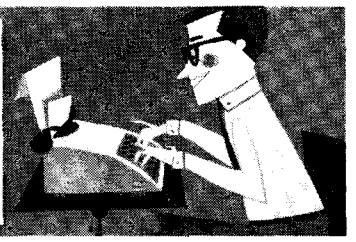
Top of My Head



Personal but not too . . . Sequel

A FEW COLUMNS ago I dwelt here on a kind of personal thing that has happened in my home. I wrote that after years of having appeared on an early radio program my wife had become a subconscious addict of the malaprops which she employed in the character she portrayed. I said it as gently as I could and with much empathy. I thought.

I thought—until a few evenings after the column appeared. The following is a reasonable facsimile of the dialogue between me and a woman in high dudgeon:

"Why did you write this about me in your magazine?"

"That is not my magazine."

"All the more reason! I have to hear it from a stranger. My own brother calls me up and tells me to read it."

"I don't know what your strange brother told you, but—"

"He told me to read it and I did. And you could have knocked me down with a fender. It's behind me how you can write a thing like this about me."

"Jane, I thought I did it rather gently. I didn't make you sound like an illiterate Mau Mau. As a matter of fact, I had a lot of letters from former radio fans who remember you fondly."

"Oh, sure! They remember Mau Mau!"

"Isn't that awful?"

"About your own wife—the woman you promised to love, honor, and oh boy!"

"Oh, boy, how'd I get into this?"

"The least you could have done was to let me read it so I could make some changes and cut out what I didn't like and visa versa. Doesn't it to you?"

"Uh—yes it does—no, I mean, look Jackie—I mean Jane—"

"I heard that! Jackie—that's Jacqueline. You took up for her in your magazine when she wanted changes, but it's a different thing when the chickens come home to roast, isn't it?"

"What's for dinner?"

"Don't change the subject my tar-feathered friend. You're taking me too much for granite."

"Look, Stonewall—I didn't mean to—"

"If it's good enough for Jacqueline it's good enough for me. We're all cremated equal, you know."

"You're pretty burned up about this."

"And why not, if I may be so cold? I think what you did is abdominal."

"Now that's hitting below the belt, Jane."

"I just want to ask you one question. If you're going to write about me I demand to see what you write."

"That's not a question, Jane."

"Oh. If you're going to write about me should I demand to see what you write?"

"Well frankly I don't think so. Because I'm not out to malign you. When it comes to writing I think I'm rather deft."

"Oh, no you're not. You only hear what you want to hear."

"Isn't this murder?"

"I want to get this out of my cistern once and for all. In the future I want to see everything you write before you write it."

"That's a neat trick."

"If you want me for a friend that's what you have to do."

"That's a rather high price to pay for friendship."

"That's my blackbottom price."

"Well, I'll have to think about it."

"OK, then I'll have to think about getting your dinners for you. If you're going to act like that I have something up *my* arm, too. No more telling me you want boiled coupon for dinner, and I work my head to the bone fixing it for you. I'll just put a sign up: KITCHEN CLOSED DURING ALTERCATION."

"Who was it said, 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned?'"

"Not me. I don't use that kind of language. All I said is if you're going to make this a baffle of wits, the kitchen is closed."

"Jane, you're making this into a crisis."

"Well, it is. I don't think it's unreasonable to ask you to let me see what you write before you write it. And if I'm wrong I'm not far from it."

"OK, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to write in your column just what I said tonight."

"Verbatim?"

"No sir, word for word."

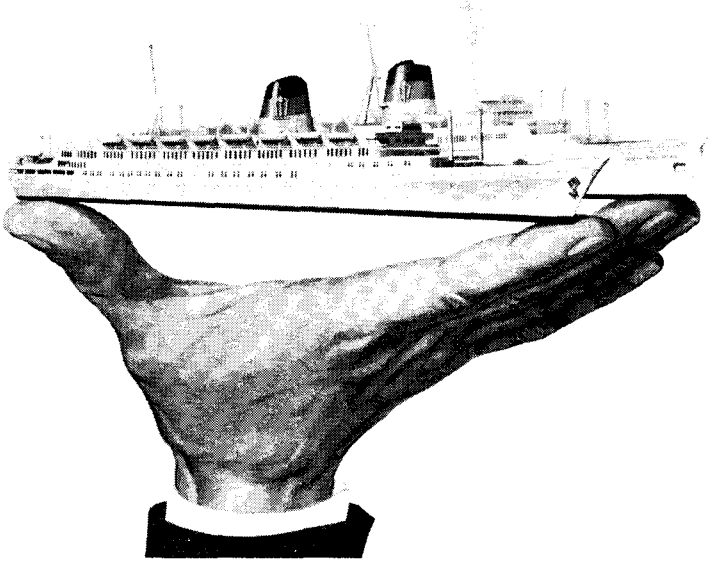
"That's a deal."

"Thank you, dear. I knew you'd do it. After all, you want me to be happy, don't you? And I want you to be happy. We're all looking for the bluebeard of happiness."

Bluebeard huh—say, that might—naaa.

—GOODMAN ACE.

We're handing you a great line.



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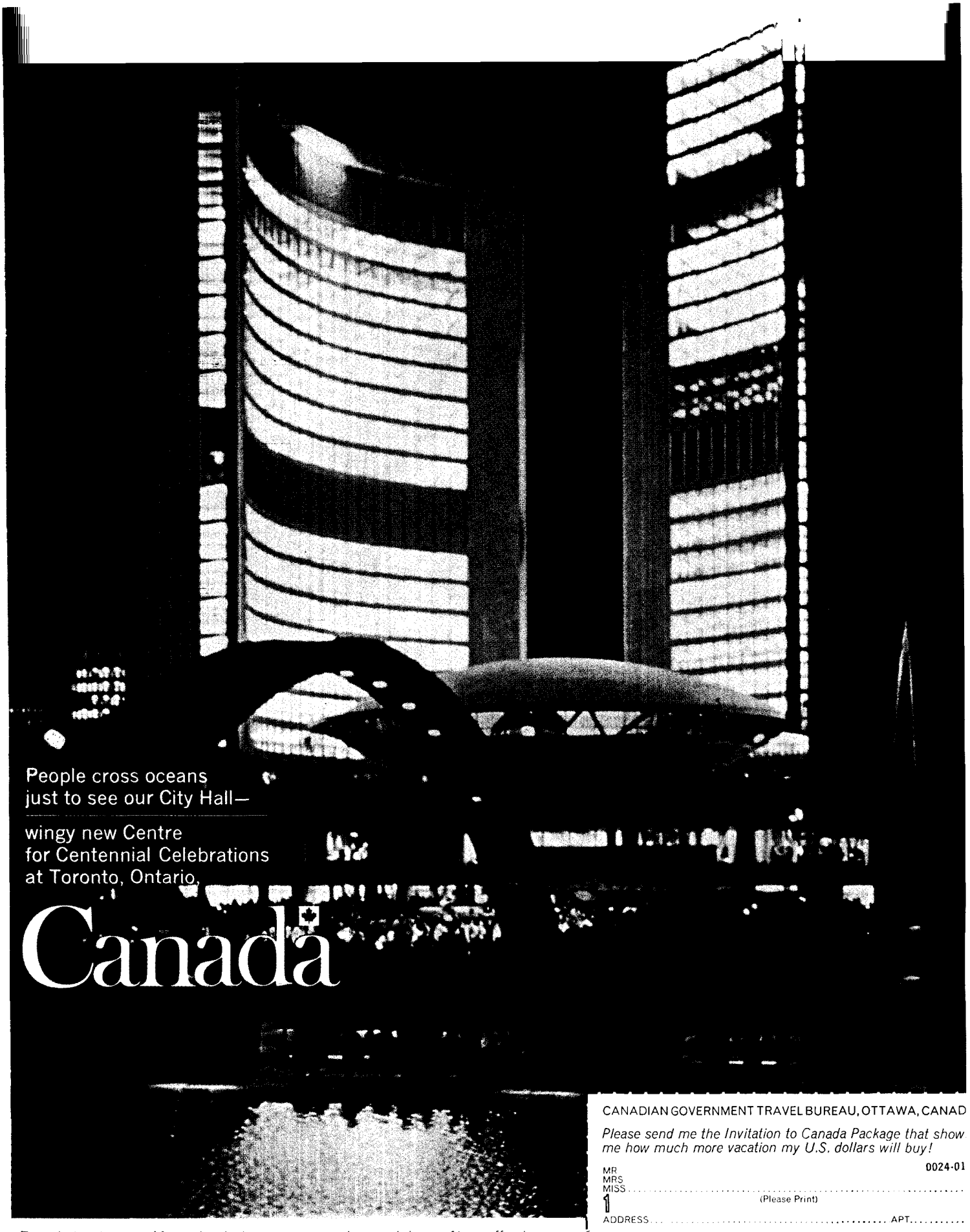

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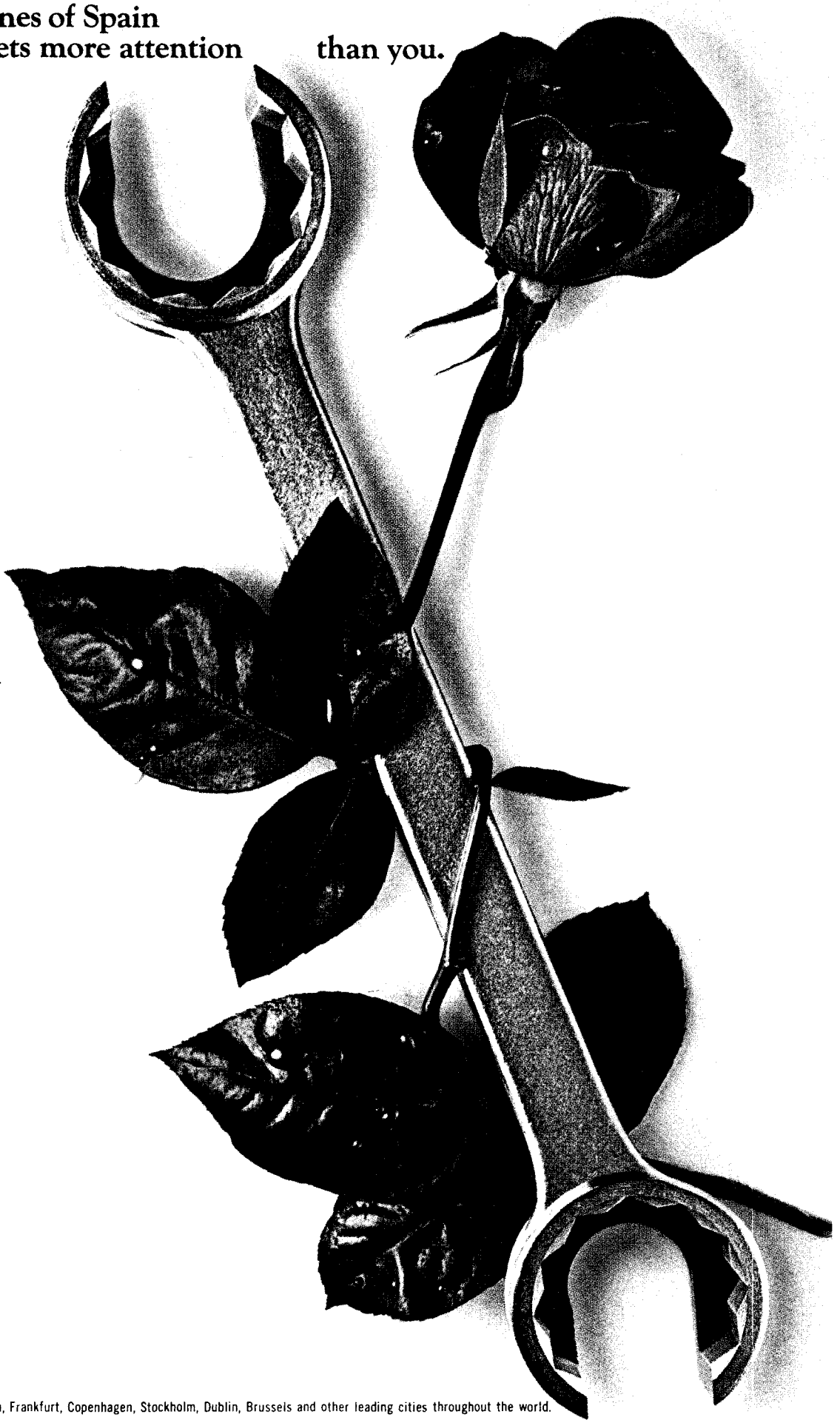

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthology

A Hawaiian Anthology. Edited by Gerrit P. Judd. Macmillan. $5.95.

Crime, Suspense

Face to Face. By Ellery Queen. New American Library. $4.95.

The James Joyce Murder. By Amanda Cross. Macmillan. $3.95.

The Little People. By John Christopher. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

The Silent Syndicate. By Hank Messick. Macmillan. $6.95.

A Thrill a Minute with Jack Albany. By John Godey. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Economics

Challenges to Collective Bargaining. Edited by Lloyd Ulman. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Essays

New Rhetorics. Edited by Martin Steinmann, Jr. Scribners. $4.95.

Theodore Spencer: Selected Essays. Edited by Alan Purves. Rutgers Univ. Press. $10.

Fiction

The Adventures of Dolphin Green. By Herbert Lieberman. Hill & Wang. $4.95.

The Bridge in the Jungle. By B. Traven. Hill & Wang. $5. (Reissue.)

The Godmother. By Janice Elliott. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

Hannah and the Peacocks. By Edward Caddick. Little, Brown. $4.95.

Hosannah Tree. By Margaret Shedd. Doubleday. $5.95.

The Inspector. By Enzo Bettiza. Lyle Stuart. $4.

The Newel Post. By Cicely Louise Evans. Doubleday. $4.50.

Not Soldiers All. By Albert T. Crowley. Doubleday. $4.95.

Number 10. By William Clark. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

The Power of the Dog. By Thomas Savage. Little, Brown. $5.95.

The Road. By John Ehle. Harper & Row. $5.95.

The Sons of Martha and Other Stories. By Richard McKenna. Harper & Row. $4.95.

The Thorn Trees. By John McIntosh. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

The Walls of Heaven. By Jonathan Scott. Putnam. $4.95.

History

Greek Realities. By Finlay Hooper. Scribners. $8.95.

International Affairs

The German Economy: 1870 to the Present. By Gustav Stolper, Karl Häuser and Knut Borchardt. Harcourt, Brace & World. $9.50.

In Famine's Shadow: A Private War on Hunger. By Mervyn Jones. Beacon. $4.95.

Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal. By Howard Zinn. Beacon. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.25.

Literary History. Criticism

The English Epic and Its Background. By E. M. W. Tillyard. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

Mark Twain's Letters to His Publishers 1867-1894. Edited by Hamlin Hill. Univ. of California Press. $10.

Mark Twain's Satires and Burlesques. Edited by Franklin R. Rogers. Univ. of California Press. $10.

Mark Twain's *Which Was the Dream?* and Other Symbolic Writings of the Later Years. Edited by John S. Tuckey. Univ. of California Press. $10.

(Continued on page 20)

"No need to wear that thread-bare jacket after this. I no longer base my fees on income."

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Continued from page 19

NOTHING MORE TO DECLARE. By John Clellon Holmes. Dutton. $4.95.

Miscellany

BEST TV COMMERCIALS OF THE YEAR. Edited by Wallace Ross. Hastings House. $12.50.

GRAFFITI. Edited by Robert Reisner. Parallax/Pocket Books. $1.

HISTORY OF ROCKETRY AND SPACE TRAVEL. By Wernher von Braun and Frederick I. Ordway, III. Crowell. $14.95.

HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF, YOUR FAMILY, AND YOUR HOME: A Complete Guide to Self-Protection. By Goerge Hunter. McKay. $6.95.

Personal History

THE ANIMALS CAME IN ONE BY ONE. By Buster Lloyd-Jones. John Day. $4.95.

CHIEF JUSTICE: The Judicial World of Charles Doe. By John Phillip Reid. Harvard Univ. Press. $12.50.

DANGEROUS CORNER. By Maurice Vlaminck. Abelard-Schuman. $5.

A DIARY IN THE STRICT SENSE OF THE TERM. By Bronislaw Malinowski. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

PEARY: The Explorer and the Man. By John Edward Weems. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

ROLLS OF ROLLS-ROYCE: A Biography of the Hon. C. S. Rolls. By Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Barnes. $6.

THERE'S A FOX IN THE SPINNEY: Memories of Fox-Hunting, Racing and Publishing. By Stuart Rose. Doubleday. $4.95.

Poetry

DRYDEN'S POETRY. By Earl Miner. Indiana Univ. Press. $10.

SEVEN MODERN AMERICAN POETS: An Introduction. Edited by Leonard Ungar. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $5.50.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CHURCH AND THE CITY 1865-1910. Edited by Robert D. Cross. Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

THE CHURCH AND CIVILIZATION. By Jerome D'Souza, S.J. Doubleday. $4.50.

MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU? By Rabbi Morris Adler. Edited by Goldie Adler and Lily Edelman. Crown. $4.95.

METHODIST OBSERVER AT VATICAN II. By Albert C. Outler. Newman. $4.50.

Sociology

IMPROVISED NEWS: A Sociological Study of Rumor. By Tamotsu Shibutani. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.50.

Travel

THE CATKIN AND THE ICICLE: Aspects of Russia. By John Gooding. Roy. $5.50.

THE GUATEMALA TRAVELER: A Concise History and Guide. By Selden Rodman. Meredith. $5.95.

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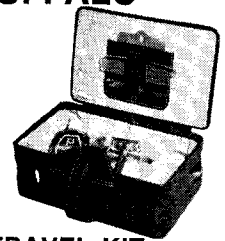

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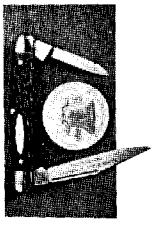
COLOR: Olive Brown .....**$20.00** postpaid

Guaranteed the sharpest knife you have ever used or your money back!

THE MIGHTY MITE



Hand honed precision adjusted blades of **Premium Razor Blade Stainless Steel** give amazing cutting quality. The Mighty Mite weighs just ¾ ounce and is only 2¾" long making it a mighty comfortable knife to carry. The handle is made of unbreakable Stagalon. Schrade-Walden craftsmanship assures this knife's superiority. You have to use it to believe it.
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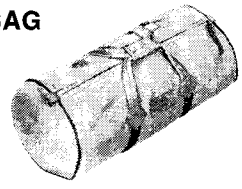

As much at home on a jetliner as lashed to the back of a camel. Incredibly lightweight, this sturdy bag is made of the strongest water repellent canvas available, and reinfoced with leather bands. The Grip-lock handles, nameplate and end resters are of the finest cowhide. Jam-proof zippers seal the main compartment and side pocket. Web straps and nickel end loops for lashing down and securing equipment add to its versatility. Beige with brown leather trim, it's 30" long and weighs only 36 oz. **$17.50** postpaid.

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A customer showed up with an expired out-of-state driver's license. So Ernie took him to the highway patrol for a driver's test. He passed. Got a Mississippi license. And was off in a shiny, new Plymouth.

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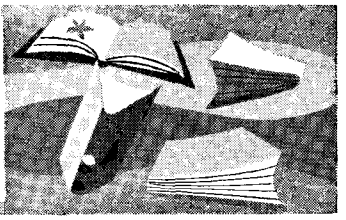
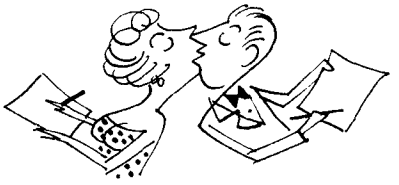
Trade Winds



In the summer of 1965 Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times* made his first request for a visa to visit North Vietnam. The first of December 1966, Hanoi officials decided to grant him permission to visit their country. They found a copy of the *Times*, looked at the masthead for the address, and shot off a cable to Salisbury giving him the okay. Unfortunately, the paper at hand was the International Edition, with a Paris cable address. The North Vietnamese waited and waited. More than a week later they had received no reply. Then someone had a second thought and a follow-up cable went to New York December 15, starting Salisbury on his momentous trip.

No one knows what happened to the first cable. Probably filed in the *Times* International Edition office under "Practical Jokes, Communist." (Is Paris burning!)

Having been driven to distraction by the spelling and word uses of the students in his classes, Professor William L. Rivers of Stanford University collects these assaults on the English language and flings them right back at the culprits in his Communications 50 and 172 classes. His sarcastic critiques take various forms, one of which is his compilation of the Rivers Little Miracle



Dictionary of Broken English. Here are some of his definitions of phrases found in student papers:

"Foreign caresspondents"– those who kiss and write it up.

"Basic tenants of the church"–holy squatters.

"Possibitty"–little teeny possibility.

"Redicals"–the way-out leftists.

"Dewelling"–damp house.

"Pulpitating wildly"–swinging a sermon.

"Desserted cemetery"–Forest Lawn Banana Split.

"Givernment"–well-named welfare state.

"Tring to free himslef"–if at first you don't succeed, the hell with it.

Stories in *The New Yorker* We Never Finished Reading (January 14, 1967, p. 28), submitted to TRADE WINDS by William Jenkins:

The Governess

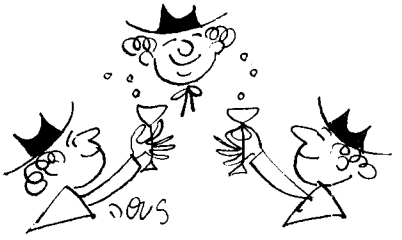
1.

My childhood lies behind me muted, opaque, and drab, the color of gruel and of woollen gaiters, its noises muted and monotonous as a sleeper's pulse. My childhood memories. . . .

It was on election night that Guy Henle started his collection. He heard Chet Huntley refer to Richard Russell as "a Senator's Senator." Then he read that Anthony Boucher, reviewing a new book by John D. MacDonald, considers him "the professional's professional" of suspense writers.

Henle got through the holidays all right, but in January, *Time* magazine did a piece about Adam Elsheimer, the seventeenth-century artist, and said, "he was a painter's painter." Only a few days later, John Ashbery reviewed *The Collected Works of Jane Bowles* in *The New York Times* and declared, "Jane Bowles is a writer's writer's writer"!

If Guy Henle is not a nervous wreck by now, he soon will be, because in the March issue of *House Beautiful* a story



about Marcel Breuer recalls that he has been referred to as "an arehitect's architect." The tragic feature of it is that Henle is executive editor of *House Beautiful*, and it slipped by him before he could do a thing. You might be interested to know that in the magazine game, we sometimes think of Henle as an editor's editor. Not to his face, of course.

I had a once-in-a-lifetime experience just a couple of weeks ago. I was having my hair cut for a dollar in a New York barber shop on Lexington Avenue, when a cab driver sat in the chair next to me.

Castaway
Go to pieces in the South Seas, in the best Maugham/Conrad tradition. Do it in sailor-buttoned, low-slung stovepipe slacks of polyester and cotton. White, Tan, Navy. Sizes 6 to 16. The pullover is striped sideways, in a plethora of colors. S,M,L.
Slacks about fourteen dollars, pullover about seven dollars at good stores and college shops
The Villager
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He asked for a quick trim, as his taxi was parked illegally outside. I practically popped my eyeballs out to see what kind of tip the cabbie left the barber. Fifteen cents!

Hart's authoritative *Guide to New York City* says that you should tip 25 cents for a haircut, no matter how much it costs—75 cents or $2. But I guess a New York taxi driver is the last one you'd expect to know about that.

Sharps and Flats: Yes, in answer to my query in TRADE WINDS January 14, we are chalking defiance on bombs. Ensign John Moffitt of the carrier *Kitty Hawk* wrote his mother that he saw MERRY XMAS HO and FROM SQUADRON

114 WITH LOVE—ATTENTION HO CHI MINH written on some of them. (How about WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST?)

► The Public Library in Morgantown, West Virginia, is one of the finest examples of what such an institution should be.

► A Ronald Reagan Film Festival was held in Chicago, with excerpts from the Governor's films, such as *Bedtime for Bonzo*, in which Reagan rescues a chimpanzee from a high ledge.

► The National Geographic Society writes me that the Aetas, primitive tribesmen in the Philippines, prefer smoking cigarettes with the lighted ends in their mouths.

► Revealing Headline: FORD PRESIDENT FEARS EFFECTS OF SAFETY AND AIR POLLUTION DRIVES.

► Tom Flynn says the Berliners really admire our President. They have named a street after him: Unter den Linden.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

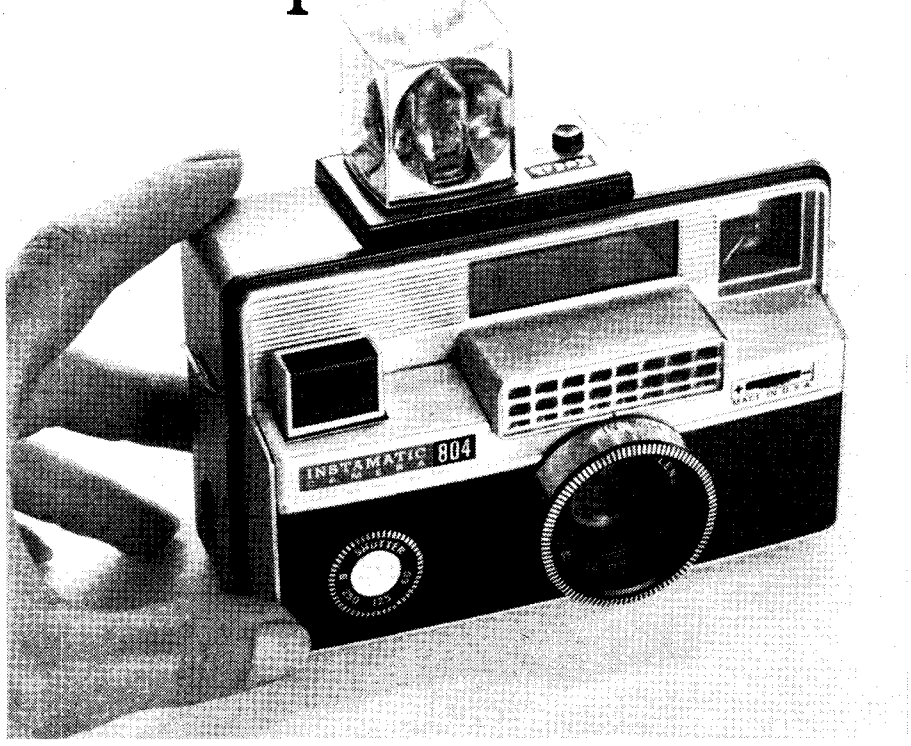
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1717)

PEARL S. BUCK:
THE PEOPLE OF JAPAN

In Japanese there is no direct way of saying thank you. Instead they use such expressions of regret, indeed, of rancor, as: "It is unrepayable . . ." "Oh, this poisonous feeling!" And it must be a poisonous feeling to be eternally indebted to practically every acquaintance.

Kodak TRADEMARK

The sophisticated camera that's "simple" minded.

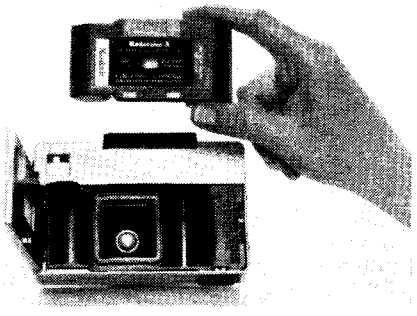


The KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera knows it all—and makes it easy. You never do any figuring. A built-in computer does it for you, making the correct exposure setting automatically. For daylight *and* for flash.

Practically everything else about the 804 is automatic, too. Automatically, it adjusts for the speed of the film, advances the film after each shot, tells you when to use flash, switches to flash speed when you pop on a flashcube, and turns the cube for the next shot. To load the 804, just drop in the film cartridge. To focus, use either the rangefinder or the quick "zone" settings. The lens is a fast *f*/2.8 and focuses from three feet to infinity.

Shouldn't you be clicking with the automated precision camera that lets you concentrate on the fun side of photography? Less than $130 at your Kodak dealer's. *Price subject to change without notice.*

The Kodak Instamatic® 804 Camera



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Saturday Review
March 11, 1967

THE BRAIN DRAIN

How Poor Nations Give to the Rich

Our training of foreign students who fail to return home is serving to widen a "talent gap" in underdeveloped countries; a U.S. Senator's report on a growing problem.

By WALTER F. MONDALE

THERE is nothing, quite literally, that the industrialized nations of the world can do for their less affluent neighbors that is more important than helping them develop the special knowledge and skills they so desperately need. The ideal and obvious way of accomplishing this purpose is to provide specialized training. So the United States Government has made it possible for thousands of students from Asia and Africa to receive high-quality education in this country.

One hundred thousand foreign students are in the United States today, about three-quarters from developing nations. Tens of thousands of other top professionals come here under exchange programs in medicine, science, and other priority fields. We have opened the doors of our colleges and universities to them, for the knowledge and professional skills they seek are indispensable to the progress of their homelands.

But before they can contribute to this progress, they must return home. And large numbers do not. Estimates of the number of Asian students who fail to go back range as high as 90 per cent. Thousands remain here as doctors, scientists, engineers, or teachers in our universities. And the percentage from other continents, though not so large, is still highly sobering.

Far from always bringing progress to poor nations, we are, in many cases, helping drain them of their most precious resource—human talent. And this brain drain is one of the prime reasons why the gap between the rich and the poor of the world is not narrowing, but growing wider every day.

There are, of course, many brain drains. There is the movement, adversely affecting my state of Minnesota, of many of the best brains from the Midwest to California and the East Coast. There is the migration of scientists from Britain to America. Our nation was built by a brain drain from Europe. And many centuries ago, there was a brain drain to Rome from the outlying provinces.

But the brain drain from developing countries is particularly urgent. It compromises our commitment to development by depriving new nations of high-level manpower indispensable to their progress. It runs directly counter to the education and training we provide in our foreign aid. It is, in the words of Assistant Secretary of State Charles Frankel, "one of the steady, trying, troublesome diplomatic issues confronted by [our] government . . . one of the most important problems faced not just by the Department of State, but more important, by the United States and by mankind as a whole."

THE brain drain is serious among scientists. The National Science Foundation estimates that, between 1956 and 1963, 2,858 scientists and engineers from South America and 4,114 from Asia moved permanently to the United States. Charles V. Kidd of the office of Science and Technology calls this loss a "national catastrophe" to developing countries, since they have so few to build a base for scientific and technological progress.

The brain drain is severe and growing among doctors and health specialists. Dr. G. Halsey Hunt, executive director of the Educational Council for Foreign Medical Graduates, reports that 10,974 of the 41,102 residents and interns serving in American hospitals are graduates of foreign medical schools. About 8,000 of these come from developing countries. Nigeria, with one-fiftieth as many doctors per person as we have, graduated nineteen physicians in 1963 from its one medical school; in the same year, sixteen Nigerian doctors were working in American hospitals. The Philippines graduates 1,010 doctors a year, and provides us 2,108 residents and interns.

According to Dr. Kelly M. West of the University of Oklahoma, "We would have to build and operate about twelve medical schools to produce the manpower being derived through immigration. The dollar value per year of this 'foreign aid' to the United States approximately equals the total cost of all of our medical aid, private and public, to foreign nations."

The brain drain is acute among foreign students. In the July 1966 issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Cornell President James A. Perkins cites an estimate that more than 90 per cent of the Asian students who come here never return home. Incomplete Immigration and Naturalization Service statistics indicate that about 30 per cent of Asians entering on student "F-visas" adjust their status to permanent resident. We don't know the exact figures, but we do know that the nonreturn of students from Asia is of massive proportions—particularly severe for countries such as Taiwan, Korea, and Iran.

The record of government programs is far better. Of those that our Agency for International Development (AID) brings to this country for education and training, more than 99 per cent return,

Walter F. Mondale is the junior United States Senator from Minnesota.

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as they are in fact required to do. Yet while some 16,493 Asians, Africans, and Latin Americans were receiving such training from 1962 to 1964, 8,151 *other* students from the same areas adjusted their status to permanent resident. Only half as many, perhaps, but for each man that left, a developing country lost an educational investment of many years, while the AID training averaged but nine months. Thus, the brain drain among students cancels out, several times over, one important phase of our foreign assistance program.

Under other circumstances we might rejoice that our Statue of Liberty has today become a beacon attracting men of high talent from all over the world. Should we wish simply to siphon off the world's best-trained people for our own benefit, we would consider the brain drain an unmixed blessing. But in today's world it is barely a mixed blessing. We may gain in the short run, but it threatens one of the vital long-run objectives of American foreign policy. For as Secretary of Defense McNamara said in his speech in Montreal last year, world security – and American security – depends on development in the less developed countries: development at sufficient speed to satisfy at least a portion of their rising aspirations.

Since the brain drain threatens development, it is ultimately a threat to the security of this country. So we must develop a comprehensive program to meet this threat.

Such a program must be selective, focusing on those nations and occupations where the problem is most acute. Some countries, which lose 50 to 95 per cent of their students who go abroad, could probably not put all of them to effective use, though they might benefit from a much higher rate of return. Other countries may not face a substantial brain drain. And certain professional skills—for example, that of atomic physicist—may not be in demand in some developing states.

A brain drain program must respect the spirit of the 1965 immigration law ending the discriminatory "national origins" quota system, legislation that I was proud to co-sponsor. It must also take account of very serious American manpower shortages in a number of fields. A brain drain program must be humane, placing value on the uniting of families, and providing refuge to men cut off from their homelands for political reasons. It must be coordinated with our allies, for we do not wish to reduce the drain to our land only to increase it in equal measure to Canada and Western Europe.

But there are, in my view, at least five areas where action is clearly called for.

First of all, we need more research on the magnitude and causes of the brain drain. Dr. Perkins writes that 90 per cent of Asian students do not return; INS figures indicate about 30 per cent. The true figure may lie somewhere in between, but we need to know where, and in what countries, and—more difficult—for what reasons. Nor are our statistics much better for doctors or other professional groups.

We must depend on the Immigration and Naturalization Service to provide more detailed figures, as it is now just beginning to do. And more research on basic facts and underlying causes should be done by private scholars. Interest in such research has grown rapidly, inspired partly by the June brain drain conference held by the Interagency Council on International Educational and Cultural Affairs. The Council has also compiled an excellent bibliography for scholars.

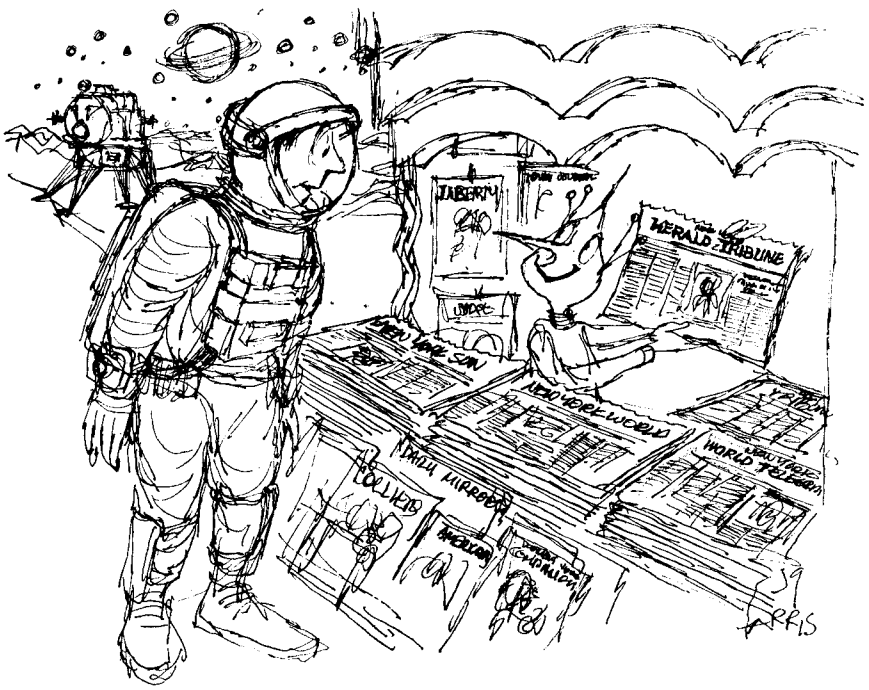
But, though more research is needed, the knowledge we now have is sufficient to provide the basis for positive action. This suggests a second urgent step on our part—a substantial expansion of educational opportunities for Americans in areas like medicine where we are seriously dependent on manpower from developing countries.

The present medical situation is a national disgrace. The growing shortage of American health personnel has been evident for many years. That we should, in the face of such clear evidence, need doctors from countries where thousands die daily of disease to relieve our shortage of medical manpower is inexcusable. And our dependence has increased—in 1951, only 9 per cent of our hospital residents were foreign; by 1964, this proportion had risen to 24 per cent.

For the present, we must continue to rely on these doctors in many cases, and they have served us admirably. But in the long run, there is only one answer—a sharp increase in the output of our medical schools. Then we can welcome foreign interns and residents on exchange programs not to make up for our lack of doctors, but to provide them with the skills and experience which will help them best serve their own people.

As a third part of a brain drain program, we should encourage our colleges and universities to make their programs for foreign students more relevant to the needs of their homelands. In opening their doors to these students, our colleges and universities perform a national and international service of the first order. But they face a difficult paradox—the better their foreign students adjust to university life, the longer they extend their studies; and the more successful they are academically, the more likely they may be to want to stay permanently in the United States.

To resolve this paradox, we must devise programs for foreign students which orient them toward the needs of the developing nations to which we hope they will return. For this purpose, I would urge that the Congress authorize funds for pilot grants to educational institutions, to support special curriculums to relate particular fields of study to problems faced by developing countries, and special counseling to help students maintain contact with their homelands and shape educational programs which



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prepare them for rewarding careers there. Such programs should concentrate particularly on foreign students not sponsored by the federal government, since it is among these students that the brain drain is most acute.

As a fourth step, we must give far more attention to helping developing countries make effective use of the skilled people they do have. These countries thirst for skilled, professional manpower, yet often do not provide good opportunities for those already there. This is, of course, why many leave.

There is ample evidence to support the conclusion of Professor George Seltzer of the University of Minnesota that the brain drain "may be symptomatic of a host of fundamental shortcomings regarding the development and utilization of high-level manpower." And as one American university dean has put it, it is difficult to advise an Indian engineer to return home if "there is a high risk that he will be a clerk-typist for the next ten years." Many underdeveloped countries lack effective economic and social institutions to attract the right man to the right job, to award posts on the basis of potential and capabilities rather than personal connections, and to allow a bright young man to advance as fast as his abilities merit.

The responsibility for meeting this problem rests primarily with the countries affected. We have learned through hard experience that self-help is the crucial factor in the progress of developing nations. Without it, any aid program is futile. But in countries that are serious about self-help, our aid can supply a vital ingredient to development, by providing needed capital and concentrating attention on fundamental problems.

Although it has been badly neglected, the effective use of professional and skilled manpower is clearly such a fundamental development problem. And as Gregory Henderson of the United Nations Institute of Training and Research has suggested, AID can assume an important role in helping hard-pressed students who return find the right jobs. One model worth careful study is the Indian Scientists' Pool, through which the Indian government guarantees temporary placement to returning scientists so they have time to shop around for suitable permanent employment. Another possibility is opening recruiting and placement offices in this country; the Ford Foundation has just granted $200,000 to an Indian business group to support such an office in New York.

IMPROVED placement is, of course, only part of the answer. Another part may lie in promoting diversity and pluralism in developing countries, so that individuals can establish their own businesses or schools or cooperatives, and develop and test their talents in the crucible of experience. Another need is to remove some of the deep-rooted frustrations of professional life in developing countries—low salaries, lack of adequate facilities, limited opportunities for advancement, and insufficient recognition of the value of professional work. None of these can be accomplished overnight. But it is surely time to give this problem the priority it deserves.

Finally, we should consider negotiating bilateral agreements with developing countries severely hurt by the brain drain, to modify the effect of our visa and immigration policies. This is an area where we must tread with extreme care.

"Actually we're not interested in territorial gains so much as the unification of Europe under one efficient political and economic system."

We must not violate in any way the spirit of the new immigration law. Yet the new emphasis on the skills of the immigrant regardless of origin clearly exacerbates the brain drain, and already we are seeing its effects. Fifty-four immigrants from India in the preference category for professional and technical workers came to the United States in fiscal year 1965. But with the reallocation of unused quota numbers provided by the new legislation, 1,750 Indians in this category—more than thirty-two times as many—were admitted one year later. There is also, of course, the continuing problem of adjustment of student visa status.

Because of the severity of these problems, together with the importance of maintaining the general provisions of our immigration law, we should explore the possibility of bilateral agreements with certain developing countries to deal with brain drain problems as they arise in each national case. Such agreements might require that students from particular countries return home for two years before becoming eligible to immigrate to America, as those on the exchange program must now do. And these agreements might establish a mechanism for considering the needs of a developing country in our immigration policy, as well as our own needs. Any such bilateral agreement should definitely require that the developing country take specific steps to improve opportunities for talented individuals.

Such agreements, of course, would involve some limits on the freedom of the individual who wishes to come to our shores. Yet no one is advocating today an open immigration policy; the question rather is whom we shall accept, and who shall be kept out. Since we have determined, as one basic principle, to place high priority on our need for skilled people, we should likewise find some way to consider another principle, the needs of countries whose development is a goal of our national policy.

In other words, what is needed is some way to strike a balance, in immigration policy as in the other areas I have discussed. For our people do need doctors, as our economy thirsts for more scientists and engineers. We prize the presence of foreign students on our campuses. We profit from the contribution of immigrants from all continents to our national life. Yet if we would build a world where our children can live in peace and freedom, development of poor nations must likewise receive high priority in our national policies. And if we continue to neglect the brain drain, the gap between rich and poor will grow wider still, and hopes for lasting peace will vanish for our century.

Such a disaster we must do all in our power to avert.

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VOLTAIRE'S TIMELESS EMINENCE

Voltaire, sculptured by Houdon —"immense wit and wittiness."

By JACK VALENTI

ONCE THERE WAS a superb old courtesan named Ninon de Lenclos, who, in her eighty-fourth year, became attracted to the bright mind of the ten-year-old son of her notary and author of her will, one M. Arouet. Young François Marie Arouet, she thought, will become a credit to his nation if his mind is employed usefully. She told her notary she would leave 2,000 francs in her will to the young boy if the father would buy him books to read. The famous courtesan died, the books were bought, the boy read them, and grew up to become Voltaire.

If one believes the story, then Ninon's legacy may well have marked the most spectacular outcropping of wit and arrogance and literary splendor of all time.

François Marie Arouet was born in Paris on November 21, 1694. His mother was Marie Marguerite D'Aumard, of fragmentary noble lineage. He was the youngest of five children, so puny and sickly at birth that no one gave him long to live. Throughout his life, he suffered illness, real, imaginary, and contrived; never, to hear him tell it, did he manage a day without some intrusion of ill health. He lived to be eighty-four.

Voltaire is a timeless eminence. He mingled in his person and in his creativity immense wit and wittiness, a very solid pragmatism, and a very inflammable idealism. He possessed bottomless energy; he had a business acumen that made him, and kept him, a millionaire with shrewd investments before which any Wall Street house would genuflect in appreciative awe; he was educated by Jesuits and scoffed at some of the rites of organized religion.

He hated laziness, never understood the idle mind or person, and never allowed himself not to work; he left an enormous bulk of writing—more than fifty plays, countless poems (a bare catalogue of them fills fourteen royal octavo columns), numberless tales (of which *Candide* is the most perfected), histories, general criticism and miscellaneous writing, and correspondence—tons of it—to most of the eminent literary lights, rising and fading kinglets, princes of the blood, and mistresses (his and others) in Europe. Voltaire was the sauciest, angriest, the most prolific, and, possibly, when it served him practically to be so, the most mendacious of all letter-writers.

There was nothing odd about Voltaire; he liked women, loved most of them, was capable of faithfulness and faithlessness and could plausibly justify either. With a matchless aplomb he was kind to husbands of the wives he made love to, even managing to live for fourteen years with Madame du Châtelet *and* her husband, who had the good sense to spend most of his time with his regiment. (It is an indicator of French tolerant morals that society was less surprised at the Marquis's acquiescence than the lovers' fidelity.) One of Voltaire's early tutors was the Abbé de Chaulieu, who declared, with solemn finality, that wine and women were the most delectable boons granted to man by a wise and beneficent Nature. Voltaire did not need urging to take up this regimen. However delightful the pleasures of the flesh, though, they never diverted him from the compulsion to work.

Voltaire had a horror of being ponderous or heavy-footed. He suffered bores, boredom, and pundits with ill grace, viewing them with the same distaste he democratically felt for some reigning monarchs, and rival literary lions. He resented the "profusion of useless things with which they wished to load my brain. My motto is, TO THE POINT." His whole life consisted of work, fleeing into exile, returning, and then fleeing again, journeying from one mistress to another, from one temporary home to another, and finally returning to die in Paris after an exile of twenty-eight years.

Posterity honors him; and women, and society in general, found him irre-

(*Continued on page* 138)

Voltaire presiding over a dinner party which includes the Abbé Maury, Condorcet, and Diderot (engraving by Hubert).

Jack Valenti, former special assistant to President Johnson, is president of the Motion Picture Association of America.

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There Are No Aliens

THIS IS a little guessing game growing out of the designation by the United Nations General Assembly of 1967 as International Tourist Year.

Question No. 1: What government has come forward with a series of ingenious ideas for adding to the pleasure and convenience of foreign visitors by providing free towing services and on-the-spot repairs for disabled cars, and by reducing admission rates for government-sponsored events or for art museums and historical sites?

Is it the U.S. Government, which has been seriously concerned about the fact that far more travel dollars are leaving the country than are coming in? Is it the United States, which is trying to remedy the adverse balance by creating a U.S. Travel Service?

No, it is not the United States. Quite the contrary; the United States has yet to mount a program that bears any effective relationship to its proclaimed desire to attract visitors from other countries. The U.S. Travel Service operates at about 10 per cent of its potential effectiveness because the basic policies of the U.S. Government in the field of travel are still inexplicably rigid and backward. Moreover, the U.S. Travel Service is expected to carry out a worldwide campaign on a budget that is far less than what any single major modern airline spends annually on its promotional activities.

What, then, is the country referred to in Question No. 1? *The answer:* Italy. The Italian Ministry for Tourism and Entertainment has made a serious study of all the difficulties, major and minor, that interfere with the convenience of visitors. The Ministry recognizes that today's traveler likes to move about on wheels and is frequently at a disadvantage when something goes wrong with the moving parts. Hence, the Ministry has set up an elaborate plan for providing free and prompt road service wherever the visitor might be. Also, the Ministry feels that the visitor should have every inducement to see the nation's historic sites and art treasures.

Question No. 2: What government has just upset all precedent by announcing that during International Tourist Year it is dispensing completely with visa requirements and special entrance or exit forms of any kind?

Is it the U.S. Government, which boasts of its leadership in the field of human freedoms and which would never have been established as a free nation if the men who built it had to be granted entrance visas in order to come? No, it is not the United States. The United States is still far down on the list of nations that have yet to bring their travel policies into phase with the Jet Age. Our travel services throughout the world report that many times more people would visit the United States if the procedures for coming to America were as simple as those required of Americans who go to most other countries. The United States is second to none in the quality and appeal of its travel posters and slogans, but there the lure ends. The policies don't match the posters. Visas are far from automatic. Delays are often intolerable. It is only natural that people who want to travel should favor those countries that make them feel genuinely welcome.

Answer: Yugoslavia. The government of Yugoslavia feels that the governments of the world have mistaken bureaucratic nonsense for security considerations. It has decided to do away with all the outdated rituals; rituals by which a nation thinks it is asserting its vaunted sovereignty. A border-crossing, Yugoslavia believes, should be a matter not for suspicion but celebration. Accordingly, Yugoslavia has notified the U.N. that any human being anywhere on the face of the earth whose own country will give him permission to leave will find Yugoslavia's gates wide open. He will not be harassed by customs officials. When he comes into Yugoslavia, every attention will be given to his convenience.

Doesn't Yugoslavia know that a major nation has to protect itself against secret agents, subversives, crooks, and international bad characters? Apparently the government feels that visas and their related folderol are very easily contrived by those who have a nefarious purpose and that it is the students, scholars, businessmen, and everyday people who are made to suffer from a nation's restrictive policies. Far better to run the risk that a handful of undesirables will come in than that a large number of honest travelers may be kept out.

What is most significant and encouraging about Yugoslavia's action is that the government is now considering holding to this policy even after International Tourist Year is over.

THE UNITED STATES prides itself on being an open society. An open society is not just a matter of the free circulation of information and ideas. It presupposes the free movement of people. At one time, nothing was more characteristic of American society than the ability of its citizens to circulate throughout the world. Not many of its citizens were able to do so; this was more a reflection of the natural difficulties in the way of travel than of government restrictions. But during the past half century or so, the notion has somehow taken hold that government properly has the authority to decide whether its citizens should travel, and where, and for how long. The United States has also imposed artificial and largely meaningless restraints on those who might otherwise wish to visit this country.

The men who founded the United States believed in free and unfettered movement of people—not as a privilege

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wealth and "Illth"

STUART CHASE, in his article, "Can We Stay Prosperous?" [*SR*, Feb. 11], remarks that consumption of tranquilizers in America is rising. The use of such drugs is, I think, a symptom of perhaps the gravest poverty that is creeping into life in the United States: the tragedy of insensitivity; of not caring. Every morning as I drive to work I see air as polluted as that above a forest fire, and corners populated by people with nothing to do.

It is simpler not to care, to grow a shell thick enough to shed the daily torrent of sadness. Perhaps the solution will come only when the air is too noxious to breathe; when the poverty-stricken begin to shoot in other than their neighborhoods; when desolation is too ubiquitous to avoid.

FRED C. ADAMS.
Los Angeles, Calif.

STUART CHASE, in his astute and timely survey of the many lamentable changes in our society, touched upon grave problems and sounded proper warnings. I only wish he had given a warning against the dangers that are facing the American family.

In this affluent society, more and more men work two and three jobs in order to afford the "bigger and better" artifacts of modern living. More and more women get jobs to supplement the family income to buy more cars, more TV sets, more things. . . . The pressures of payments, the tensions of work, the competition for status are beyond the strengths of the ill-informed, poorly educated young couples.

Unless we begin some serious research in, education for, and commitment to, a healthy family concept we will find that the American family, like American prosperity, is more myth than fact.

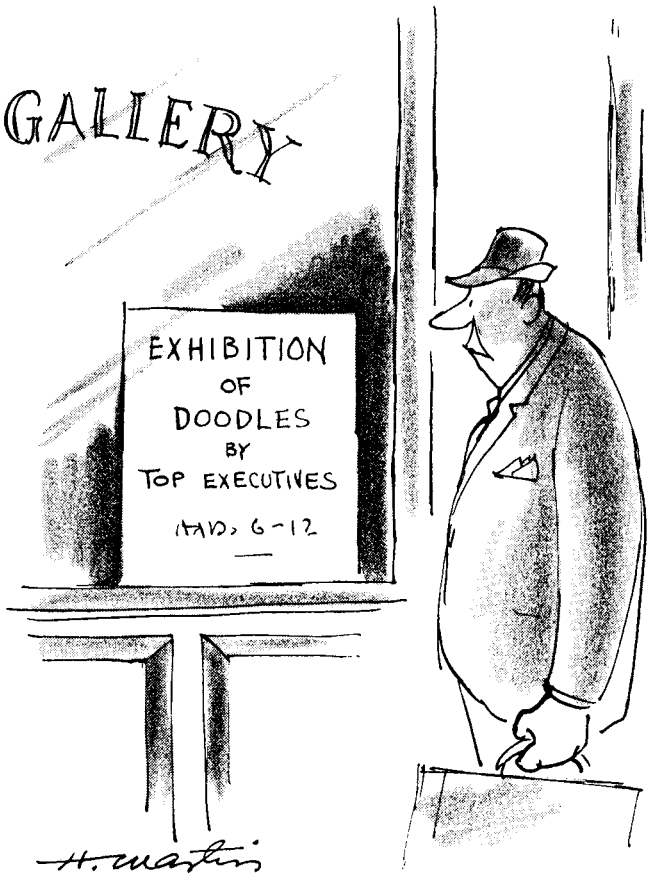
(MRS.) ESTHER H. KAGAN,
Divorce Conciliator, Psychologist,
Divorce Conciliation Service of the
Circuit Court of Cook County.
Chicago, Ill.

Abolish the Electoral College?

IN RICHARD L. TOBIN'S editorial, "The Direct Vote and the Electoral College" [*SR*, Feb. 18], the present system is criticized on the grounds that a man can be elected even though he has a minority of the popular vote. This is true, but the editorial goes on to advocate the Lodge-Gossett Amendment, under which each state's electoral vote would be divided in proportion to that state's popular vote. In my opinion, this method is worse than the present system.

The disadvantage of the Lodge-Gossett scheme is that it gives undue weight to the smaller states, and also to voters in states in which a smaller percentage of the population actually vote. The practical effect would probably be a pronounced shift to the right in American politics.

N. A. COULTER, JR.
Chapel Hill, N. C.



MOST CONTEMPORARY controversy seems to focus on the advantages and disadvantages of the current Electoral College system versus complete reform in the form of a direct national vote system. Either of these two methods seems more desirable than a partial and unpredictable method such as the Lodge-Gossett plan.

If you review the arguments and testimony that surrounded the proposed partial reform in the early 1950s, some of its evils will become apparent: e.g., it fails to correct for the disparity of vote apportionment; it would magnify votes in direct proportion to solidarity in the South and inversely to the number of participants in the South (and there would be even fewer reasons to appeal to Negro voters); it would have caused the Republican party to receive less votes than entitled to in every one of twenty-one Presidential elections before 1964; it would make it unnecessary for both parties to appeal for the support of liberal voters (an apparent majority); it would decrease the power of the larger and urban states and encourage disputed elections; and in general, open a "Pandora's Box" creating a "waterway fraught with [more] dangerous shoals."

SAMUEL A. KIRKPATRICK,
Department of Political Science,
Pennsylvania State University.
University Park, Pa.

CONGRATULATIONS on Mr. Tobin's editorial. Proportional representation in state delegations would be a sound step toward consent of the governed, but why stop there?

In a number of other nations, people live longer than we do. They do it on less than one-third of our per capita income. Most of those nations have proportional representation of voters in the actual *governments*, not only in legislatures but in multiple-party cabinets as well.

J. M. BRADFORD.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Hear, Ciardi!

JOHN CIARDI has done it again. His diatribe against making sense [MANNER OF SPEAKING, Feb. 18] makes a lot of sense. My compliments to the apostle of enlightening confusion.

D. C. GRANT.
South Bend, Ind.

AFTER READING John Ciardi's article, I'd like to be the first to cast a vote for him as president of the world.

The only problem, of course, is that he wouldn't want the job.

(MRS.) DOROTHY STEWART.
Oak Park, Ill.

They Spell A-C-E

CONGRATULATIONS to Goodman Ace on his February 4 column, "First of *My* Month." Only he could speak out against Motherhood and get away with it!

ROBERT M. PINE.
Des Plaines, Ill.

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Birdlime and Bobby Socks

THE ASSASSINATION of President John F. Kennedy is to most of us a sacred tragedy. A man who had come to symbolize a youthful, fresh, and idealistic approach to politics was cruelly erased from an era in which he was the most hopeful figure. Yet at the same time as we keep the memory of that moment uncontaminated, we can also look more dispassionately at the American political scene and regard the assassination simply as a historical fact, one sentence in a continuing story of self-serving political intrigue. And just as Brecht was able to write in comic terms about the tragedy of Nazi Germany in *Arturo Ui*, Barbara Garson in *MacBird* has made highly amusing the foibles that can be found in the supposed Kennedy-Johnson feud.

To do so, Mrs. Garson has made a number of far-fetched assumptions that are historically unsupported by evidence and which unfairly exaggerate derogatory aspects of the public figures she satirizes. Does this mean that she is abusing the spirit of free speech? Perhaps, but legally she is in the clear. Our laws are based on the theory that whenever elected or appointed public servants are so attacked, the truth will out and be sufficient protection.

The play begins with a tongue-in-cheek prologue ("Oh, for a fireless muse") patterned after the one in *Henry V*. In it, we are asked to ignore our intuitions and *not* to note the similarities MacBird and the Ken O'Dunc family may have to Macbeth and the Duncan clan in Shakespeare's play. Then we meet the witches, who are not supernatural but simply such contemporary agitators as a student demonstrator, a Black Muslim, and a labor leftist. But now comes a scene which has no counterpart in Macbeth that shows the Ken O'Duncs plotting the establishment of a political dynasty in which John will be succeeded by Bobby, and Bobby by Ted, and Ted by "princes yet unborn." Furthermore, John prophesies that a sweet haze he calls "The Pox Americana" will descend o'er the earth. A hint of hypocrisy in all this is inferred by John's reproof of Bobby for having warned him against making MacBird his vice presidential candidate just when John needed Bobby's "manly immorality." And later it is pointed out that John was able to use confidence and style to get away with attacking "that rebel isle," denying he did it, and then announcing "T'was I." Here it becomes clear that Mrs. Garson's target is not so much our late President but the American public's naïve and irrational trust in its leadership.

Bobby is treated more harshly as he is shown ruthlessly exploiting John's "psychosexual index," and, because he is the real second-in-command, snubbing MacBird. MacBird is represented as a coarse, vain, and vindictive country boy assisted by a clever, self-effacing wife who does the dirty work for her husband's political advancement. The play suggests that this pair is involved in the assassination only to the point of inviting the President to their home state where he will be exposed to the fury of his foes. But a more damning fabrication, which parallels Macbeth's explanation of why he killed Duncan's blood-smeared grooms, is MacBird's pious defense of the quick murder of Ken O'Dunc's supposed assassin.

Now the new President, MacBird, asks the Earl of Warren to investigate. When the Earl takes the request seriously by spouting, "Oh cursed spite that ever I was born to set things right" (*Hamlet*, Act 1, Scene 5), MacBird reminds him that he misunderstands his mission, which is simply "to bury doubt." This is vicious but hilarious satire.

Even more vicious, however, is the play's treatment of the Egg of Head, who is represented as not speaking out against the new administration in order to modify "the devil's deeds" from within. In a parody of the "to be or not to be" speech, he paints his fear of quitting the club and being left looking in from outside" that outsideness, that unfamiliar land from which few travelers ever get back in." Later it is announced that the Egg of Head, who had reached the point of breaking with the Administration, has died of a heart attack, but adds that a poison dart was found near the body.

The play continues to poke fun at MacBird when, at a press conference, a reporter asks about the rebel groups in Viet Land and MacBird replies, "What rebel groups? Where is this Viet Land?" When one of his Cabinet members replies that it's "a little land we're trying to subdue," MacBird snorts, "What crap is this 'we're *trying* to subdue'?"

And we see how MacBird's "Smooth Society" project can be simultaneously benevolent and insidious. "For each," he says, "a house, a car . . . a private psychoanalyst . . . This land will be a garden carefully pruned. We'll lop off any branch that looks too tall, that seems to grow too lofty or too fast."

Probably the most effective scene in the play is the one in which the three witches perform a minstrel show for MacBird. In it, Mr. Interlocutor asks what they are going to call MacBird's first grandchild, and Mr. Bones replies, "Dey gwine to call it Early Bird." Here MacBird protests, "Now *that's* bad taste." Thus the play makes fun of itself and of those who have criticized the whole notion of treating current political figures so irresponsibly.

In the end, as in *Macbeth*, we see the dynasty of Ken O'Dunc triumph as MacBird dies from a heart attack during his duel with young Bobby, who, just as sanctimoniously as did his predecessor, vows to carry on The Smooth Society.

Under Roy Levine's vigorous direction, the performances on the Village Gate's two-level thrust stage are excellent. As MacBird, Stacy Keach has caught with amazing precision the barbed inflections and the portentous emphases that are characteristic of the President's style of public speaking. Beyond this, his acting makes what might in lesser hands seem thin caricature into a devastating study of amusingly absurd self-delusion. William Devane's portrait of Bobby with the tousled hair is perfect and frighteningly facile as he switches into a Boston accent only on public occasions. In the more restrained role of John, Paul Hecht manages to suggest both a godlike image and a shrewd ability to calculate and control. John Pleshette plays the comparative weakness of Ted without overdoing it. And Cleavon Little stands out as the Muslim witch. While some of the others are less adept in their portrayals, it is a feat for a cast to sustain this touchy parody over a whole evening with the degree of vitality and fascination it does. We may be disturbed by *MacBird*'s irresponsibleness, but we are almost never bored by its wild antics.

THE BEST off-Broadway play so far this season is Lanford Wilson's *The Rimers of Eldritch*, currently at the Cherry Lane Theater. The play, which began at the Café La Mama, is a beautifully constructed effort to present a complex portrait of the good and evil in a small midwestern community. Under Michael Kahn's sensitive direction, a large cast act and re-enact segments of disparate conversations that slowly lead to a killing on the one hand and a sexual consummation on the other. Thus the playwright seems to be saying that small-town social attitudes tend to pervert natural sexual expression with both tragic and comic consequences. The cast is superb, and to say that Susan Tyrrell's very funny portrait of a contemporary country copulative and Betty Henritze's crystal-thin-voiced old woman are most memorable is not to slight the completely disciplined yet relaxed performances of all.

—HENRY HEWES.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Thirties—Thirty Years Later

IN *The New Republic* for April 22, 1936, Malcolm Cowley, reviewing *John Reed: The Making of a Revolutionary,* wrote: "I confess to having been mildly perturbed when I heard two years ago that Granville Hicks was writing a life of John Reed." After explaining the reasons for his perturbation, Cowley said: "I now want to apologize to Hicks for these doubts which I never expressed. His book leaves them with only the faintest shadow of justification."

Now it is my turn to confess and apologize. I wasn't altogether happy when I heard last fall that Henry Dan Piper of Southern Illinois University was publishing a selection of pieces that Cowley had written in the Thirties. I had read the pieces as they appeared, with great eagerness and usually with marked appreciation though sometimes with sharp disagreement; but I didn't look forward to rereading them thirty years later. In those three decades I had changed and Cowley had changed and the world had changed, and I thought that the pieces would be dated if not dead. In a sense they *are* dated, and that is why the book serves the purpose for which Professor Piper edited it—to give young people some idea of what the Thirties were like. But almost nothing seems merely old stuff, and the best of the pieces are alive today. They are so alive that the title of the volume, *Think Back on Us . . .* (Southern Illinois University Press, $10), a phrase that comes from one of Cowley's poems, is too elegiac for the kind of book that has emerged.

After his years of expatriation, described in *Exile's Return,* Cowley became book editor of *The New Republic,* succeeding Edmund Wilson. In 1934, as he explains in his epilogue, the senior editors asked him to do less editing and more writing, and he began turning out a weekly page. The epilogue describes the process of composition, and, having seen Cowley in the throes, I can testify that he doesn't exaggerate the intensity of his struggles.

A few of the pieces deal directly and vigorously with the Depression itself—reports on farm conditions, the flight of the Bonus Army, and the like—but more try to show the effect of the Depression on writers and writing. Cowley had announced his support of the Communist Party as early as 1932; he was, however, and remained simply a fellow-traveler. Although in a general way Cowley followed the Party line, he felt free to quarrel with some of those who set themselves up as Party spokesmen. He was one of the organizers of the first American Writers' Congress in 1935, which made no secret of its Communist affiliations, and at the congress he read a moderately militant but sensible paper on "What the Revolutionary Movement Can Do for a Writer." He was active in the League of American Writers, which grew out of the congress, and he was also active, following the Soviet-Nazi Pact of 1939, in the struggle to take the League away from the Communists.

Not long after the pact and my consequent departure from the Communist Party, I wrote (for *SR,* as it happens) an article about the literary life of the Thirties, calling it "The Fighting Decade." By and large, Cowley was less bellicose than many of his contemporaries, myself included; but, as this book shows, he could manage a knockout punch when he felt it was deserved. The first piece in the volume smites the "Angry Professors"—Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, and the other advocates of a peculiar brand of Humanism, which was just on the verge of a comfortable vogue when the Depression struck. Cowley mauls Paul Engle's nationalism and H. L. Mencken's racism, and he runs a steam roller over poor Mabel Dodge Luhan.

Piper has divided the book into two parts, "The Social Record" and "The Literary Record," arranging each chronologically. The second part reminds us how many books of high literary importance appeared in the decade. Cowley reviewed three books by Hemingway, and said something cogent about each. He twice attacked the problem of Thomas Wolfe, brilliantly defining Wolfe's faults and virtues. He was less incisive, it seems to me, on Dos Passos; and it is surprising, in view of his later eminence as an interpreter of Faulkner, that he did not review *Light in August, Absalom, Absalom!, The Unvanquished,* or *The Wild Palms.* He did try to make sense out of *Pylon,* and he wrote enthusiastically about *The Hamlet,* though in a way that suggested a misunderstanding of some of the earlier works. He also wrote well about many books from across the Atlantic.

Cowley called himself a Marxist in these years, but insisted on defining the term for himself. (So did every other self-styled Marxist, which made for controversy and sometimes for wholesale mud-slinging.) Cowley accepted the Marxist thesis of the centrality of the class struggle in history, and often applied the idea in his criticism. Although he was rarely dogmatic about it, he did believe that an author was strengthened by association with revolutionary forces, and he illustrated this theory in discussions of the work of Baudelaire, Mann, and Yeats, among others.

The quality in the reviewing Cowley was doing then that sometimes bothers

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me now is, surprisingly, a pedagogical tone. In his review of Hart Crane's *The Bridge*, for instance, he says to the reader in effect, "Now this is a difficult poem, but if you will follow me carefully, I will show you what it is all about." In discussing *A World I Never Made* he lectured Farrell on the language used by the aunt of his autobiographical hero in describing parts of her anatomy; I still think that is a subject about which Farrell knew more than Cowley. Cowley liked to predict and prescribe, and when necessary he would call the class to order. At the time, so far as I know, he had never been a teacher; perhaps that is one reason why he sometimes chose to talk like one.

In his introduction Professor Piper describes the difficulty of giving undergraduates an understanding of the Thirties. After examining a great deal of material, he came to feel that a volume such as this might help, and now, though I should not have supposed so in advance, I think he was right. Taken with Daniel Aaron's *Writers on the Left* and Harvey Swados's anthology, *The American Writer and the Great Depression*, the Cowley book may serve to bring the decade to life. Since the Thirties are beginning to become fashionable, partly because the right amount of time has passed and partly because the silent generation has yielded to an extremely vociferous one, we are lucky to have works as sound as these. One thing undergraduates are bound to learn from *Think Back on Us . . .* is that the decade is not to be summed up in a simple generalization. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1231

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1231 will be found in the next issue.

VIM FUJMWV LFFZW YXM WVHUU FSUB GRWV FRV VF VIFWM PIF IYQM SFV XMYJ VIMT.

—WYTRMU LRVUMX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1230

People do not deserve to have good writing, they are so pleased with bad.
—EMERSON.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

God as Poetic Expression

ASKING THE PRESIDENT of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America to review Erich Fromm's *You Shall Be as Gods* [*SR*, Feb. 25] was about as pertinent as asking a dying undertaker whether he would like his autopsy to begin ahead of time.

Fromm uses the most orthodox of Jewish writings to support his contention that "God is one of the many different poetic expressions of the highest value in humanism, not a reality in itself." Mandelbaum argues that the "wisdom" of these writers is inextricably bound to their belief in the reality of a God who is alive, and that, therefore, Fromm is abortively exploiting this "wisdom" by divesting it of its God *a priori*. Feeling that that point is self-evident, Mandelbaum simply dismisses Fromm's whole purport on grounds of obtuseness, which is a neat enough trick except that vis-à-vis Fromm's book it makes about as much sense as if he were to say that Isaiah and Camus could not have felt the same pangs of social injustice because the prophet was raised on manna while poor little alienated Albert was breast-fed.

J. PATRICK O'CONNOR.
Columbia, Mo.

Alvin Found It

OGDEN REID'S REVIEW OF Flora Lewis's *One of Our H-Bombs is Missing* and Christopher Morris's *The Day They Lost the H-Bomb* [*SR*, Jan. 28] brought out a little tinge of special interest to everyone at Litton Industries since our Applied Sciences Division in Minneapolis built the H-Bomb "finder"—the "Alvin," a two-man deep submersible submarine of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. As to Morris's contention that CURV (Cable-operated Unmanned Recovery Vehicle) found it, . . . NET's "Spectrum" Science Series program called *Flying at the Bottom of the Sea*, aired over NET's 105 stations on the anniversary of Alvin's initial mid-February dive off Palomares a year ago (it made 145 dives in all) . . ., showed Alvin finding the H-Bomb, after which CURV was summoned to *raise* it to the surface.

COL. BARNEY OLDFIELD, USAF (Ret.).
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Answered in Affirmative

IN HIS OTHERWISE EXCELLENT review of Bernard Fall's *Hell in a Very Small Place: The Siege of Dien Bien Phu*, David Schoenbrun [*SR*, Feb. 18] criticizes Fall for not saying "whether Dien Bien Phu would have been saved by U.S. air intervention." In fact, Fall considers the question at some length and answers it on page 459: "The question, then," writes Fall, "arises as to whether a major American air effort around Dien Bien Phu would have achieved a desirable military result and, hence, a worthwhile political result at Geneva. The answer is yes."

DONALD NEFF.
Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

Propaganda?

SOME OF US WELL REMEMBER the "political atmosphere of 1949," and remember, too, the weight of material evidence against Alger Hiss. I have observed that Mr. Hiss's partisans will not, no, they *will not* admit the evidence; and by their strident defense of the indefensible they weaken their case. So with Mark Harris. His uncritical acceptance of Meyer A. Zeligs's *Friendship and Fractricide* [*SR*, Feb. 11] makes me question his competence, and question the frame of mind of an editor that would publish his review, for it is propaganda.

JOHN E. FELLOWS.
Pleasant Valley, N.Y.

Needed Banality

IF *Yanqui, Come Back!*, by Dr. William Walsh, is written with "garrulous banality" as stated by Zena Sutherland [*SR*, Jan. 28], may I add that we need more of this kind of "banality" on our bookshelves today. The editor chose to place it in the "young adult" listing. It is an adult book, written, admittedly, without the literary style of a Faulkner, but whose deficiencies are more than compensated for by the inspiring story told by its author.

FRANCES C. THOMPSON.
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dutton lists "Yanqui, Come Back!" as both an adult and "YA" (young adult) book.*

U.S. Policy Supporters in Asia

I READ WITH DISGUST the review of Henry A. Commager's book *Freedom and Order* [*SR*, Jan. 28]. Not at the review, but at the inaccuracies that are in his book. . . . Commager's statement that "not a single country in Asia supports us" is, I'm afraid, a downright lie. What about the Koreans and the Filipinos? What about our bases in Thailand?

MARION L. STOCKER.
Claremont, Calif.

Foibles of Females

THAT VERY AMUSING EXCERPT in your "Literary Sampler" [*SR*, Feb. 25] from a forthcoming book by Margaret Bennett, *Alice in Womanland*, raises a genderally interesting question: should males read books about Womanland? Can we go on loving 'em after we laugh at their foibles?

ROBERT D. FRANKLIN.
Toledo, Ohio

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From Peasant to Comrade

Fanshen: A Documentary of Revolution in a Chinese Village, *by William Hinton (Monthly Review Press. 637 pp. $12.50), tells the agonizing story of life in a small North China rural community under the land-owning gentry, the Japanese occupation, and the Communist régime. C. T. Hu, a Chinese scholar, is professor of comparative education at Columbia Teachers College.*

By C. T. HU

THIS is an unusual book, not so much for its strange-sounding Chinese title as because it defies categorization. Subtitled "a documentary," it bears no resemblance to such official works as a white or blue paper; while it cites here and there some outstanding scholarly publications, it makes no pretensions to scholarliness; possessing some of the features of fiction, it is certainly not intended to be read as such. William Hinton spent no more than six months in the village under study, a fleeting moment in the ageless history of China. The village of "Long Bow" is one of hundreds of thousands of rural communities that do not qualify for the tiniest of dots on the map. In demographic terms, only a few score individuals take part in the drama—a drop in the Chinese human sea.

But *Fanshen* is an important book. It is first of all unique in that the author, unlike so many who have written on the Chinese revolution for the sake of writing on the Chinese revolution, plunged into this task without forethought. He happened to be there at the crucial moment when Long Bow village underwent what must have been the most painful transformation in its entire history, when the majority of the villagers experienced the *fanshen* ("turned their bodies") as a result of the Communist revolution.

An American teaching English at the Northern University under Communist auspices, Hinton was sympathetic to the revolutionary cause and shared the sense of excitement that was sweeping across the North China Plain. He asked for and was given permission to live in the village for the purpose of observing the process of reconstructing rural China, and, with it, the remaking of the Chinese nation. As a villager he ate millet and corn, slept on earthen *k'ang*, and had his share of lice and other minor irritants. The book is based on extensive notes taken during his stay. The difficulties he encountered in recovering his notes first from U.S. Customs and then from Senator Eastland's Committee apparently strengthened his determination to publish them.

While admitting that conditions in Long Bow village, both before and after the arrival of the Communists, were in many ways not typical of rural China as a whole, Hinton nevertheless believes that what occurred there reflected the situation then prevailing in North China, where the Communists built their base of power and gained their initial experience in carrying the torch of revolution to the peasant masses. Inasmuch as that earlier experience had a decisive influence upon the course of agrarian revolution throughout China after 1949, the significance of Hinton's work seems to extend considerably beyond limitations of time and space.

SOME readers will probably find this volume unduly long, while others will be disturbed by the blurring of identity of so many characters with unpronounceable Chinese names. Nonetheless, it is an arresting narrative. It tells the agonizing story of rural China in turmoil, when human feelings were at their most acute. And it is told with a remarkable evenness of temper and a rare understanding of human weaknesses and strengths. Unlike some of the earlier scholarly works in the English language that treated rural China as a collection of socioeconomic phenomena, *Fanshen* deals with living people in their own setting, and stresses the emotional element within the larger framework of economy and institutions. The harshness of nature, the callousness of land-owning gentry, the ruthless exploitation of the weak, and, above all, the narrow margin between survival and extinction find expression through the acts and words of the villagers themselves. Living conditions being what they were, radical changes had to come; and they came with the tide of the Communist revolution, which swept away the ancient beliefs, social structure, and political and economic systems, thus making it possible for the majority of Chinese peasants to "turn their bodies."

HINTON has been accused of Leftist leanings, for he has made no attempt to hide his sympathy for the Chinese peasants and their self-appointed benefactor, the Chinese Communist Party. But though he depicts the inhuman conditions that prevailed prior to the coming of the Communists, he also shows the tormentingly zigzag course the revolution took. Contradicting the oversimplified and exaggerated accounts handed out by the Communist régime in which the peasants are described as having risen from hell to heaven, a major portion of *Fanshen* is devoted to recording the fierceness of the struggle, the abuse of newly-gained power by elements within the peasantry, the excesses and suffering that came in the wake of Communist accession to power.

Communists may feel justified in claiming victory for having done away with the oppression and exploitation of the old days; Hinton shows us the toll the revolution has exacted from the masses. Moreover, if the productive forces of the countryside have been released as a result of *fanshen,* present-day events on the mainland seem to raise the question of who has really benefited from it, now that twenty years have elapsed.

Fanshen has a message that goes beyond the transformation of China. In this age of universal rising expectations, there still exist predominantly agrarian societies in which physical survival almost requires the abandonment of human qualities. The lesson of Long Bow village, so movingly and compassionately recorded by Mr. Hinton, should be studied and restudied by all who have a personal concern for the future of the majority of mankind.

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The Other Half of the Hemisphere

Inside South America, *by John Gunther (Harper & Row. 610 pp. $7.95), and* ***Latin America: A Cultural History,*** *by Germán Arciniegas, translated from the Spanish by Joan MacLean (Knopf. 594+xliii pp. $10), apply wholly different techniques to expositions of what makes various components of a continent tick. Gladys Barber was the deputy representative of the United States at meetings of the Inter-American Commission of Women in Chile, Paraguay, Brazil, Puerto Rico, and El Salvador. Willard Barber has served as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs and as Counsellor of Embassy in Lima and Bogotá.*

By GLADYS and WILLARD BARBER

SUMMIT meetings of the Presidents of all the American republics are rare; the last one was attended, in Panamá, by President Eisenhower. The next, scheduled for April 1967, is expected to advance hemispheric economic integration. Numerous obstacles will have to be overcome or circumvented. It is, therefore, fortunate to have at hand fresh and highly relevant—but diverse—treatments of Latin American politics, society, and culture from which to derive enlightenment on the issues at stake.

Twenty-five years have passed since John Gunther's original *Inside Latin America*. Then he wrote of twenty countries; now he limits himself to the ten most southern republics. Among the changes he notes are greater United States influence, advances in air transport, public concern with population pressures, increased urbanization and industrialization. The extreme Right has lost in parliamentary strength. Although dictatorships are fewer, concentration of power in the executive of some nations makes ridiculous the claim to democratic government. Social fluidity is more marked; a middle class is emerging, and the status of women is improving. In army, church, and oligarchy "profound changes are taking place." Gunther asserts that, along with Catholic reformist trends in several countries, Protestantism is strongly on the rise.

Previously Gunther wrote quickly after a rapid journey, provoking the criticism due a three-day wonder. For this book he spent twenty-one months in travel and study, working harder, he says, than ever before. But he persists in leaning heavily on journalistic sources and personal interviews. While the 722 individuals around the continent whom he interrogated include all of the Presidents, the list does not appear to represent a true cross-section of the public. Nevertheless, his revised judgments — rendered in eye-catching phrase and pungent comment — are more balanced, based on deeper comprehension, and hence more entitled to be relied upon by North Americans than was the case a generation ago. Refreshing in its tone, the volume stimulates serious thought and contributes to better understanding of a continent in flux.

Obviously, the purpose of *Inside South America* is not to placate. For this we can be glad. But the sharp comments may cause resentment on the part of sensitive Latin citizens and officials. Of the many, only a few need be given: "The Organization of American States is a wind tunnel, open at both ends and full of chinks." Gunther's remark that Colombia "is a mélange of Socrates and Jack the Ripper" is a dubious paraphrase of his preceding statement that "respect for the intellect is at one pole, predisposition to violence at the other; and this dichotomy seems to be irreconcilable." Argentina is described as "a shadow state gripped by psychoses because the world has passed it by . . . it seems spiritless, bereft, forlorn." Many Latin Americans will be annoyed to see Pizarro, the great conquistador, depicted as "a dingy little marauder and despoiler . . . treacherous, a lone wolf, greedy and vindictive." Nor will friends be won by the observation "Paraguay is a medieval backwater run by an anachronistic military dictator." Gunther refers to a former Prime Minister who "spent a period in jail, as do practically all South American politicians with brains." Concerning Venezuela, he asserts, ". . . about half of all births are illegitimate. . . . Conditions of those [waifs] on the streets are pitiable. Some do not know their names or how old they are. They roam the gutters, sleep on the streets. . . ."

Gunther has the eye and ear for local atmosphere, and the ability to convey it to the reader. He tells about the Brazilians' *jeito,* a political deal, and their indulgence in drugstore-administered injections. He distinguishes Peru's *chicha morada,* which is made of unfermented fruit and corn juices, from ordinary *chicha,* a fermented beer much favored by the descendants of the Incas. In Venezuela he rode with President Leoni, guarded by a backward-facing entourage equipped with machine guns. His explanations of South American phenomena range from the all-male *abrazo* (embrace) through *despedidas* (farewell parties) and the *Yungas* (fertile Bolivian lowlands) to the *zambos* (an Indian-Negro racial mixture).

Inside South America contains exaggerations, statements that are undocumented and incapable of being documented: ". . . rich men ship out hundreds

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of millions of dollars a year to secret bank accounts in Switzerland and New York"; Peru has "mountains that make the Alps look like divots." The effort to score points by placing facts in unusual juxtaposition is frequently overdone: "The discoverer of the drug chloromycetin is a Venezuelan, and the country has thirty-two different species of eagle." Some remedies prescribed by the author for South American ills are far too oversimplified: ". . . the best answer to inflation is industrialization." Gunther states that the immunity of universities from army or police interference "grew up following a student revolt at the University of Córdoba just after World War I." We prefer to rely on the erudite vice-rector of that university who in 1963 showed us documents tracing university autonomy back to medieval times in Italy and Spain, when rivalries of town and gown were rampant. Gunther correctly observes that most past revolutions were really coups d'état and that future, more basic revolutions could arise from either Leftist or Rightist forces.

Germán Arciniegas, who begins his cultural history with the story of the Indians, takes pains to point out the wide margin by which Spanish culture antedated the British in colonial America. Books were published in Mexico as early as 1539, whereas the first printing press in New England came a hundred years later. In his chapter "The Convents and the Missions" he contrasts the functions of the Crown's representatives with the missionary zeal of the monks and friars who felt impelled to "enter the mysterious minds of the Indians, learn their languages, [and to] bury themselves in jungle or desert." Missionary scholars came into conflict with the Inquisition, and competition raged among the Franciscans, the Dominicans, and the Jesuits. But the heroic efforts of the religious were followed by periods of laxity.

In another chapter, "The Scientific Missions," Arciniegas describes the investigations of botanists, geographers, cartographers, historians, and naturalists who came to the New World from Sweden, England, France, Germany, and Spain. One of the most renowned was Alexander von Humboldt, whose name is borne by the cold sea current running northward off the west coast of South America.

Collaborative activities by Latin Americans were not confined to a limited era: Hundreds of Haitian soldiers took part in the battle of Savannah during the North American War of Independence. Argentines and Chileans formed parts of the armies—as did soldiers from what are now Colombia and Ecuador—that defeated the Spanish and created Peru and Bolivia. In later decades evidence of revolutionary solidarity reappeared with efforts to establish confederations and alliances of a regional and hemispheric scope. Several such projects, abortive at the time, provided antecedents for what later became the Pan American Union and the Organization of American States.

Arciniegas thoughtfully analyzes the period of Theodore Roosevelt's "Big Stick" policy, which largely served to unite Latin literary and political leaders against United States intervention. The Mexican revolution of 1910-20 is characterized as of transcendental importance. *Aprismo* in Peru was not able to bring off its revolution, and after World War I splinter radical movements evolved. Great interest was centered in the Spanish civil war; totalitarian sympathizers agitated.

Beyond describing the Latin American *caudillos* who embraced various aspects of Nazi or Fascist dogma, organization, or dress, Arciniegas relates few specifics of the World War II period. He recalls clearly the commonly-held view that cooperation in the war by supplying badly needed food and goods was repaid with neglect when the conflict was over. The author demonstrates his awareness of many dangerous influences within the hemisphere since the war, among them militarism. Why, he asks, do national war budgets exist on the continent where there is no war? Arciniegas, who does not discount the Communist threat, points to the harsh measures, the blood bath, the control of all communications media, and the enlisting of universities, the theater, and other cultural activities into the service of Castro. Finally, Arciniegas describes the recent growth of Christian Democratic movements, which have been espousing reform, winning elections, and aspiring to international affiliation.

A need has long existed for such a cultural history to contribute to North Americans' understanding of the hitherto unexplained gaps between hemispheric neighbors. The East Coast of South America, the author observes, is European in orientation, the West Coast Hispanic-Indian. Moreover, there are

(Continued on page 112)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

OR NOT TO BE

These characters found drastic remedies for their problems. Lois Corkery of Long Beach, Calif., asks you to choose, from the list in Column Two, who did what. Death certificates on page 113.

She managed to embalm herself prematurely. ( )	1. Emma Bovary
He stabbed his portrait, rejuvenating it but killing himself. ( )	2. Ethan Brand
Getting nowhere with her life, she took a train to oblivion. ( )	3. Sidney Carton
She sang happily until her clothing quit floating, then she happily submerged. ( )	4. Martin Eden
While airplane-spotting, she presumably killed herself by "falling" out of a twentieth-story window. ( )	5. Hedda Gabler
He wanted so desperately to "belong" somewhere that he crawled into a zoo cage and let its inmate hug him to death. ( )	6. Dorian Gray
He threw himself into the burning kiln because of his knowledge of "the unpardonable sin." ( )	7. Anna Karenina
He decided to become a stand-in for the husband of the woman he loved, consequently losing his head. ( )	8. Willy Loman
After reading one of Swinburne's poems, he promptly drowned himself. ( )	9. Ophelia
He crashed his car because he considered himself worth more to his family dead than alive. ( )	10. Kay Petersen
A doctor's wife, she prescribed arsenic to cure her own troubles. ( )	11. Aimée Thanatogenos
She shot herself in the head. "Fancy that!" exclaimed her surprised husband. ( )	12. Yank

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An Exaltation of Evil

Miracle of the Rose, *by Jean Genet, translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman (Grove. 344 pp. $7.50), reveals a "condemned" society, a world of delinquents, homosexuals, pimps, burglars, and murderers in which the author becomes the spokesman and atoner for all. Tom F. Driver, author of "Jean Genet," is associate professor of Christian theology at Union Theological Seminary in New York.*

By TOM F. DRIVER

IN ADDITION to his five plays, two volumes of poems, and minor works, Jean Genet has written five books, of which I think, disagreeing with Sartre, that the most beautiful is *Miracle of the Rose*. Written in 1943, published in France in 1946, and now issued here in a good translation by Bernard Frechtman, it is a major achievement of modern literature, yet so unlike most other modern writing that comparisons are difficult. The novel must be judged on its own terms and according to the power that it generates by its own peculiar method.

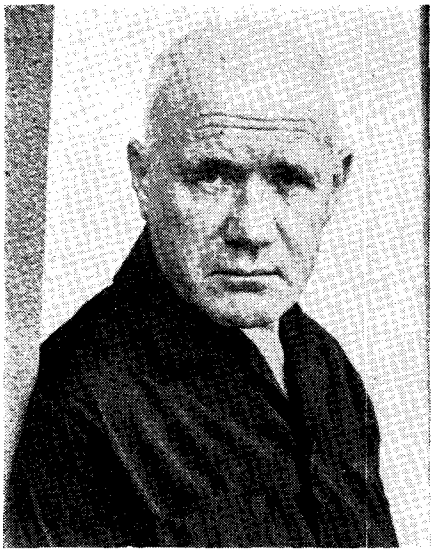
Like *The Thief's Journal*, which was written later, *Miracle of the Rose* is autobiographical. We learn of Genet's experiences and loves during the time he was a prisoner, first at the reformatory known as the Colonie de Mettray, when he was sixteen, and then at the prison of Fontevrault some fifteen years later. This material Genet has cast into the form of a meditative confession, using a style that treats prose like poetry. The intention of *Miracle of the Rose* is not to recount "what happened" but to reveal the spiritual content of Genet's mind. From a moral point of view the book's overwhelming characteristic is its honesty, even though Genet's dishonesty and indeed the inherent perfidy of his character are repeatedly made apparent.

The world we enter here is that of delinquents, homosexuals, pimps, burglars, and murderers. Aside from virtually anonymous turnkeys and wardens, these are the only characters. The reader may regard them as "unfortunates" or riff-raff; in Genet's eyes, and in each others', they are heroes and the attendants of heroes. They have the mark of fatality upon them, especially the murderer in Fontevrault's death cell, Harcamone, whose presence dominates the entire prison although he is seldom seen. It is Harcamone with whom Genet identifies himself in order that his own weakness and humiliation may be vicariously transformed into glory.

Genet's imagination is rooted in homosexual passion. He spares no anatomical detail his fancy dwells upon, and the homosexual act, in its several postures, is frequently described. He tells of sexual assaults made upon him by older boys when he arrived as a "chicken" at Mettray. He tells of his concubinage to Villeroy, whom he adored, and to Van Roy, whom he did not. He tells of his "marriage" in a clandestine ceremony to Divers, from whom he was separated the next day and whom he did not see again until fifteen years later, when he sighted him in the disciplinary hall at Fontevrault in the act of defecation.

Genet tells of his passionate desire for another prisoner at Fontevrault, Bulkaen, whom he loved for his beauty; knowing Bulkaen to be a coward and a sycophant, Genet invested him with manly virtues in order to find him worthy of love. Genet tells of onanistic fantasies in which Bulkaen always came to a violent death, and he describes how Bulkaen actually sought to escape prison in the company of the bandit Botchako and was killed during an attempt to scale the wall. Genet tells of his seduction by Divers, during which, although he was still pining for Bulkaen, his fantasies about Harcamone in his death cell gave him sexual potency. Genet tells of his admiration for Hitler, the political bandit of Europe, whose forces of occupation he imagines as being thrust like a phallus into the buttocks of France.

SORDID as all this is, *Miracle of the Rose* is not a dirty book. Rather, it is a book of moral transvaluations. The novel traces a biographical change in Genet from passive and feminine behavior to "masculine" homosexual love. This growth, if we can call it that, and I think we can, reflects Genet's affirmation of his destiny and his identity as a member of a "condemned" society. Therefore it is accompanied by a series of transvaluations: good into evil, evil into good, shame into glory, suffering into joy, humiliation into honor, and death into apotheosis. It becomes Genet's intention, as if he were a kind of messiah, to take the suffering of all upon himself. He becomes the spokesman and the atoner for all who are condemned, by sharing their guilt and by carrying it to its logical extreme. To take suffering upon himself is to fulfill what he calls his vocation of "saintliness."



—Jerry Bauer.

Jean Genet—"moral transvaluations."

It was then a fine poetic justice that made Genet an inmate at Fontevrault, for this prison had once been an important abbey, and its past lived on in the present. Genet and other prisoners walked like monks in its corridors. They were subject to the discipline of their superiors. They wore homespun and paced barefoot in the yard, frequently lost in meditation. Cloistered from the diurnal, dispossessed of worldly goods and responsibilities, these "monks" were the bearers of a secret glory, no less religious for the fact that sexuality was its principal sign and mystery. They lived in a communion of desire, awesome in its dedication to evil, its glorification of murder, and the ease with which it justified betrayal.

Since what is banal and what is outré are both in fashion nowadays, Genet's backside view of the world runs the risk of being praised and dismissed for the wrong reasons. To call white black, the superficial profound, or the ugly beautiful is not much of a verbal trick, and if Genet's art consisted only in this he would be no more than a passing curiosity. His genuine power, however, resides in other qualities, of which I shall mention three.

First, Genet has a very rare capacity for psychological self-revelation. He can make the reader believe in his integrity even though it is clear that much of what he says is a put-on. Psychological truth in Genet is always layered truth, and this is what is finally convincing and revealing. Genet should be of strong interest to those who are concerned to understand the dynamics of homosexual longing. Moreover, much that he nar-

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rates applies also to heterosexual love, particularly to those romantic varieties that are shaped by the vision of the androgyne.

Second, Genet is able to picture with utter vividness the actual scenes of his memory. This quality is the more remarkable because his narative is seldom straightforward. Scenes dissolve into each other by principles of mnemonic association. The portrayal of a place and an incident may be broken off as soon as begun, not to be resumed for twenty pages, while the interval is filled with a dozen remembered fragments from Fontevrault, Mettray, and the burglary jobs done "outside." Yet although we are led through a maze, detail is never lost. The bend of the stairs at Fontevrault, the dim lighting there, the walls and the windows, the corridors, the disciplinary hall, and at Mettray the colonists' dress, the flowers, trees, and fields—all these and more are so specifically evoked that one feels he has lived in their presence. Genet's descriptions are not those of an objective reporter, though he sometimes displays a surprising detachment; they are the descriptions of one who has become aware of himself by increasing his awareness of the things around him. It is Genet's Fontevrault, Genet's Mettray we are shown, but they are all the more vivid for that. The same is to be said of the characters, whose vividness is surprising since Genet actually intends that all of them shall merge into a single figure.

Finally, by sheer force of imagination Genet transforms experiences of degradation into spiritual exercises and hoodlums into bearers of the majesty of love. Imagination is to Genet what prayer is to the man of God.

We are used to hearing that the imaginative writer creates a world. Genet seems not so much to create a world as to realize one. The world he presents to us is the real world of experience raised to a higher level of potency and thus, paradoxically, a higher level of actuality too. This strange work of the imagination is both a betrayal and a fulfillment of the real. To see a god in a psychopathic murderer is of course perverse, and Genet knows that. Yet it is also to recognize what power inheres in the human being—namely, the power to transcend, even by flaunting, the limits of humanity and thus to place oneself in the sphere of the demonic and the divine. It is this transcendence of given fact and given order that fascinates Genet and is identical with his imaginative fecundity. The given fact may be lust, animal pleasure, or merely sexual play of children: the transcendence is the mind's gradual transformation of these desires into love. The angelic is a potentiality of the bestial,

(Continued on page 113)

Russian Record of Nazi Terror

***Babi Yar: A Documentary Novel,** by Anatoly Kuznetsov, translated from the Russian by Jacob Guralsky (Dial. 299 pp. $5.95), looks at the Nazi occupation of Kiev through the eyes of a twelve-year-old Ukrainian boy. Marvin Kalb, diplomatic correspondent for CBS News, has written a number of books on the Soviet Union, including "The Volga: A Political Journey Through Russia," to be published next month.*

By MARVIN KALB

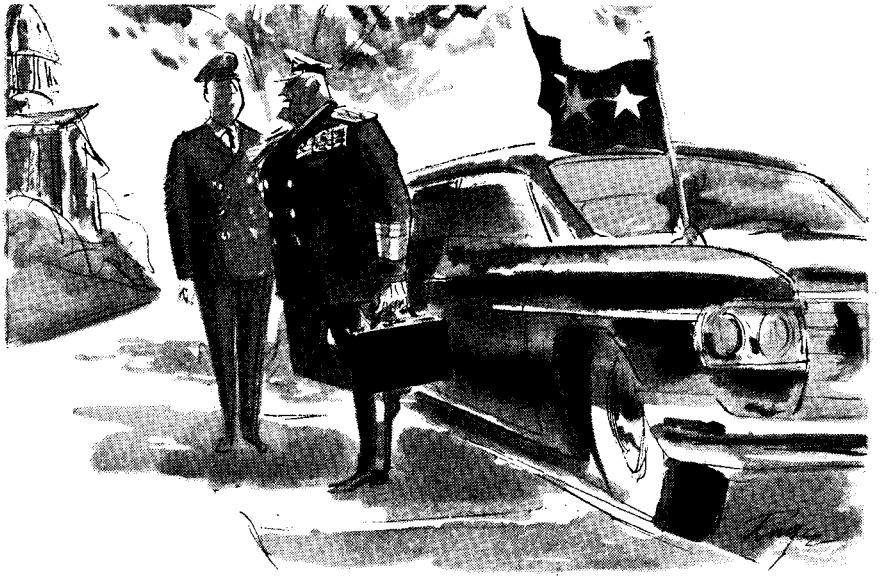
THIS is not a book for timid souls. Its description of the Nazi slaughter of 35,000 Jews in Babi Yar on September 29, 1941, is simply overwhelming.

> A fourteen-year-old boy, the son of the stableman, had come running back to the kitchen garden and was telling of the horrors he had been through. He said that everybody was being undressed, that people were being lined up in front of pits, one packed closely behind the other, so that one bullet could kill many. He said that the bodies were stacked in a layer, covered with dirt, and then a fresh layer of bodies was laid on them. Many of those shot were still alive, so that the ground kept moving; some had even managed to crawl out. That was what he had done—crawled out and run away.

But, lest we forget man's infinite ability to do harm to his fellow man, to allow his passions to rule supreme over his senses, *Babi Yar* should be read, though it is not easy. It stings one's conscience. Through the eyes of a twelve-year-old Ukrainian boy it unveils the slowly stifling reality of the Nazi occupation of Kiev: how the Germans arrived, neat, clean, methodical, catering to the nationalistic sentiments of the predominantly Ukrainian inhabitants; how they were greeted with bread and salt, the traditional Slavic welcome for a stranger; how later they plundered and looted and then, with unbelievable brutality, began to slaughter the Jews and the Gypsies and finally, as the war continued, the Russians and the Ukrainians and anyone else who resisted them; and how the young narrator witnessed an unforgettable parade of horrors, gradually losing his wide-eyed innocence about the Germans, the war, the God of his grandmother, and ultimately life itself.

When *Babi Yar* first appeared in several installments in *Yunost'*, a liberal Moscow magazine, in the fall of 1966, it created a literary sensation. Babi Yar means "old wives' gully," and it refers to the ravine outside Kiev where the Nazis massacred about 200,000 people during their two-year occupation of the Ukrainian capital. For almost a quarter of a century it was ignored in the Soviet press. Buchenwald in Germany and Auschwitz in Poland were better known

(Continued on page 112)



"Come aboard the committee room at 1030 hours and, if my cigar is on the starboard side, call me out on urgent, top-secret business."

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General Practice for Profit

The Healers, *by Anonymous, M.D. (Putnam. 251 pp. $4.95), demonstrates with dramatic case histories the ways in which corruption in the profession has turned many doctors into men who "flourish on the frightened, the diseased, and the dying." Marguerite Clark is a medical writer and editor.*

By MARGUERITE CLARK

THE SURGEON lifted his mask and faced the new father. "You are a very lucky man," he said. "Not only did I save the mother, but I managed to save the baby, too."

The young resident who had assisted at the delivery was aghast. The birth had been perfectly normal. Neither mother nor husky baby boy had been in danger. Why then had the surgeon, a top man in the field, staged this scene? Charlatan, con man, master psychologist playing on the emotions of the terrified father, he had but one real motive—the prompt payment of a very large fee.

After this shocking eye-opener, the disillusioned younger doctor began to check for further instances of greed and malpractice among his colleagues. Now a middle-aged obstetrician-gynecologist-surgeon writing as "Anonymous, M.D.," he has published his memoirs, revealing his firsthand knowledge of medical corruption in two decades of practice in a large American city.

The Healers, written in brisk, easy-to-read journalese, is packed with the latest medical statistics (admirably accurate), and with dramatic histories to back up the accusations of fee-splitting, overcharging, phony diagnoses, unnecessary surgery, and costly abortions. Indeed, so complete is the report that one wonders how a busy practitioner, attending physician at a large public hospital and a major volunteer hospital, associate clinical professor of medicine at a leading medical school, and head of the hospital's gynecology research committee, found time to produce it.

"Obviously, doctors are not Boy Scouts," the author admits; "neither are they dastardly villains. They are human beings merely, living in a system of man's creation that tends to give them rather disastrously free license to fulfill their own needs and greeds, regardless of the cost to others."

Also, doctors are singularly vulnerable; few are truly sophisticated. After eight years of cloistered existence in academic training and four or five more in hospitals, the average M.D. in his thirties is "a late arrival in the game of life." It is not easy for him to realize that "corruption has eaten away at his profession and turned him from a healer to one who flourishes on the frightened, the diseased, and the dying."

Corruption, the author believes, first lays hands on the fledgling doctor when he receives his degree and starts to practice. He has debts to pay, probably a family to support. (Anonymous, M.D., began his own practice during the Depression.) How does the young doctor attract patients? He cannot advertise; he cannot hire a press agent. He has to sit in his new office and wait, and watch his money vanish. Eventually he may call on doctor-acquaintances and hint at his need for referrals. This is how the author had his first encounter with fee-splitting. A referral or two a week from a business-minded and well-established friend did not make a practice, but it brought the young physician to the attention of other doctors, who sent him cases—for a split fee, of course.

But fee-splitting was only the beginning. In his work as a surgeon's assistant, and later as a surgeon, the author learned of scores of unnecessary operations performed by his colleagues; of patients treated expensively who would have recovered without any treatment; of blood specialists whose practice was confined to bleeding frightened Negroes and Puerto Ricans; of the society doctors who could make an abortion legal by calling it a "D-and-C" (dilation and curettage), particularly if the fee was high enough.

HE writes with considerable scorn about "private hospitals" and clinics where large fortunes are accumulated by unscrupulous doctor-owners who practice as they please with no medical supervision. He is openly critical of the manner in which health insurance plans, including Blue Cross and Blue Shield, are used by the greedy profession.

In a chapter called "The AMA, a Profile in Greed" he blasts the profession's "trade journal" as "accurately mirroring the disgusting results of practicing medicine almost wholly for profit." The American Medical Association, with its vigorous lobbying in Washington, D.C., particularly against Medicare, represents, he claims, "today's typically entrenched doctor, with all his cupidity and fraud writ very large indeed."

At the same time, the author questions the manner in which Medicare has so far been conducted: "Although we cannot yet be sure of all the pros and cons about Medicare . . . human nature remains pretty constant. The connivers and frauds who currently fleece private patients of their own money and stage a steady raid on the treasuries of private health insurance plans, will not waver an inch when offered an opportunity to mulct patients of government-supplied money."

WHAT hope for the future? While the author presents his picture of corruption with fire and vigor, he is less successful in offering a solution. Neither an "idealist" nor a "crusader," he nonetheless places his hopes on the doctors in teaching hospitals with university connections. While they may not be "saints or

miracle workers," he says, the odds are good that these physicians work under conditions where chances for corruption have been reduced almost systematically to a minimum. There every case is a teaching case, open to intern, residents, and attending physicians. Anyone can consult the chart. "This puts a damper on the careless, the unscrupulous, and the venal."

There will continue to be corruption, Anonymous, M.D., concludes. There will still be private hospitals and private practice where money, not healing, is the prime motive. But the more medical school-hospital services we have, the more honest medical care will be within the reach of more people. "Eventually, if we can last that long, the comparison between one type of medical care and the other will become obvious to those who patronize charlatans and thieves. All we have to do is last that long."

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Curbs for the Crooked Path

The Prevention and Control of Delinquency, *by Robert M. MacIver (Atherton. 215 pp. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $2.95), urges dealing with problem children early in life rather than waiting until costlier efforts at rehabilitation are required. Gertrude Samuels, staff writer for The New York Times, is the author of "The People vs. Baby," a documentary novel on delinquency to be published in May.*

By GERTRUDE SAMUELS

"WE may affirm absolutely," wrote the absolutist Hegel, "that nothing great in the world has been accomplished without passion." One of Robert MacIver's passions for all these years has been to find some civilized, reasonable, workable solution to the problems of juvenile delinquency. Now nearing his eighty-fifth birthday, the ageless, white-haired educator-sociologist, a former president and chancellor of the New School for Social Research, has harried and discomposed two generations of students, scholars, and politicians with his wide-ranging, humanistic ideas. A large shelfful of MacIver titles bears witness, including *Leviathan and the People, Democracy and the Economic Challenge, Academic Freedom in Our Time, Power Transformed.*

Now comes this new book to shake up some status quo-ers. Dr. MacIver was for nearly six years (1956-61) director of the New York Juvenile Delinquency Evaluation Project. By boring from within a score of city agencies and high-hazard neighborhoods, the MacIver team developed fifteen individual reports on the myths and real problems of delinquency in a great city, and urged two basic courses that anticipated the present anti-poverty programs: provide organized groups in each neighborhood with better facilities and with cultural enrichment, and press for neighborhood renewal programs on a city-wide basis. What was fundamentally clear is that the slum does corrupt its inhabitants.

As a result of those reports, the National Institute of Mental Health sought a national survey that would come up with ideas for effective strategy to meet the needs of what MacIver calls "disprivileged" persons. This new study draws frankly on the author's experience in New York, but, in a long and absorbing Part Three, it outlines the MacIver ideas for applied strategy. There is no sudden magic in the ideas—we already have a body of scientific literature on the worth of the ounce of prevention—but they are important just because they come from his corner at a time when delinquency statistics show steep rises.

It has long baffled the experts that a large proportion of young people in the areas of worst delinquency never become habitual delinquents. This factor is behind MacIver's present passion—for, out of common-sense and many studies, he postulates that the prevention of delinquency is more feasible and less costly than later efforts at rehabilitation.

But, while there is almost universal agreement with this idea, we continue to "expend the greater part of our available resources on rehabilitation programs that unhappily have had only rather disappointing results." Moreover, much of the early preventive work that is done is inadequately directed, MacIver says bluntly, for few people who work with children really understand what a genuine program of prevention involves.

HERE the author speaks from personal experience: in a high-crime area of the South Bronx his JDEP group experimentally created a "pre-delinquent" gang (as opposed to the bopping gangs) and worked closely with neighborhood, church, and school volunteers to steer the boys into constructive work and play. But after his commission terminated the program was not followed up, so New York scored zero on that test. MacIver's point is that the rescue of the delinquent or near-delinquent youth can never be effective unless those assigned to this crucial work are properly qualified and, above all, stubborn and dedicated enough to stay with the job.

For the strange assumption still prevails around the country that anyone with a firm hand—a policeman, a judge, a prison guard—can deal with the problem of troubled youth. In fact, despite a few qualified court and probation systems, the improvements of programs for delinquents "will remain halting and sluggish" until the standards, status, and salaries of those trained to work with youth—social and probation workers—are raised to attract the best.

Strategically, the author seeks more realism in the schools: on the one hand

(Continued on page 113)

The Death of Tinker Bell

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Joseph Golden

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Last Word on Architecture

By WAYNE ANDREWS

OUR ARCHITECTS may not have been able to satisfy every taste in the last few months, but there is no question that our architectural historians have been trying to please every type of reader, from the man who feels good all over after sampling someone else's moral indignation to the scholar who can't think of a better way to spend an evening than sitting down with the latest book by an authority in the field. Incidentally, the authorities may not even be historians in the academic sense of the word. One of the most delightful offerings is the work of a sculptor who has gone around the country photographing the decorative details of buildings most of us, more's the pity, have been too busy to examine.

If an award were granted for the most emphatic display of moral indignation, there is no doubt the winner would be Professor James Marston Fitch, author of *American Building: The Historical Forces That Shaped It* (second edition, revised and enlarged, Houghton Mifflin, $12.50). His earnestness is evident on nearly every page, even in his random remarks on the origins of the Renaissance in England, where he gives us his opinion of the theology of the Middle Ages. "For the young bourgeoisie," he writes, "fighting free of the bemused paralysis and planless growth, the bottomless mysticism into which Europe had sunk, the Classic appeared as the ideal instrument for the reconstruction of man's consciousness."

When not telling Rome to mend its ways, Mr. Fitch is likely to be unveiling a new conspiracy of the Eastern money powers in the U.S. One of the exciting passages of *American Building* concerns Chicago at the time of the World's Fair of 1893. When local businessmen, the author informs us, "exchanged local partnerships for national trusts, they did more than acquire Wall Street's stocks and bonds, they also exchanged the last remnants of their provincial democracy for Wall Street's ideology." There are moments when Mr. Fitch sounds strangely like the valiant Kansas populist Mary Ellen Lease, who advised farmers to raise less corn and more hell, and actually published a book entitled *The Problem of Civilization Solved.*

As you might imagine, Mr. Fitch takes a firm stand at all times against "the world of high fashion and great wealth," and any architect so unfortunate as to have designed buildings for the very rich is in for trouble. H. H. Richardson, whose greatest patrons were the wealthy Ames family of North Easton, Massachusetts, should by rights have been singled out for particular abuse, but the author solves this difficulty by insisting that Richardson's real home was Chicago and by forgetting that his great Chicago client Marshall Field was a boyhood friend of none other than J. P. Morgan.

The firm of McKim, Mead & White does not escape judgment so easily. Their shingle-style work, erected long before they were guilty of palaces, had, we are told, "little direct influence on the course of events." This is a curious statement. Later on we are informed that the shingle style "clearly became a factor" in Wright's Prairie Style houses.

The deep suspicion that Mr. Fitch harbors against eclectic architecture in all of its manifestations might have been excusable in 1927, when modern architecture looked like a lost cause; but it seems strangely old-fashioned in 1967, when many a modern architect has come to understand that Burnham and McKim had something to contribute in their later work. Reading Fitch, one would never guess that the protest a few years ago against the demolition of McKim's Pennsylvania Station was led by that arch-modernist Philip Johnson.

Since the author has little to offer by way of documentation, there is no way of knowing how he reached many of his startling conclusions. It would be fascinating, for example, to learn how he found out that Thomas Jefferson lost "his confidence, not in the Revolution but in the intellectuals" the moment Napoleon appeared on the scene. It would be equally interesting to discover why the Greek Revival is saluted on one page as "the idiom of the most progressive forces in American life" and denigrated on another, where we are warned that it was "adroitly used by Calhoun as a pedestal on which to display his monstrous 'democracy of tyrants' in the South."

It is rather a relief to turn from *American Building*, where every cliché that has accumulated in the history of modern architecture is defended with a vim and vigor that might have been spent

WAYNE ANDREWS is Archives of American Art Professor at Wayne State University.

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on a better cause, to Eric Arthur's *Toronto: No Mean City* (University of Toronto Press, $15). Mr. Arthur, who is as calm and collected as Mr. Fitch is intemperate, gives us a charming, affectionate account of Toronto architecture down to the twentieth century. Even architectural buffs heading straight for Viljo Revell's brand-new city hall may want to pause a minute or two before the monuments of the nineteenth century revealed in this beautifully illustrated and exquisitely planned volume.

Anyone opening the late Carroll L. V. Meeks's *Italian Architecture 1750-1914* (Yale University Press, $25) is bound to realize that he is in an even more rarified atmosphere. The truth is that he is in the presence of a scholar in search of something approaching complete objectivity. "To the American or British historian," Mr. Meeks tells us, "the architecture of their countries during the years 1750-1914 has become entangled with irrelevant factors, such as historic events or traditional derision, which make it difficult to judge the buildings as works of art. The greater the time interval, however, the greater objectivity is possible, and in the case of a country more remote from the historians' personal associations, such as Italy, English-speaking historians can aspire to a still greater degree of objectivity."

If Mr. Meeks were still with us he would be the first to deny that he had reached the goal of total objectivity, but there is no doubt that he has written what will be a classic text in a field too long neglected by scholars. For, Mr. Fitch to the contrary notwithstanding, we cannot begin to appreciate the evolution of modern architecture without paying the most loving attention to the romantic revivals from which it sprang. The various classic revivals which Mr. Meeks studies in detail make for a complicated story, but he succeeds nontheless in discovering precedents for the International Style as well as antecedents for the symbolic forms of Eero Saarinen's colleges at Yale. Equally valuable is Mr. Meeks's summation of the Italian medievalists. He is not frightened by Gino Coppedè's Castello Mackenzie at Milan, which he hails as "incomparably picturesque . . . a minor Neuschwanstein." In later chapters he does his best to be fair to Sacconi's monument to Victor Emmanuel II in Rome, explores Mengoni's immortal Galleria in Milan, and tells us all we need to know of the Italian variety of Art Nouveau.

Mr. Meeks has done more than write an authoritative volume on pre-modern Italian architecture. He has also reminded us of how little we know about French and German architecture in this period, and it is to be hoped that the new generation of scholars will investigate these areas with something of his patience and industry. An even more obvious need, however, has been for a succinct summary of the Italian achievement in the Renaissance, for the old text of Anderson and Stratton, whatever its merits, is hopelessly out of date. Everyone will rejoice that this need has been met by Peter Murray, whose *Architecture of the Italian Renaissance* (Schocken, paperback, $2.95) is somewhat of a miracle, since it isn't every day that a genuine scholar takes the trouble to address the general public. Here is a book that may be read as a primer, and yet be thoroughly enjoyed by the experts.

"Renaissance architecture," Mr. Murray claims, "must be experienced as architecture, and it is only honest to say

—From "Architects on Architecture."

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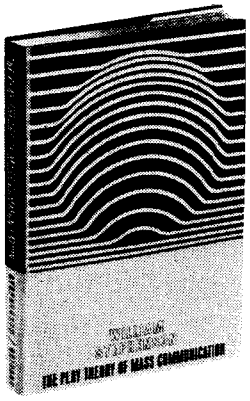

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that it is no easier (and no more difficult) to understand than a Bach figure." The Renaissance search for perfection of proportions is an intricate topic, but the author is neither confused nor confusing, whether discussing the treatises of Filarete and Serlio or the demands of Mannerism. What may be the most eloquent chapter of all deals with the Mannerism of Giulio Romano at the Palazzo del Te.

We shall never know enough about the Renaissance in Italy. Neither shall we ever be satisfied with our knowledge of the Middle Ages, and Whitney S. Stoddard's *Monastery and Cathedral in France* (Wesleyan University Press, $22.50) is a commendable attempt to bring us up to date with the latest scholarship of the Anglo-Saxon world. Mr. Stoddard is most careful to acknowledge his debt to his peers and predecessors. This was kind of him, and it would be pleasant to add that he had come up with a number of insights all his own. This does not appear to be the case, and one can't help wishing that he had been able to communicate something of the original enthusiasm that must have sent him off on this quest long ago.

Mr. Stoddard's photographs, many of which he has taken himself, are as perfunctory as his prose, and not a few of his readers may want to consult the magnificently illustrated volumes on the French Middle Ages by Marcel Aubert and Simone Goubet, published in France by B. Arthaud. Although M. Arthaud may well be the supreme publisher of scenic and architectural photographs in the Western world—no shrewd traveler can afford to do without the dozens of volumes he has devoted to the French provinces—his firm has been neglected up to now in the United States, and it is a positive pleasure to congratulate A. S. Barnes for bringing out a translation of Friedrich Halves's *Cathedrals and Monasteries in Spain* ($20), which M. Arthaud had the privilege of originating. Like Stoddard, Halves has taken many of his own pictures, but without forgetting that a good photograph must be a kind of poem in light. Even those who know their way around the Romanesque cloister of Santo Domingo de Silos blindfolded will be surprised by the views in this book, which includes practically everything from Santa Maria de Naranco down to the Escorial. As for the Escorial, Halves suggests that its creator, Philip II, could be accused of modesty. When the King visited the Carthusian charterhouse of Miraflores in the company of his architect Herrera, he is said to have remarked: "We did not achieve very much."

While we are on the subject of photographs, we might as well point out the curious innovation—or dereliction—of the publishers of Norris Kelly Smith's *Frank Lloyd Wright: A Study in Architectural Content* (Prentice-Hall, paperback, $2.45). There is not a single photographic credit to be found in this book—which may alarm the photographers responsible for the world-famous view of Falling Water on page 129. Probably it would be unfair to hold the author responsible for this oversight. Mr. Smith is a devoted admirer of Wright who has the great good sense to realize that his hero was not always perfect. "Although Wright professed concern for the character of each of his clients," he writes, "he did not feel obliged to give them what they wanted. All of his houses reflect the style and thought of their creator as clearly as do the portraits of Rembrandt." It is Mr. Smith's contention that Wright was bored by his success at the age of forty. "By 1909," we are told, "his work had not only become popular, it had begun to attract the approving attention of such pillars of respectable society as Henry Ford and Harold McCormick, whose patronage held out not the promise of success . . . but the threat of destruction. . . . How could he compare himself with Thoreau and Whitman while putting his art in the service of such multimillionaires?" Mr. Smith must be given his due for taking a new look at the old master. He sees him as hostile to the end to much that passes for civilization in the modern world, and makes much of the fact that the Johnson Wax Building was shown on TV "in the guise of a monastic church."

Although Wright died as recently as 1959, it is possible to survey his overwhelming achievement with a certain perspective. This is an advantage denied to John Jacobus, author of *Twentieth-Century Architecture: The Middle Years* 1940-1965 (Praeger, $18.50), and to Paul Heyer, author of *Architects on Architecture: New Directions in America* (Walker, $17.50). Here are two writers who must make guesses on the basis of evidence that will be sifted and weighed only after most of us have vanished from the earth. But there is no reason to look askance at either Jacobus or Heyer for having attempted the impossible: the impossible should be always welcomed.

Mr. Heyer, who reached his conclusions after interviewing forty-odd architects across the land, has come up with a book that has all the perverse charm of a class album. If you find (and who doesn't?) a genuine enjoyment in someone else's indiscreet remarks, you will find plenty to amuse you here, beginning with Minoru Yamasaki's strange confession that his new World Trade Center "should become a living representation of man's belief in humanity." But you will also find a good many challenging statements by Paolo Soleri, who hasn't begun to receive the publicity he may deserve; and you won't be surprised to discover that Philip Johnson, as usual, makes more sense than anyone else. "Structural honesty," reports the co-designer of the Seagram Building, "seems to be one of the bugaboos that we should free ourselves from very quickly . . . . There is only one absolute today, and that is change."

"The heroic epoch of discovery was over," declares Mr. Jacobus on the very first page of his book. What he is chronicling, after all, is the dissolution of the International Style. "Contemporary architects are increasingly aware of their immediate heritage and, unlike their predecessors, they are becoming reconciled to many facets of historical tradition that were anathema only yesterday." His hero, and not many will quarrel with him on this point, appears to be Le Corbusier, who "semed in his final works to be invariably on the threshold of some new discovery. No other architect created so much anticipation, even surprise among his admirers." Mr. Jacobus may be too critical now and then of Eero Saarinen, but is obliged to admit that "in the process of evolving from a Miesian to a Corbusian position" he "did more than reflect the changing tastes and passions of his time: he truly found himself as an architect and as a designer." Not surprisingly, Mr. Jacobus is dissappointed in Walter Gropius. "Of the major architectural figures of the twentieth century, only Gropius has somehow failed to develop a consequential and individual late style. Instead he has drifted into a vernacular modern style of distinction but not of historical significance."

Mr. Jacobus's book is an arresting example of how much the mind of man can comprehend of what is built in our own times. But the mind of man, as sculptor Ben Karp, author of *Wood Motifs in American Domestic Architecture* (Barnes, $12.50), might argue can comprehend only so much. Mr Karp in his astonishing photographs appeals to our eyes. Scouting the countryside from his own New Paltz, New York, to Manchester, New Hampshire, and beyond, he has forced us to recognize beauty where we might never have guessed such promise. His message seems to be that we should look before we think. Which is exactly where we should begin.

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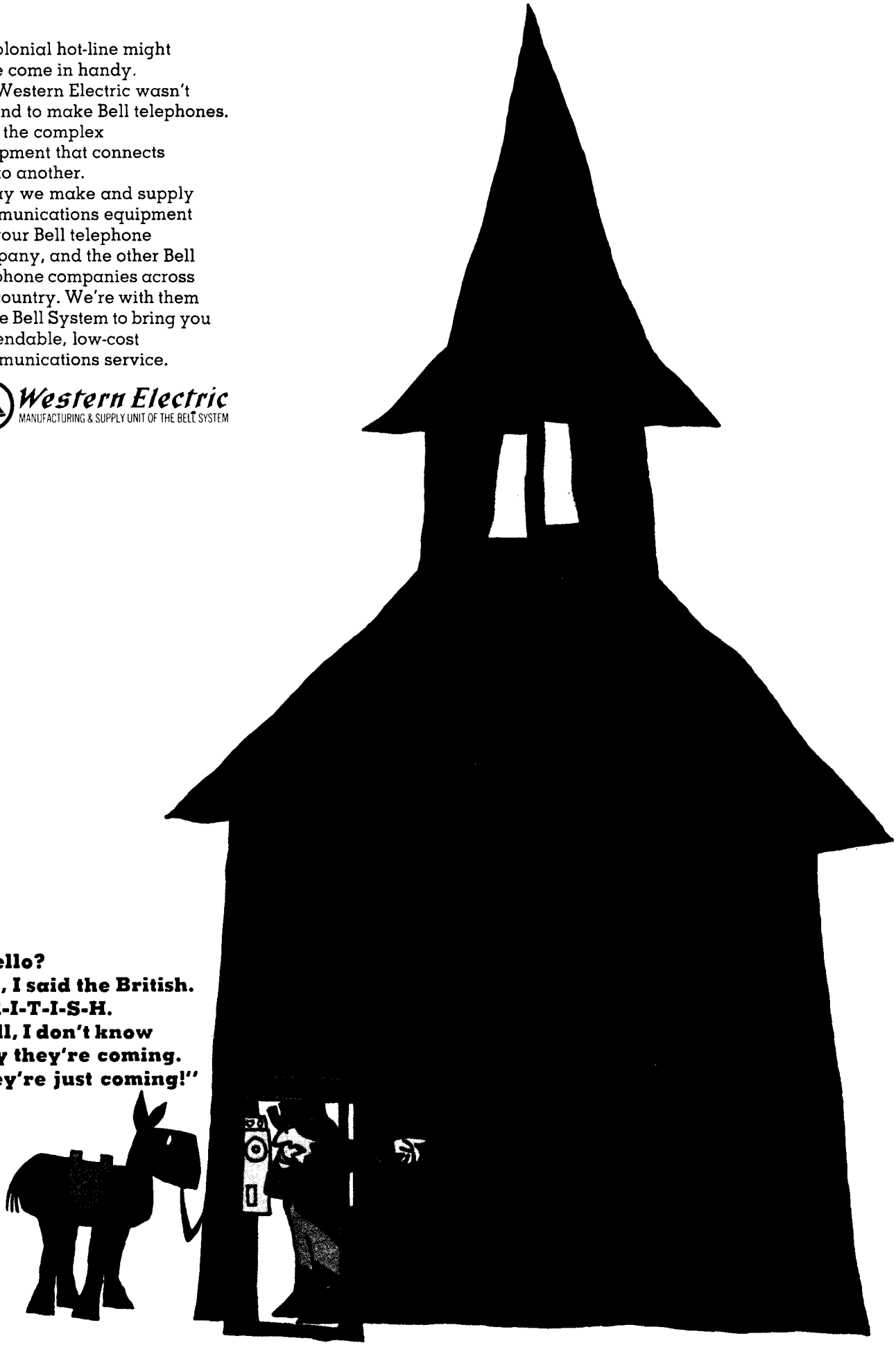

**"Hello?
Yes, I said the British.
B-R-I-T-I-S-H.
Well, I don't know
why they're coming.
They're just coming!"**

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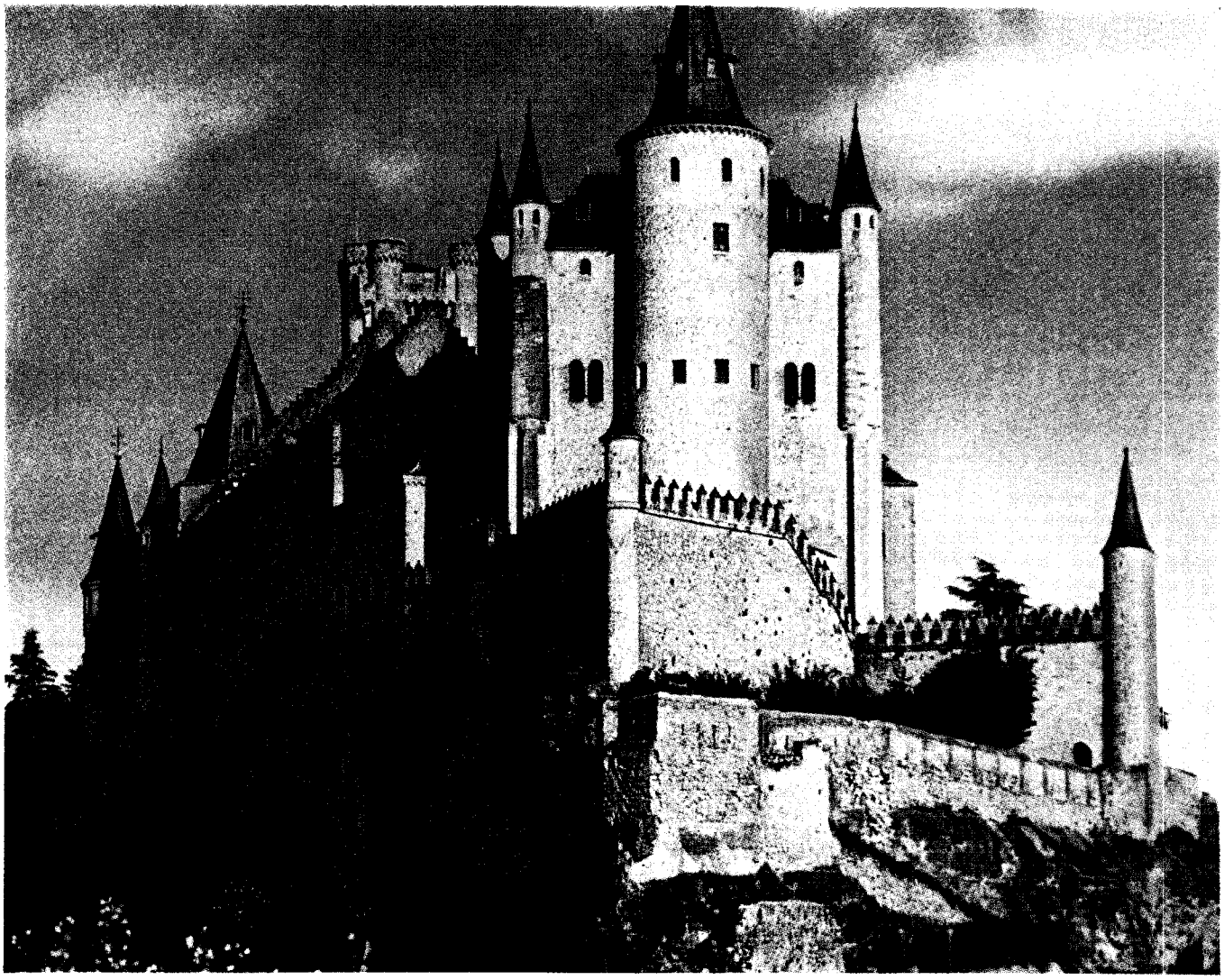
Reign in Spain.



The Alcázar, in Segovia. Queen Isabella slept here

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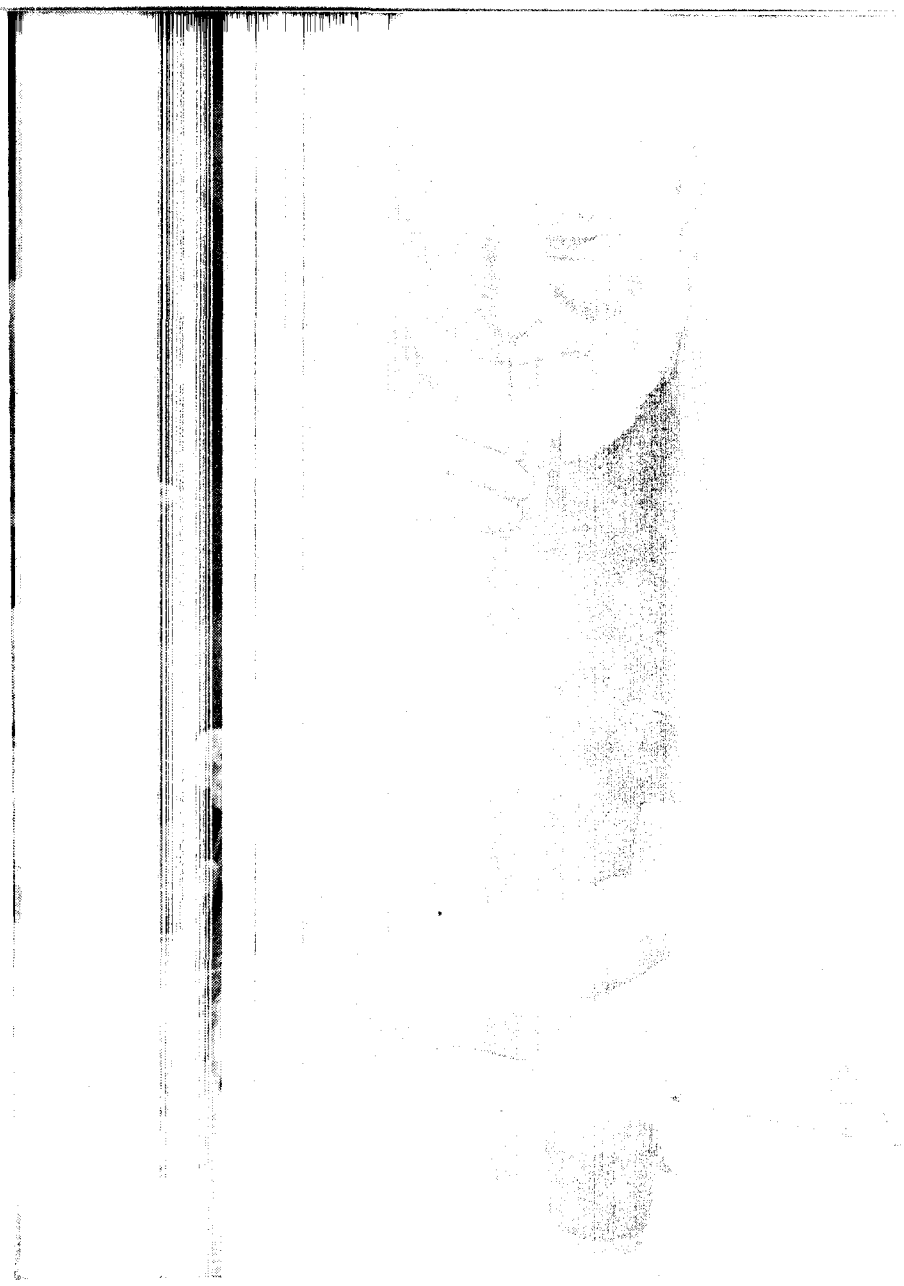

—*Paris Match* (Pictorial Parade)

IN THE WRITER'S PLACE

A Special Section

LANDSCAPES that put a throb in the voice of Fitzpatrick, old ruins that beguile historians, bygone battlefields that stir the imagination of old soldiers, culinary exercises that stir the buds of those weaned on cafeteria cuisine, shops brimful of exotic goods that tantalize the bargain bush-beaters—all these can cause a severe outbreak of wanderlust, especially in the spring. To these attractions, says Anthony Netboy in the article which begins overleaf, one must add the writer. Not a live writer, mark you—for whom, as Mr. Netboy explains, few will cross the street for a look. But let the writer pass from the earth and his haunts, his homes, his hangouts suddenly become enshrined. Their very presence in some foreign quarter is enough to inspire literary pilgrimages.

There is, as well, the identification of writers with places about which they wrote, and these places, too, have become celebrated. In and around the 65 pages that follow, a number of writing people (perhaps some day to be enshrined themselves) have written of the famed *littérateurs* and the mark they left on many lands which they loved, in which they lived, or both. Mr. Netboy, who has written on the phenomenon of the writer in his new posture—as a tourist attraction—is a professor in Oregon and lectures on travel. Mary Hemingway, with great style, re-

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calls Ernest in Spain, an article constructed not only from memory but from her diary. A onetime reporter for the *Daily Express* and for *Time*, she has previously written for *SR*, a memorable piece on Havana which appeared January 2, 1965. T. S. Eliot's years in England are set down by Stephen Spender, the British poet and critic, editor of *Encounter*, and consultant in poetry in English to the U.S. Library of Congress.

Conor O'Brien, who recalls Joyce in Ireland—most notably in Dublin—is editor of Dublin's *Evening Press*. Morley Callaghan, from whose book, *That Summer in Paris*, memories of Fitzgerald in Paris are excerpted, is a Canadian especially celebrated for his short stories. Recollections of the same milieu have been summoned from some attic corner of his mind by Malcolm Cowley, critic, literary historian, and frequent contributor to *SR*. His most recent book, *Think Back on Us*, was published in January. Joseph Wechsberg, no newcomer, either, to these pages, has filed from his home in Vienna of the life and times in that city of *Schlag* when Franz Werfel lived there in prewar celebrity and style. C. Hugh Holman, the provost of the University of North Carolina, is the author of two books on Thomas Wolfe, a local alumnus. Here he writes of Wolfe's days in Berlin as the drums rolled and the Brown Shirts marched to the beat.

Lord Tennyson's days on the Isle of Wight, in case any traveler is chugging in *that* direction this summer, have been set down by Neville Braybrooke, author of three books on London and a forthcoming study on T. S. Eliot. Herbert Lottman, who for *SR* has followed in the steps of Norman Douglas in Calabria, is based in Paris for Farrar, Straus, and Giroux. Marvin Kalb, now CBS's Diplomatic Correspondent, a title rather than an adjectival description, covered Moscow for that network and prior to that was press attaché in the United States Embassy there. His book on the Volga will be published by Macmillan this month. Inspired, perhaps, by *Dr. Zhivago* and certainly by his own recollections of the death scene he records, Mr. Kalb has written of Pasternak's Russia, a locale that can be seen by travelers and by moviegoers. Those choosing the latter course are pre-warned that the film of *Zhivago*, so vividly portraying Russia, was shot mostly in Spain—where else? Wilmon Menard, a Pacific islander by choice, spent years interviewing Maugham and other years researching his fifty-year-old trail in the Pacific. The results were published in *The Two Worlds of Somerset Maugham*, which appeared last year, and in Maugham's Pacific, the anchor piece in this collection of articles on the new wanderlust which the writer has, posthumously, set off.

—HORACE SUTTON.

THE LITERARY PAST:

By ANTHONY NETBOY

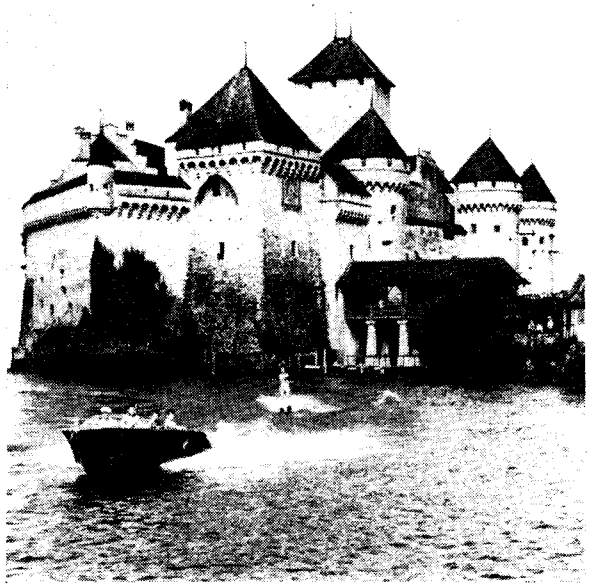
FEW PEOPLE will cross the street to see a live writer, let alone pay for the privilege. But a dead writer is something else again. Thousands of travelers are off on literary pilgrimages every year, scurrying to out-of-the-way hamlets, poking into strange neighborhoods, rustling about in the shrines of the dead writers, often at considerable expense. To a nation with an eye for tourists, writers are more valuable dead than alive.

The custom of using the vestiges of writers to attract visitors apparently originated in antiquity. Seven cities, it was said, claimed to be Homer's birthplace, but none could offer proof. Nowadays cities vie for the bodies of native sons who achieved literary immortality. Their dwellings are converted into museums, and structures only faintly associated with their works are commemorated.

Sometimes conflicts erupt. For centuries Florence has been trying to obtain the remains of Dante, who was exiled by the Florentine rulers and died in Ravenna in 1321. Ravenna refuses to give him up, for Dante's grave, housed in a splendid mausoleum, attracts many visitors. Florence has to be content with Dante's house.

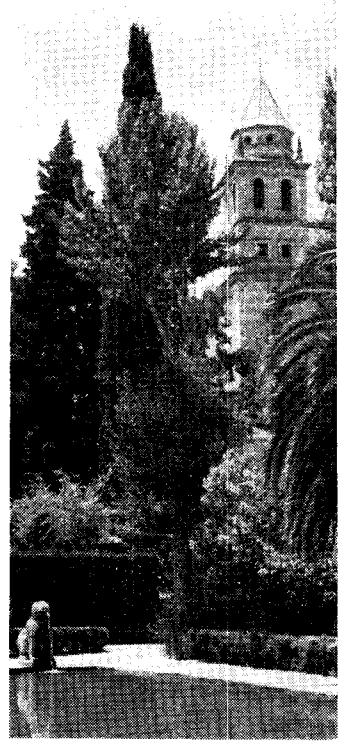
Sligo, where Yeats spent his boyhood, obtained quite an economic asset when his body was transferred from France, where he died in 1939, to the churchyard outside the city. Capitalizing on Yeats's growing popularity, Sligo has been holding a Yeats Festival every summer. It attracts many travelers, mostly Americans, and greatly helps local business, as one merchant told me.

The British Isles are, in fact, strewn with literary landmarks. Stratford is the best example in the world of how association with a great writer can be made to yield fabulous dividends. For 150 years after Shakespeare's death little or no attention was paid by the literary or theatrical world to the sleepy village on Avon's banks. The first Shakespearean festival was the Jubilee organized by the actor-manager David Garrick in 1769 to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of his birth—five years late. It was strictly a fashionable and artistic event, with much merrymaking and speechifying. Oddly



Swiss Nat'l. Tourist Office.

Montreux's Castle of Chillon—Hoteliers and restaurateurs are grateful that Byron immortalized it.



Moore (Black Star).

Granada's Alhambra—made famous by Washington Irving.

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A VIEW FROM THE TOUR BUS

enough, no play was performed. After that, Shakespearean festivals were held from time to time, and plays were given in a makeshift theater.

In 1847 the poet's birthplace, about to tumble down, was bought at auction by public subscription, restored, and converted into a national shrine. With this nucleus, local citizens formed the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, and acquired other buildings directly or indirectly associated with the magic name. Thus began the Shakespeare industry. It was not until 1879 that a permanent theater was built. After it burned down in 1926, a sumptuous modernistic building, entirely out of keeping with the Elizabethan style of architecture, was erected with contributions from Bardolaters all over the world.

Shakespeare is now a multimillion dollar asset to Stratford and also earns considerable foreign exchange which Britain badly needs. Stratford has become a major center of Elizabethan studies, and boasts of a Shakespeare Library and Institute with resident and visiting scholars raking up masses of information — mostly trivia — that fill up scholarly journals and newsletters and are collected into ponderous books. It is difficult to estimate the economic impact of all this activity, which is somewhat typical of that proliferating throughout the English-speaking world. It creates jobs not only for professors but also for printers, papermakers, binders, editors, and book salesmen, not to mention souvenir makers. The number of visitors to Stratford, lured by a high-powered public relations campaign, jumped from 110,000 in 1930 to over 300,000 in 1964, the Quatercentenary of the poet's birth.

LITERARY connections create prosperity for various communities in the picturesque Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland, where Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, and other famous scribblers lived in the early nineteenth century. Wordsworth and his family are buried in the churchyard at Grasmere, and Dove Cottage, the modest dwelling where he lived from 1799 to 1808 and wrote some of his best poems, stands a few blocks away. Here is the inevitable library and museum which attract more than 10,000 people annually. When Wordsworth acquired a sinecure as Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland (and ceased to write much good poetry) he moved to Rydal Mount on a nearby lake. This edifice is privately owned and is closed to the public.

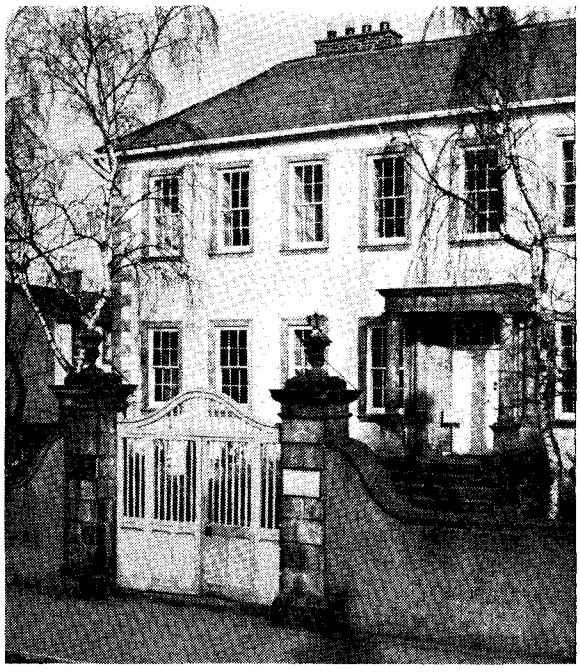
If one isn't sated with Wordsworth by a visit to Grasmere, he may go on to Hawkshead and for sixpence see the Elizabethan Grammar School he attended. The only visible memento is his name carved with a boyish scrawl on the desk where he sat and mused. Wordsworth's birthplace at Cockermouth is vested in the National Trust but is let and is not visitable.

Many literary shrines open to the public in England are off the beaten path, are not widely advertised, and therefore are not much visited. Only the knowledgeable traveler can find them. Such are Max Gate, home of Thomas Hardy, in Dorchester; lonely Haworth Parsonage, about twenty miles from Leeds, where the Brontë sisters and their brother grew up under the stern eyes of their parsonly father, and the churchyard at Stoke Pogis, about forty

(*Continued on page* 107)

—*Pix.*

Irish harpist—"Sligo, where Yeats spent his boyhood, obtained an economic asset when his body was transferred from France."

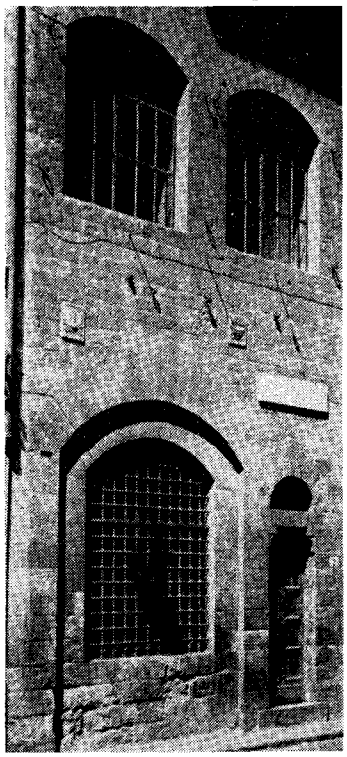


—*British Travel Association.*

Wordsworth's birthplace at Cockermouth—if one isn't sated, he may go on to Hawkshead and for sixpence see the poet's grammar school.

Dante Alighieri's House (below)—a contest between Florence and Ravenna over the remains.

—*Italian Gov't. Travel Office.*



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—Pix

HEMINGWAY'S SPAIN

By MARY HEMINGWAY

PARTLY BECAUSE most of its cities had not yet lapsed around their edges into rashes of urban sprawl, Spain was a country which offered myriad gifts to a traveler's senses, and on our first journey there together, fourteen years after Ernest had last seen the peninsula, he absorbed its profferings avidly, rather as a starfish with its five stomachs and five eyes absorbs an oyster. He was a man who recognized and appreciated any gift to his senses, and as we drove through the forests of Navarra toward Pamplona on July 6, 1953, he gulped in deep breaths of the cool scents of pines, beeches, giant bracken, and the purple heather.

©1967 Mary Hemingway.

Ernest's nose, not inhibited by the smoking of tobacco, found a dozen Spanish smells to explore. The gnarled, ancient olive trees of Andalucía gave him a sweet, lightly spiced fragrance, quite different from the salty smell of the processed olives. In the small wooden-floored shop of his old friend, Felix García Tenorio in Madrid, where we went to order boots for Africa, Ernest reveled in the rich, astringent mélange of the smells of cured leather. In Valencia he had the smell of the sea and also, in its cathedral, the sickly-sweet smell of poverty, of too many unwashed bodies crowded together under the church's high dome, the only one I've seen garishly defined on the outside by strips of blue and red neon lights. In grassy glades of Avila we walked through the perfume of wildflowers as profuse as their kin in a florist's shop, and most afternoons began in the clean, slumberous smell of hot sun baking the sand of bullrings, much like the smell made by a hot iron passing over damp cotton.

Climbing the rough ledges of the Cordillera behind Málaga, looking for the ibex that live there, Ernest enjoyed the solidity of the rock he felt through the soles of his boots. "Like Africa. Or out West," he murmured. His sense of touch was gratified by the rough, painted boards of the bullring *barreras* and by the ancient gray stone of the Plaza at Ronda. As sensitive, perhaps, to the tactile values of objects as was his friend, Bernhard Berenson, toward Renaissance art, Ernest found pleasure, as well as comfort, in wearing Spanish suede jack-

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ets, as soft and pliable as silk. He liked, too, the grainy surface of a wine-filled *bota* in his hand.

Few sights moved him more than the undulating stretches of Navarra or La Mancha with their fields of blond grain bending in the wind like the sea; and approaching Sevilla from the hills behind Córdoba, he would begin to look, long before it was necessary, for the Giralda, floating in her opalescence on top of the spire of that flowering, golden city's cathedral. He enjoyed the diversity of Spanish faces as much as the rough and ready Spanish wit, and agreed with Richard Ford, who in the 1830s observed that "none of any nation, as a mass, are better bred or mannered than the lower classes of Spaniards." Swallows wheeling and dipping above the bullrings pleased him, and on the roads we kept watch for another favorite sight, the hoopoe bird—rare but still extant in the country. Most welcome of all visions were the paintings at the Prado in Madrid; his favorites among them are too numerous for listing.

Somehow we never found time for the sophisticated sounds of symphony orchestras or music recitals, and we were distressed, we who were accustomed to singing at meals, to see in Madrid that by government decree singing was not permitted in restaurants. (Singing had been a distraction from cold, hunger, and fatigue among the Republican forces during the Civil War, Ernest remembered.) Nonetheless we sang in the bars and cafés of Pamplona. "*Una mañana de niebla.*" We sang in the car on the roads, "*Anda bolero, bolero,*" a highway robber's song taught by father to son since the seventeenth century. Everywhere we heard the sonorous trumpets of the *paseo* as the matadors and their *cuadrillas* marched ceremoniously into bullrings to begin the afternoon's ritual. When we stopped on the roads to stretch or to take pictures, we heard simpler music, the two or three-toned reverberations of crickets drumming in the sunshine.

Ernest's taste buds had long been educated in the compelling flavors of Spanish food and wine, and I, having been preschooled in them in Cuba, could embark zestfully with him on adventures in eating. Except for *percebes*, which Ernest found at a fish bar in Madrid. *Percebes* are a small sea animal which the Spanish pry off rocks along their coasts. They are served in clusters of gray wrists, pink fingers, and green fingernails which reminded me of dead monkey feet or some private organ of a long-extinct monster. My taste buds welcomed everything else that swam or crawled in Spanish waters, especially their fresh sardines sautéed in oil, with, of course, garlic.

We were always happy to see young roasted goat on a menu and we ordered *crilladillas* whenever they were available. They were frequently available since we were attending *ferias* with their indigenous bullfights. *Crilladillas* are the bull's testicles, and, roasted in the Spanish manner, are marvelous eating. In Pamplona we breakfasted on *bacalao*, literally codfish, but made into a stew with fresh lobster, onions, and garlic that we washed down with a red peasant wine at the then equivalent of nine cents a quart. In Valencia we devoured *paella Valenciana*, the shallow frying-pan of seafoods and saffron rice, even though the mussels in it sometimes proved to be of questionable vintage. We drank local wines and filled our *bota* with them, although we knew that Marqués de Riscal and Valdepeñas were superior to most of them. Ernest was a devotee of *chorizo*, the pungent, garlicky Spanish sausage, and in Pamplona he bought a couple of them, big as rolling pins. They traveled odoriferously in the car's glove pocket for a month, diminishing gradually in size if not in scent.

IN late June that summer our friend, Gianfranco, from Venice, and Adamo, the chauffeur, met us with a Lancia at Le Havre, and we drove to Paris, Angoulême, and Hendaye, and crossed the Spanish border at Irún, as Jake and Bill and Robert Cohn did in *The Sun Also Rises*. Like them, we climbed through forests of beech trees, saw a new range of mountains, blue, brown, and barren, and then descended in long loops through thick forest which, lower down, opened onto green fields and apple orchards. In his book Ernest wrote, "the road went on, very white and straight ahead. . . . Then we crossed a wide plain, and there was a big river off on the right shining in the sun from between the line of trees, and away off you could see the plateau of Pamplona rising out of the plain, and the walls of the city, and the great brown cathedral, and the broken skyline of the other churches." That year the road was gravel and the grain was ripe. In 1953 the road was paved and, the summer having been wet, the grain of that northern country was still green.

In my diary of that journey I wrote on July 6: "4:30 p.m. There being no rooms available in Pamplona, we have come out of town twenty miles to the village of Lecumberri with its big new Hotel Ayestaran. It is an amusing hotel with scrubbed wooden floors, no rugs, carved oak doors, carved oak beds, their springs sagging like hammocks, no heat. Temperature with the window open, 64° F."

After the next morning's festivities in Pamplona we returned to Lecumberri, and I wrote: "11:45 a.m. The Fiesta of San Fermín began auspiciously this morning at 7 o'clock with the *encierro*, the running of the young men and the bulls from the corrals near the railway station through the narrow old streets to the bullring. Only one boy was gored, not seriously.

"We got up at 4:30 a.m., hurried over the lovely golden road in an iridescent dawn, excitement budding then blooming in the car. We reached the town square as they were giving its sand its morning sprinkling, met Papa's old friend, Juanito Quintana, who, Papa says, knows as much about bulls and the whole complex of the *toreo* as any man in Spain. We gulped down strong black coffee, tied red kerchiefs around our necks, and hurried in the crowd to the bullring, our dear British, very British friend, Rupert Bellville, running interference for me, I clinging firmly to Papa's hand, he warning Rupert to guard his wallet. We made it to the arena in time to watch the boys and bulls come racing in, to clown about a bit before the steers were sent in to jockey the bulls into their corrals behind the ring.

"As we left the ring, the crowd now leisurely, Papa discovered his own wallet had been stolen, his fine new wallet I had just bought for him in New York.

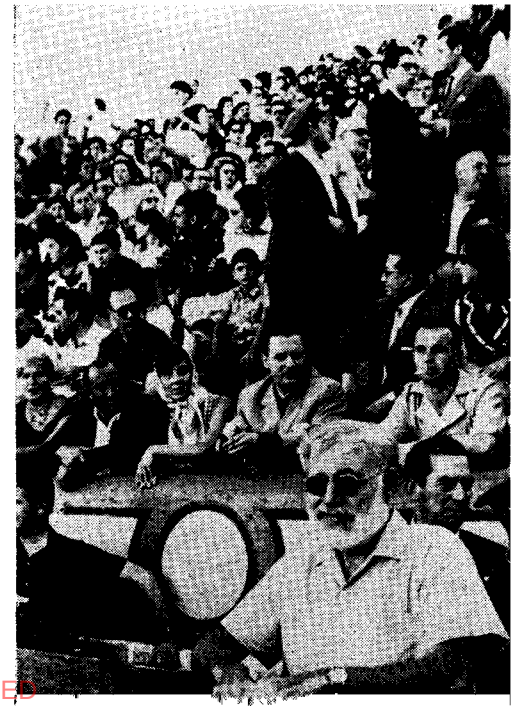
" 'The best pickpockets in Spain come to this fiesta,' he said, crestfallen. 'They all work the first day, then get out of town.'

"What I remember of this morning: The brilliant colors of the crowd in the sharp morning light and the prevalence of red. The spontaneous gaiety, unforced and unfalse. The two boys we passed, walking into the square with newspapers spread in front of their faces, one foot on the curb, the other in the gutter. The man who thrust a sprig of parsley at me outside the central produce market, say-

(Continued on page 102)

Papa at the *corrida*, 1960—"the best pickpockets come to this fiesta."

—Pictorial Parade.



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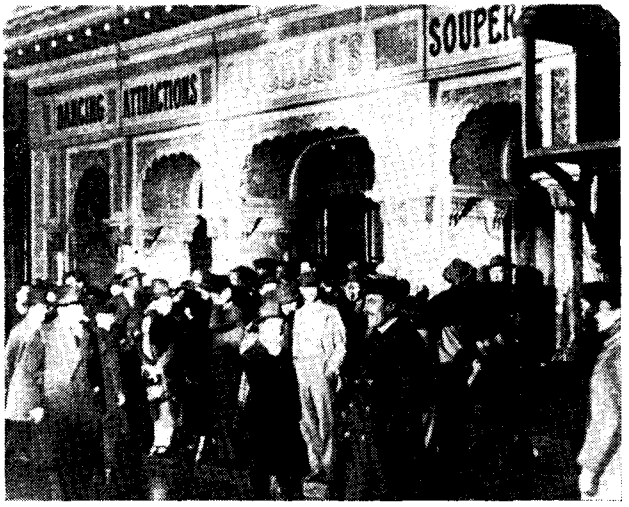
FITZGERALD'S PARIS

The summer of 1929 in Paris was to be the last of the high seasons for many years to come. It was hot, portentous, and free-wheeling. Hemingway was at 6 rue Férou reading the galleys of "A Farewell to Arms." Fitzgerald, in residence a few blocks away, was working on "Tender Is the Night." A new arrival was the young Canadian novelist Morley Callaghan, still in his mid-twenties and already widely heralded. His recollections of that extraordinary season are recorded in a warm memoir, "That Summer in Paris," which Coward McCann published in 1963 and from which these excerpts are taken.



—U.P.I.

Zelli's Nightclub—"There was the first Paris where affluent Americans lived grandly and damn the expense; there was the second where writers and artists worried about checks from home."

A WHISPER had gone the rounds that Greenwich Village was washed up: Paris was the new frontier. In the early Twenties living had been inexpensive, and if you wanted to be a publisher and have a little magazine the printing costs were cheap. Above all, Paris was the good address. . . . It was the one grand display window for international talent, and if you were at all interested in the way the intellectual cloth of the time was being cut you had to be there, even if you couldn't do more than press your nose against the window. . . . The capital did seem to be in Paris. The marks of the quick and wonderful French intelligence seemed to be all around one in this city with its open beauty, its elegance, and that splendid indifference of the French citizen at the next table to your private life. And above all, in every corner of this lovely Babylonian capital was stuck the national symbol, the shrewd-eyed watchful madame at the cash register. I could see her there in black near the café door, reminding me of the eternal verities.

By 10 in the evening the whole corner would take on the fullness of its own life with the terraces crowded and the well-known drunken poets or painters, celebrated for their stupor rather than their art, wandering across the road from café to café, making the taxis dodge them. A tourist bus would pass, the tourists gawking, and Flossie Martin, the ex-Follies girl, plump, but still golden-haired and pink-and-white complexioned, who refused to go home to the States, would stand up and yell out an obscenity at the staring tourists in their bus. Or a visiting movie star, like Adolph Menjou, would be sitting at the Coupole with his new wife. While people lined up and moved slowly by his table where he sat, incredibly impassive, we, watching him from across the road, would snicker patronizingly. . . .

Often we would go to the Luxembourg Museum and then, when tired, sit in the gardens and watch the little girls in their severe black frocks sailing their boats in the pond. On this particular day we had spent hours in those galleries on the rue Bonaparte. We had eaten at a small café down that way. It was dark when we wandered up to Montparnasse. Sitting at the café I had got to thinking about Fitzgerald. Until then we had counted on Hemingway's letting us know if he had news of the Fitzgeralds. But what if they were in Paris and hadn't as yet got in touch with Ernest? I had a hunch it was time to go looking for them ourselves.

The hour was about 9:30, and as we saw it, a reasonable hour to go calling. If the Fitzgeralds had been out for dinner, well, by this time they might be home. And Max Perkins had said, "Don't write to Scott. Don't be formal. Just drop in on him."

The Fitzgeralds lived near the St. Sulpice Church in an old stone building which must have been a great house at one time. As soon as we got out of the taxi I said to Loretto. "Why, this place isn't more than a stone's throw from Hemingway's place. Or at least a stone thrown twice." It was a fact I was to remember later and brood on. Standing in the little vestibule, we scanned the apartment nameplates. There, indeed, was the Fitzgerald name. We rang the bell. No one answered. As we turned away disappointed, at loose ends standing in the shadowed doorway, a taxi drew up. A man and woman got out. They were under a streetlight. We could see their faces. "Why, there's Fitzgerald," I said to Loretto.

In that light, even from a distance, he looked like the handsome, slender, fine-featured man whose picture I had so often seen, whose profile, in fact, appeared to be copied again and again by magazine illustrators. Coming toward us slowly, they couldn't see us. We were half-hidden in the shadows. The vestibule light touched Zelda's blond hair. A handsome woman, her features were as regular as Scott's. I don't know why it upset me seeing these fine classic heads coming into the vestibule shadows where we waited.

Stepping out, I said, "I'm Morley Callaghan and this is Loretto." Startled for a moment, they had no words for us. They seemed to be trying to get used to the sight of us on their doorstep. "Well, hello, how are you?" Scott said. Then, half confused, he added, "Why didn't you let us know you were in Paris?" We all shook hands. Opening the door, he led us in. . . .

It was a big, elegant apartment, a far more elaborate apartment than Hemingway's place, and whereas I could think of Hemingway's or Joyce's apartments as having living rooms, in this place of Scott's I knew I was in a drawing room. It had period furniture, too. We all sat down and looked at each other, not apprehensively, or critically, just trying to get used to each other quickly. Then Scott explained that they had been to a theatrical performance—I forget whether it was a ballet or a play. From what we had

(*Continued on page* 82)

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—*Paris Match (Pictorial Parade).*

Scott, Zelda, and Scottie in the Paris apartment, Christmas 1925—"not as if being driven into exile, but as if they were seeking a spiritual home."

THE TWENTIES IN MONTPARNASSE

By MALCOLM COWLEY

THE PARIS of young American writers in the early 1920s was not so much a city as a state of feeling produced, in this case, by the Great War and its aftermath. Most of the writers had been in uniform and—with exceptions such as Scott Fitzgerald, who "didn't get over"—had served on the French or the Italian front. They had learned to admire French culture, they had been exposed to a variety of strong emotions, including the immediacy of death and the hope of a better world, and then—too soon for most Americans—the war had ended. When they went back to the States, they found that the postwar world was worse, not better, than the world they had know before 1917. Prohibition, puritanism, publicity, and philistinism—these seemed to be the triumphant causes in America. Whoever had won the war, young American writers came to regard themselves as a defeated nation.

So they went to Paris, not as if they were being driven into exile, but as if they were seeking a spiritual home.

Paris was freedom to dress as they pleased, talk and write as they pleased, drink as they pleased. Paris was a continual excitation of the senses. "There is a time in a man's life," Dos Passos says in his recent book of memoirs, *The Best Times*, "when every evening is a prelude. Toward 5 o'clock the air begins to tingle. It's tonight if you drink enough, talk enough, walk far enough, that the train of magical events will begin." He happens to be writing about New York, but for most of us—and I suspect for Dos Passos, too—Paris represented that moment in youth and that feeling of magical possibility. Some of the magic may have been embodied in the little ladies of Paris. E. E. Cummings wrote of them:

> little ladies more
> than dead exactly dance
> in my head, precisely
> dance where danced la guerre.

They danced in the heads of many ex-soldiers, but for others Paris was first of all the capital of literature and art and music. Its central position had been confirmed and also in part created by the war. Until 1914 an American writer, if he lived abroad, would probably have lived in or near London, as did Henry James, Bret Harte, Ezra Pound (till after the Armistice), and T.S. Eliot. An American composer would have studied somewhere in Germany, and a painter, though he would probably have gone to Paris, might also have chosen Munich, which was becoming a second cen-

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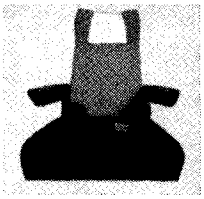

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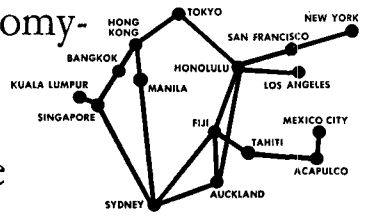

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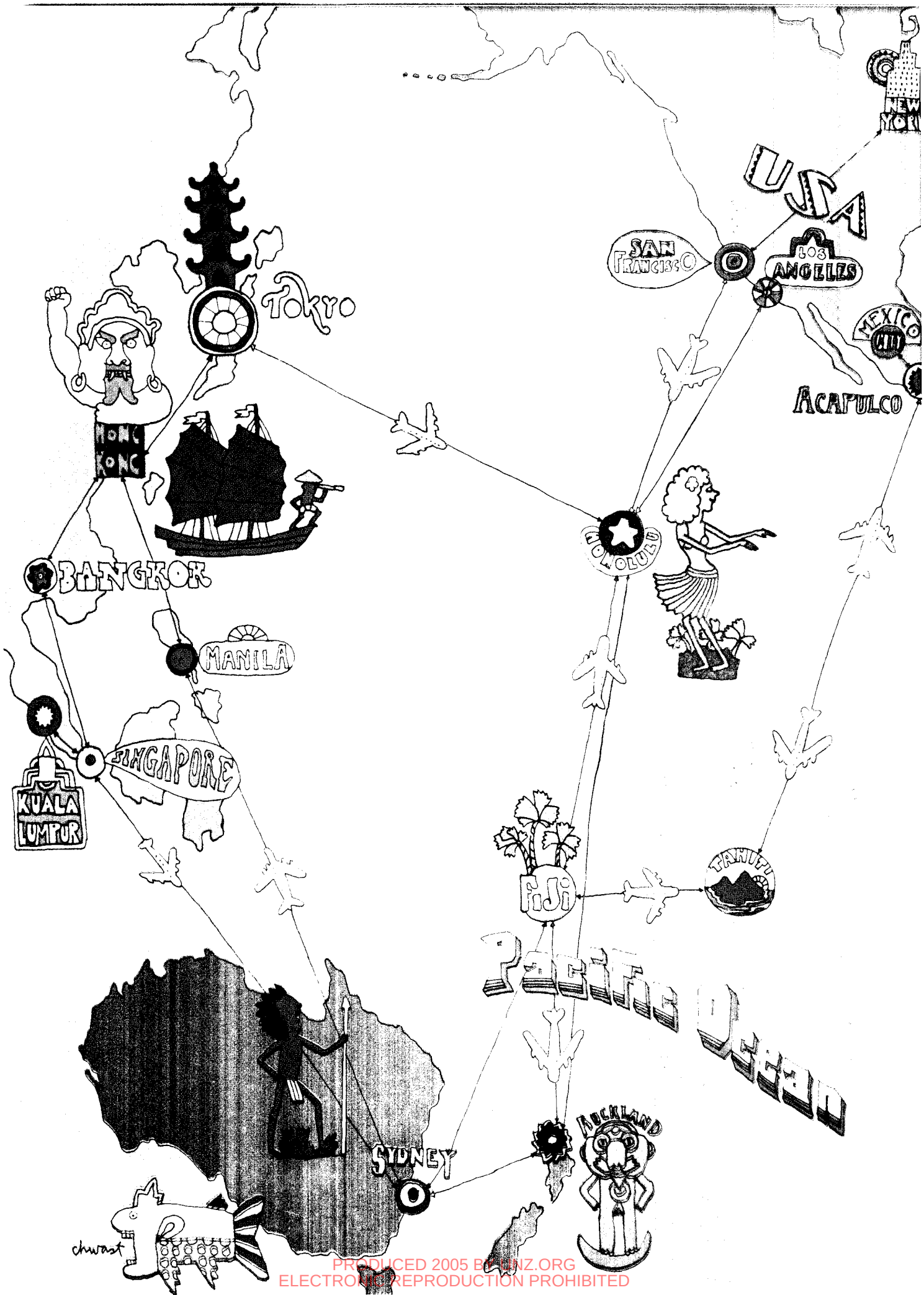

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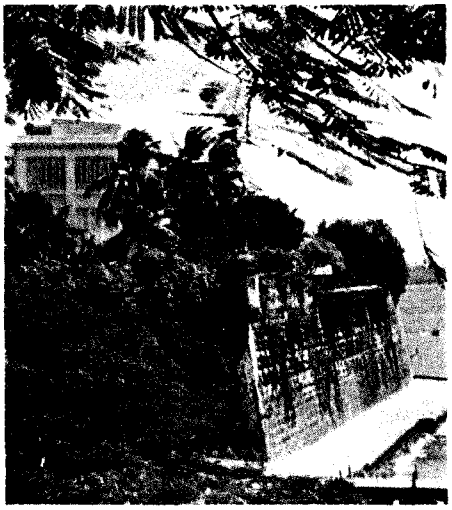

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ter of the arts. There was no second center for a dozen years after the war; almost every aspirant in every art spent more or less time in Paris. With Eliot as a lonely exception, almost everyone worshiped by the postwar generation could be found there, including Joyce, the half-blind Jove of the new age, and Gertrude Stein, its solid Minerva, as well as Picasso, Brancusi, Matisse, Pound (till he left for Rapallo), Valéry, Gide, and Stravinsky. It was as if the young American visitors had been transported to Olympus and had found themselves in the presence of the whole pantheon.

And living on Olympus was fantastically cheap by present standards, French or American. My own experience might serve as well as another's. In 1921 I was awarded an American Field Service fellowship of 12,000 francs, or about $1,000 at the prevailing rate of exchange. With that sole capital, my wife and I went to France and lived there for a year, during which I earned a little extra money—not more than $500—by writing penny-a-word pieces for American magazines. The fellowship was renewed for the following year, and once more it was supplemented by literary earnings, which had not increased. On less than $1,500 we lived comfortably in Giverny, then a painters' colony, fifty miles from Paris; we made weekly trips to see our friends in the city and catch up with events; we sat in cafés and rode in taxis, though we could not give American tips; and at the end of the second year, after paying our debts and buying our passage, we arrived in New York with exactly $5. By that time it seemed that everyone in Greenwich Village had heard the good news and was planning to live abroad.

The number of literary pilgrims grew larger every year, like the Gross National Product, and perhaps was largest of all in 1930, the year after the Wall Street crash. It was not until the spring of 1933, when this country went off the gold standard, that almost all the pilgrims came streaming home for want of money. America-in-Paris, among its other aspects, thus obeyed the simple laws of economics.

GEOGRAPHICALLY and socially America-in-Paris was two separate cities. There was the first Paris, where affluent Americans lived grandly and damn the expense; there was the second Paris that I knew better, where writers and artists worried about checks from home.

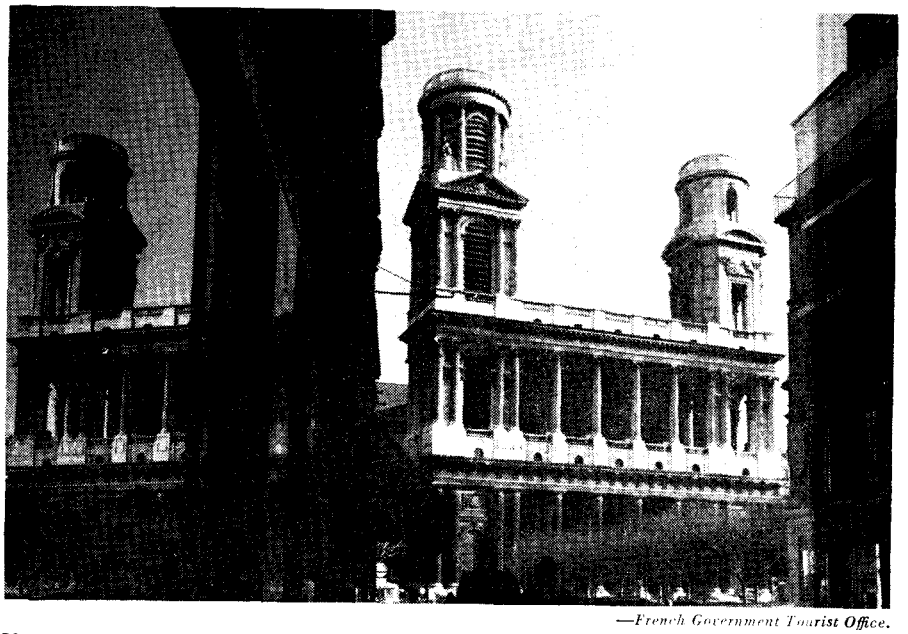
The first Paris was on the right bank of the Seine and extended from the Place de l'Etoile eastward as far as the Louvre. It was the revelers' Paris, surviving from the Second Empire and

(*Continued on page 98*)

Early Fitzgerald—"even in that light a slender, fine-featured man"; (right) with Scottie aboard ship, 1928.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

—*Culver.*



—*French Government Tourist Office.*

Near St. Sulpice (above) the Fitzgeralds lived in an old building, not a "stone twice thrown" from Hemingway's place.

—*courtesy Brentano's.*

When Fitzgerald was "the ambassador of literature in Paris," the landmarks were the dressmakers on the rue de la Paix, the Ritz Hotel, and Brentano's bookstore (above).

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—*The Granger Collection.*

James Joyce, 1915—"Those with neither music nor hope joined the barefoot children and begged."

JOYCE'S IRELAND

By CONOR O'BRIEN

I WAS eighteen when I met Thornton Wilder. A callow and innocent university undergraduate, I can see now I was one of those victims of the intellectual isolation that Irish neutrality in World War II and the period afterward had produced in my generation. Consciously or not, we were insulated against the great issues of the world, and my own contribution to the European New Frontier was to divide inexhaustible resources of stamina between a lackluster football club and a lively drama society.

My function in the drama group was to help supply theater personalities for monthly lectures. We were disastrously stuck for a lecturer the following week, a famous actor having discovered at the last moment that the offer of a good play in London might be more profitable than a guaranteed lecture fee of $60 in Dublin. But our spies had discovered that Thornton Wilder and his sister had checked into a nearby hotel, and my instruction was to get him at any cost—provided the cost did not exceed $60.

Fortunately (bear with me, there really is a point in this anecdote), he was charming, willing, and would lecture without fee. This was regarded as something of a personal triumph for me and allowed me to acquire a proprietory interest in the Great Man. I did not let the opportunity slip. I, it was, who brought him to supper after his lecture, graciously permitting the Dean of the English Faculty to join us; I who arranged a radio interview for him after agreeing to a $30 contract. Again he agreed to forego the fee, clearly on the ground that the radio station's need was greater than his.

When he asked to be shown the historic sights of Dublin, it was obvious to everyone that the world's acknowledged expert on Thornton Wilder was the only person qualified to arrange his itinerary. I listed a couple of medieval churches, the Coombe where Swift lived and railed and died, a few significant statues and houses. But when it came to the point, it was Wilder who was in control of the tour, quoting substantial portions of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* when we passed certain streets or buildings. He knew nothing at first-hand about Dublin, yet his knowledge of most of its landmarks, acquired almost exclusively through Joyce's writing, was quite staggering. My God, he hadn't just read the dirty bits of *Ulysses*, he had studied the whole damn lot! Joyce's boast, that if Dublin were destroyed overnight it could be reconstructed from his books, began to have some meaning.

It was a chastening experience for me —I, who had been born in the center of Bloomstown and knew all its buildings; who had been educated at Belvedere College where Joyce had been; whose grand-uncles had been pupils there with Jim and Stannie; whose great grandfather (John O'Connell) figures in *Ulysses;* even, whose mother had once been lecherously chased by old John Joyce. All this, in my own mind, made me something of a minor authority on Joyceana. Now I knew better and the point was not lost on me.

I have never retraced Bloom's epic journey through Dublin, as a small number of enthusiasts do every June 16. But the city is compact, and what remains of Joyce's world is very much within easy reach and still part of everyday life. Although old buildings are being pulled down in the center of Dublin at an alarming rate, enough remains to convey the atmosphere of the late nineteenth century.

JOYCE mainly wrote about the middle-class and young intellectual life of that time, almost ignoring the other two ends of the scale—the rich and the very poor, the Protestants and the Catholics. The gulf between them was even greater than in most other countries, because the rich identified themselves with the trappings of the British overlord and so earned the enmity of the poor. Their ostentatious parades through the center of Dublin, their garden parties at the Vice-regal Lodge and Trinity College, their cricket and polo matches in the public park all contrasted horrifyingly with the existence of the poor. Nothing unique about that, you may say. Except that in Dublin in Joyce's time the poor were in much closer contact with the rich than they were, say, in London or Paris.

Directly off the main fashionable thoroughfares one stepped straight into one of the most primitive slum areas in the world. Instead of hiding its social sores in outlying ghettoes, as most other cities did (and do), Dublin flaunted its poor on the doorsteps of the wealthy mer-

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chants. Because there were so many unemployed and because they had only a short distance to go, the broad cobbled magnificence of Sackville (now O'Connell) Street was littered with street musicians, playing fiddles and tin whistles, greasy caps on the pavement in front of them. Those with no musical talent could rent battered barrow organs for a penny or two a day and were lucky to show a profit when night came. And those with neither music nor hope simply joined the barefoot children and begged. All this Joyce saw, but it never seemed to move him in the way it did Sean O'Casey, even though the declining family fortunes brought the Joyces to the brink of destitution.

When John Joyce came to Dublin from Cork he prospered and found a young pretty wife. For two years they lived in Kingstown (now Dun Laoghaire), an ultra-fashionable seaport seven miles south of Dublin. The first of a long chapter of migrations began when John took a fancy to move inland and nearer to the center of town. His discerning eye selected a small, red-bricked house in the prosperous suburb of Rathgar, within easy reach of open-topped, horse-drawn trams which rumbled to Nelson Pillar. Here at 41 Brighton Square, James was born in 1882—and the fact that the "square" is a triangle is one of those perverse contradictions that always so delighted him. Today, the house is almost exactly as it was eighty-five years ago, its front bay window still facing the Dublin Hills across the three-sided open space. It is not, as so many seem to think, a museum, but is privately occupied and very well maintained. A plaque on the front wall is the only indication of its place in history.

However, a very modest museum *has* been collected in the Martello Tower in Sandycove, about eight miles south of Dublin. Of all the places where Joyce lived this was certainly the weirdest. The tower was one of many built along the east coast early in the nineteenth century when an invasion by Napoleon seemed likely. They are stubby, circular fortifications, with immense granite walls and each with an entrance several feet from the ground. In 1904 Joyce was teaching at a nearby school and accepted Oliver St. John Gogarty's invitation to share the tower as living quarters. Despite the later interior renovation, it is still easy to imagine the squalor and discomfort the brilliant young pair were willing to endure. Apart from the small museum, the great tourist interest in the tower is, of course, that this is the scene for the opening episode of *Ulysses*. Here, on Bloomsday, Stephen Dedalus prepared himself for the journey into Dublin that would soon cross the path of Bloom, setting out at the same time from his home at 7 Eccles Street, still shakily standing not far from the center of Dublin.

Joyce was to stay in many homes between Brighton Square and the Martello Tower. In the curious way of Irish paradox, the houses of his boyhood are in splendid condition, the ones he stayed in during adolescence a good deal less than that. The frequent moves from one house to another represent an accurate and chilly symbol of the decline and fall of John Joyce. However flamboyant, witty, and colorful a character he may seem in print and anecdote, the brutal fact is that he was a debt-ridden drunkard and, if my mother's experience was characteristic, a dirty old man. Rent was an intolerable impost on a gentleman's pocket, and it is important for the tourist to remember this, for it explains why retracing Joyce's life in Dublin leads so quickly from upper middle-class respectability to seedy tenement life.

James was only two when the family went to the nearby area of Ranelagh. Number 23 Castlewood Avenue was a bigger house and though it was, and still is, a "respectable" house in the fullest meaning of that Victorian term, nevertheless its frigid brick exterior cannot have been any more cheerful than it is today. Here again we come across one of those twists of life that Joyce found so compelling; a neighbor of the bibulous Papa Joyce was the secretary of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society. There is no plaque to record that Stanislaus Joyce was born in this house in 1885.

TWO other Joyce homes are worth looking at. John persuaded himself that if he moved far enough away from Dublin his wife's family might be discouraged from visiting him so often. But Bray is only twelve miles south of the city, and a good train service guaranteed not only the frequent arrival of his in-laws, but also the much more agreeable company of his drinking pals. From 1 Martello Terrace (another of those martello towers is nearby) he would stalk out to meet the Sunday morning train, and anyone who had pleased him in the past or whose face suggested future enjoyment was immediately invited back to lunch. After an afternoon walk over Bray Head, a heather-covered hilly snout that sticks into the sea, the company would return to the house again and get down to the more serious business of drinking and singing. These musical evenings were a feature of Dublin's middle-class social life at that time and are brilliantly conveyed in Joyce's short story "The Dead."

The Joyces moved from Bray to Blackrock where they lived for more than a year at 23 Carysfort Avenue—now carefully preserved by the present tenants.

(*Continued on page* 88)

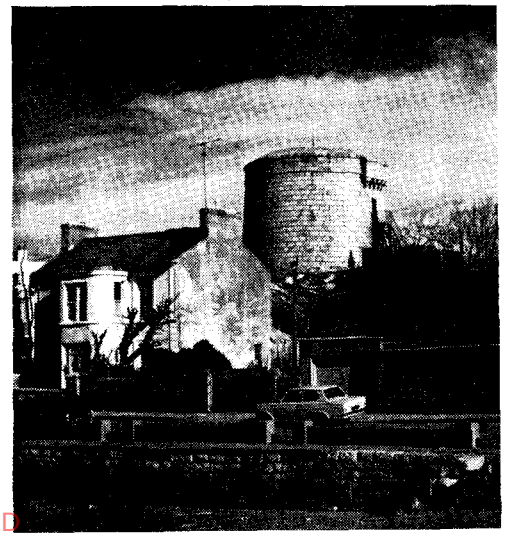
—Colman Doyle (Dublin Evening Press).

7 Eccles Street, Dublin—fictitious home of the Blooms in *Ulysses*, "still shakily standing."

—Viking Press.

Joyce with parents and grandfather, 1888; (below) Martello tower, which he shared with Oliver St. John Gogarty.

—Colman Doyle (Dublin Evening Press).



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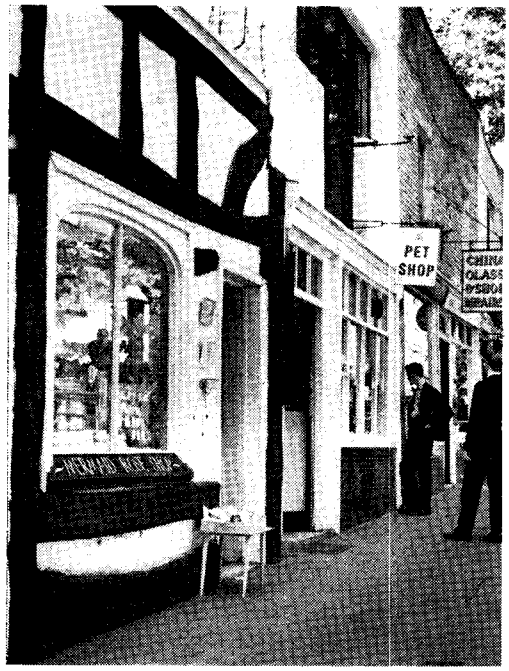

—*British Travel Association.*

Kensington—scene of his deep churchly life; his crowning happiness, his second marriage; and his warmest associations.

T. S. ELIOT'S LONDON

By STEPHEN SPENDER

AFTER LEAVING America as a young man and studying in Heidelberg and at the Sorbonne, T. S. Eliot, who had intended to stay in France, was obliged in 1916, owing to the exigencies of the war, to come to London. From then on, he became an inveterate Londoner. It is clear from *Four Quartets* and from several of the "minor" poems that some historic English country houses, churches, villages, with their centennial stones and gardens, had a ritualistic, almost mystical appeal for him, as did also Cape Ann, New Hampshire, Virginia, the Mississippi River, and parts of Scotland. But where he felt at home was in the fog and amber of London—much loved, although the "unreal City" of *The Waste Land*.

Toward the end of his life, owing to illness, London after the month of November, when the fogs get worst, was hazardous for him. By doctors' orders he and his wife Valerie went one winter to Morocco, another to Barbados. I happened to run into them on Barbados, and I formed the opinion that despite his vivid joy at being accompanied by his wife, he was a bit disconsolate, pining for Kensington. He had little taste for deserts or the South Seas. Even Greece seemed to him—as he once pointed out to Lady Ottoline Morrell when she was ecstasizing over Athens—a bit creepy, reminiscent of snake worship (she was indignant). Cactuses—so exotic to most of us—have their horror in Eliot's poetry.

When Eliot came to England he had to earn his living. One of his early jobs was, for four terms, teaching at Highgate School (where to the boys, one of whom was John Betjeman, he was known as "the American master"). Highgate, Coleridge-haunted, has on its heights a frontage of Georgian houses and one or two Italianate villas overlooking the Highgate ponds, with beyond them the rolling green extent of Hampstead Heath. Here Keats walked, and here were the trees and hillocks Constable often sketched.

During the Twenties, at the time of his unhappy first marriage, Eliot lived for a time at Clarence Gate Gardens, between Regent's Park and Baker Street. Here Nash's St. Clarence and Hanover Terraces look out onto the park, with cherry and may trees flowering in spring, and beyond the little lake, beds of chrysanthemum and astor in autumn. The scene recalls an eighteenth-century engraving.

One of the things that, I am sure, must have intrigued Eliot about this neighborhood, was that, according to Conan Doyle, Sherlock Holmes, attended by his disciple Watson, and with his deer-stalker hat and his meerschaum pipe, resolved his conundrums of crime in his rooms in Baker Street. S. S. Koteliansky, the friend of D. H. Lawrence and Katharine Mansfield, once told me an anecdote which, if it is not legendary, somehow contributes to the legend of T.S. Eliot in those days, the neighbor of the ghost of Sherlock Holmes. In the early Twenties there was a terrible and notorious murder in rooms above a shop facing the main road (I was only twelve at the time but I remember as I passed on a bus looking with suitable horror at the shop front which for some reason had the plaster image of an armed knight in front of it). According to Koteliansky, Eliot was so disturbed, meditating on this crime, that for some days he did not dare cross the main road, and limited his perambulations to the confines of the island of houses between it and the park.

THESE were the days of the little known Eliot about whom there are strange stories drawing attention to the existentialist side of his character which gave him the air, despite his sincerity and even his youthful naïveté—of always consciously playing a role. At this time he used to take his wife, Vivienne, to dance the foxtrot at the Hammersmith Palais de Danse, an excursion into a

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rather far-flung outpost of Eliot's London, for I cannot think his London is suburban.

After his spell of schoolmastering, Eliot worked in the Foreign and Colonial Department at the head office of Lloyd's Bank in Cornhill. Mrs. Eliot (who has most generously provided me with much of the detailed information in this article) tells me that when he was working at Lloyd's Bank, he used to explore the city churches in its neighborhood. Two of these churches provide some of the most resonant lines in *The Waste Land:* St. Magnus Martyr, with "The inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold," and St. Mary Woolnoth, which "kept the hours/With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine" ("a phenomenon which I have often noticed," Eliot writes in the famous "notes," recalling here those city walks).

Aldous Huxley told me that, fetching Eliot from his work at the bank, to take him out to luncheon sometimes, he would go into the basement, where

—*The Times, London (Pictorial Parade).*

Eliot the poet and dramatist was "the most bank clerkly of bank clerks."

Eliot seemed "the most bank clerkly of bank clerks seated at the most bank clerkly of desks." The desk was (according to some of the writers of reminiscences in the *Sewanee Review*'s T. S. Eliot Special Number) under a glass pavement, tapped on by the heels of passing shop girls.

Eliot's spell in Lloyd's Bank contributed to his future development in two important respects. His experience of the compelling mystery of the city churches perhaps hastened his conversion to the Anglican Catholic communion. And indirectly his love of these churches also led him to write for the theater. For his first full-length exercise in poetic drama was *The Rock*, a morality play written as a contribution to raise funds for the city churches. After *The Rock* there came the far more successful *Murder in the Cathedral,* first performed at Canterbury.

I suspect that Eliot rather enjoyed working in Lloyd's Bank. Nevertheless it took him away from his writing, and in the late Twenties a determined effort was made by his friends to rescue him from it. He then became editor of *The Criterion,* with the offices in Russell Square which he continued to occupy almost to the end of his life. Despite its proximity to the mausoleum-like British Museum and the oppressively pyramidal hideous new near-skyscraper buildings of London University, Russell Square is spacious, somehow relaxed, gay almost, with two Victorian-style hotels on the eastern side, and a garden or small park in the middle. It is close to the Tube station and to gray, straight post-Regency streets full of cosmopolitan agitation of foreign students living in small sinister hotels and hurrying to the museum or the university. Eliot's sad-gay nonsense lines, "To a Persian Cat," are very evocative of the scrappy, disconnected atmosphere of Russell Square:

> The songsters of the air repair
> To the green fields of Russell Square.
> Beneath the trees there is no ease
> For the dull brain, the sharp desires
> And the quick eyes of Woolly Bear.
> There is no relief but in grief.

North of the offices of *The Criterion* and its publishers, Faber and Faber, in Russell Square where Eliot worked, are Gordon Square, Fitzroy Square, Gower Street, dignified and a bit somber yet pleasing, and full of memories of "Bloomsbury," echoes of the elevated, learned gossipy chatter of scholars, poets, novelists, hostesses, who lived there before the war.

Leonard and Virginia Woolf lived in a house (later destroyed by enemy action) in Fitzroy Square. With tables, furniture, plates, and cups covered with designs by her sister, Vanessa Bell, and Duncan Grant, it was the holy of holies of that little association of friends and relations called "Bloomsbury." A few streets away in Gower Street, Lady Ottoline Morrell (the sister of the Duke of Portland who forsook the dukeries for the arts)—whom Bertrand Russell made love to, Augustus John drew and painted, and D. H. Lawrence portrayed as Hermione Rodice in *Women in Love,* "received" guests who included W. B. Yeats, James Stephens, Aldous and Julian Huxley, and also Eliot, on her famous "Thursdays." That great orientalist, poet, and raconteur, Arthur Waley, lived in Gordon Square, in which E. M. Forster also at one time had rooms. There were certainly green fields and songsters close to Eliot's Russell Square.

WHEN Eliot edited *The Criterion* and became a director of the publishing firm of his friend Geoffrey Faber, there were luncheons of friends and associates of these ventures, held firstly in Soho, often at a restaurant called Commercio, near Soho Square. This was one of those small Italian restaurants with modestly good food and a few separate tables which maintain high standards without being

(Continued on page 87)

—*New York Public Library Picture Collection.*

Eliot's London churches—St. Magnus (left) and St. Mary Woolnoth (right) provide some of the most resonant lines in *The Waste Land.*

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—*The Granger Collection.*

TENNYSON'S ISLE OF WIGHT

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

A HUNDRED YEARS ago the porters at Yarmouth's quay would speed parting travelers with the cry: "All aboard for England, all aboard for the mainland." Tennyson loved the "remoteness" of the Isle of Wight, its distance from the "noise and smoke of town"; and for sixteen years he made Farringford his home, a house set in the southwest corner of the island, "some four to five miles' drive by trap from Yarmouth." Even after he had returned to the mainland in 1869, he remained a constant visitor: the mild climate, so good for his rheumatics, drew him back each autumn to Farringford.

Scores of guidebooks record that it was on his last visit to the island, aboard the Lymington-Yarmouth ferry, that he composed "Crossing the Bar." But the truth is that in his declining years he was attended by a nurse, and one day when he was unusually melancholy, she took him affectionately to task. "Lord Tennyson," she said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself grumbling in this way. You ought to be expressing your gratitude for your recovery from your bad illness by giving us something—by giving it to the world." He took the reproof well, retired straightway to his study, and began to write:

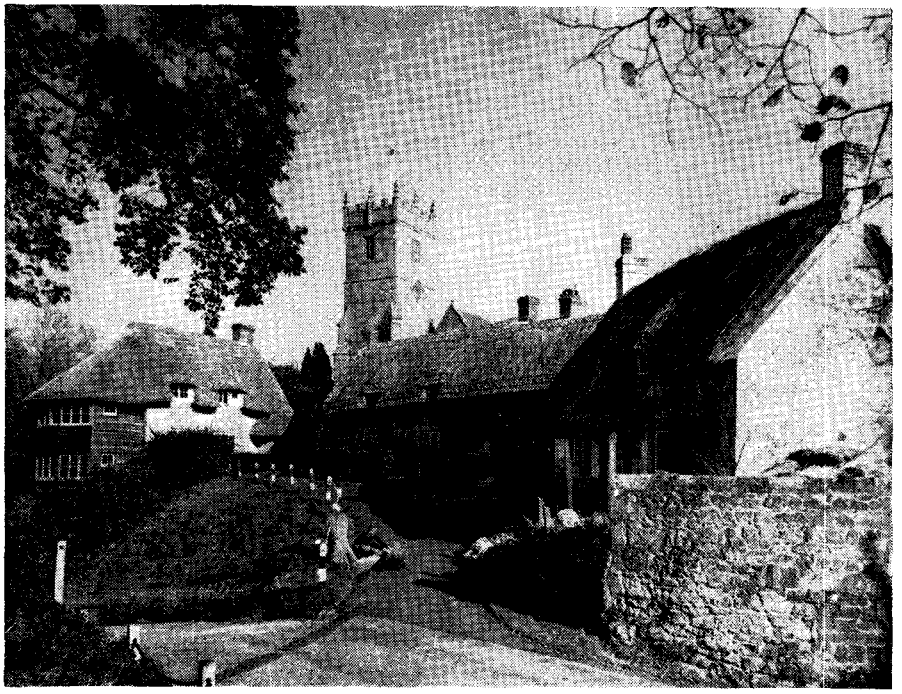
Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning
of the bar,
When I put out to sea. . . .

In less than half an hour the remaining three stanzas were completed. The lines had "come in a moment." His memory had been stirred by the many crossings over the Solent that he had made during the past forty years.

Emily, his wife, often spoke of the leisurely, slow passing of time on the island; the fact that so many of the natives seemed to have "no very exact record of [it]." Even today, to make the crossing is to put the clock back. It is possible to walk for miles along its cliffs, or down its leafy lanes, without meeting anyone, and several butchers still boast of being "purveyors of meat to Her Majesty the Queen." They refer, of course, to Queen Victoria. Shops that once waited upon orders from the royal household at Osborne still retain a German translation of their wares painted outside—a courtesy to the Prince Consort, which has survived two world wars. The castle that continues to protect Yarmouth was begun in the reign of Henry VIII, and the town's church of St. James has in its southern chancel a marble statue put up to the memory of Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, who was one of the Captains of Wight at the end of the seventeenth century. In 1664, he captured New York from the Dutch.

In 1853, when Tennyson arrived on the island, he said it was "to escape the Hero-worshippers in the mainland." Already he had been Poet Laureate for two years, and his *Poems* were in their eighth edition, his collection called *The Princess* in its fifth. The escape was partially successful. A local coachman maintained that he could be no great man because "he kept only one manservant." The local policeman grew accustomed to seeing him walking under the stars and supposed that he was "a-making poems or prayers." A local fisherman to whom he had bade "Good morrow" at four in the morning, replied: "Thou poor fool, thou doesn't knaw whether it be night or daä" (*Daä* is West Wight dialect for "day"—and is still used). At Freshwater Bay, a mile from Farringford, the word "crazed" was frequently used about the poet during these early months of his residence.

But if Tennyson had fled to the island to avoid publicity, it was not long before his hero-worshippers had wind of him. The Solent proved no barrier to his many admirers. They would lie in wait for him on High Down; they would press their faces to his dining-room win-



—*British Travel Association.*

Godshill, Isle of Wight—"to walk down its leafy lanes, to walk along its cliffs, to stand on stormy days, arms outstretched and shout in the wind. . . ."

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dow to see him eat; they would climb trees to spy him out in his study. One morning two elderly and respectful admirers knocked at the front door of Farringford. "May we see Mr. Tennyson?" they inquired of the middle-aged man who opened it to them. They were no doubt taken aback when they were told: "Well, you have seen him. Now will you kindly go away and leave me alone." A decade later, Tennyson protested in the most vehement terms that he would not come out and meet a group of American tourists who had gathered on the lawn. His friends and family chided him; they said that his visitors had come to see a lion, not a bear, and in the end he relented and went out and spoke to them.

In the 1850s, a famous poet could expect to be lionized more than any actor. Earlier in the century, Byron had already had London at his feet, and at Farringford the crowds would gather in the shaded lane that separated the house from the farm in order to see the poet walk on to High Down. To retain his privacy, he had built a rustic bridge over the lane. It was to little avail. The people now collected beneath it in the hope of catching a fleeting glimpse of the Laureate hurrying across in his military cloak, with his big hat pulled down over his tangled hair.

Farringford is a late Georgian house with Gothic windows and castellated walls. James Bayard Taylor, the American travel writer, described it in 1862 as "a cheerful gray country mansion, with a thick small grassed park before it, a grove behind, and beyond all, the steep shoulder of the chalk downs, a gap in which, at Freshwater, showed the dark blue horizon of the Channel." His description still holds.

At first Tennyson only rented the house. Then one day one of his closest friends, Sir John Simeon, who was the squire of Swainston Hall, near Newport (the island's capital), remarked on some lines of the poet that he had come across in an old issue of *The Tribute*. He urged him to reprint them—or even develop them. The lines were:

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again.

Six months later Tennyson had written *Maud*, in which there is a passing reference to Farringford as a house "half hid in the gleaming wood." This monodrama, as the publishers entitled it—or this "little *Hamlet*," as the poet used to call it—brought him £500, and with this backing he now felt in a position to buy Farringford. The sale was completed in 1856. Hallam, his eldest son, has left this account of his father at work:

(*Continued on page* 90)

—Sergio Larrain (Magnum).

Calabria in the toe of the boot—"Detours lead to quiescent harbors, up winding roads to medieval *castelli* and villages of ochre-tiled roofs one will never enter."

CALABRIAN DAYS WITH NORMAN DOUGLAS

By HERBERT R. LOTTMAN

NO ONE IS waiting for you in Calabria. Street signs to announce sightseeing attractions often point the wrong way. Here one still finds hotelkeepers and waiters who not only don't speak English, but who can't even guess at it. Museums—but let Norman Douglas say it, for what he wrote in *Old Calabria* fifty years ago is still valid: "Is there any museum in Italy not 'partially closed for alterations'?" Certainly there is none in the Mezzogiorno.

It is good to begin a visit to Calabria with Norman Douglas. That delightful, mystifying man — diplomat, humanist, expatriate—gave us one of the present century's classic novels, *South Wind* (1917). *Old Calabria* is a record of several visits he made to the tip of the Italian boot and around toward the heel. It is not a guidebook, but a catalogue of reasonable reactions and uncommon encounters, compiled by an exceptional sensibility. If we read it fifty years after its original publication while preparing our own explorations, it is because Calabria is not much better documented today than it was in 1915 (walk into any Italian tourist office and see for yourself), and perhaps no better book has been written on the area in any language. I can say this because I have also haunted French and Italian bookshops in search of an alternative, and in Taranto was actually offered a newly published edition of *Old Calabria*—in Italian.

Norman Douglas's arrival at Rossano is characteristic. It is hardly more than a village now, lost on its hilltop, a few miles in from the Ionian seacoast at the shank of the Italian boot. Today the deep red of the rock which supports it (and which may have given the town its name) impresses the visitor more than do the low houses perched above. Yet Rossano was, in the Byzantine age the most important city of Calabria, and every surviving building, shop, or office, or slum was once a palace. Douglas's first problem in Rossano was to find a hotel; Baedeker had recommended one as *ganz ordentlich*. "But, alas!" Douglas writes, "I found little peace or content. The bed on which I had hoped to repose was already occupied by several other inmates. Prompted by curiosity, I counted up to fifty-two of them. . . ."

This report worried us not a little. No one has talked about Rossano since *Old Calabria*, and I did not expect affairs would be much better now. Our fears seemed confirmed when the official di-

(*Continued on page* 92)

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—*Austrian Information Service.*

The battleground was the literary coffeehouse which habitués considered their real home.

FRANZ WERFEL'S VIENNA

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

BETWEEN the two World Wars, the Vienna of Franz Werfel was a city of brilliant talents and lively literary feuds. For a short time, there was a real Viennese school of novelists, poets, essayists; Austrian literature was not considered a branch of German literature. The focus and battleground was the literary coffeehouse which habitués considered their real home, while their homes were only places where one slept.

Until 1925, the Café Central on the Herrengasse had been the meeting place, but then writers moved to the Café Herrenhof, on the same street, a bourgeois-looking establishment with dark panelings, brocade tapestries, and elegant chandeliers. Writers would eat lunch there and take a nap on the red plush benches alongside the wall. Waiters knew exactly the preferences of each guest, to his particular favorite among the thirty-odd kinds of coffee and ice creams, some of which came in impressionistic shades. Few great old writers of the "Young Vienna" school, such as Schnitzler and Hofmannsthal, were still around. Werfel came there often, although Alma Mahler objected to coffeehouse *littérateurs* and wanted him to stay home.

Alma, the beautiful daughter of the Austrian landscape painter Emil Jacob Schindler, had married Gustav Mahler in 1902. Mahler died in 1911. Alma later had married Oskar Kokoschka, who she said "fulfilled and destroyed my life," and then, in 1914, she married architect Walter Gropius, a union she characterized as "a tired twilight marriage." At that point Werfel stepped into her "unfulfilled" life, "a stocky man with sensuous lips and wonderful great blue eyes below a Goethe-esque forehead." Gropius departed for the front late in 1917, and his wife saw a lot of Werfel; they often went to concerts together. On January 5, 1918, she wrote in her diary: "I am out of my mind . . . so is Werfel. If I were twenty years younger, I would drop everything and run away with him." Alma was eleven years older. Werfel later wrote that she gave him the happiness "that only mature women with their infinitely soft embrace . . . can give to men who are still boys." Gropius, a civilized man, discovered the truth and quietly bowed out. He and Alma remained "harmonious friends."

Literary historians have wondered how Werfel might have developed as poet and writer if he hadn't met Alma, the unfulfilled one. Werfel himself later said he might not have written some of his successful novels if Alma hadn't pushed him so hard; but at any rate he would have left "some fifteen poems" that are among the most beautiful in German poetry.

In 1923, Werfel had his first great success with his novel, *Verdi*, which was brought out by Paul Zsolnay, the son of

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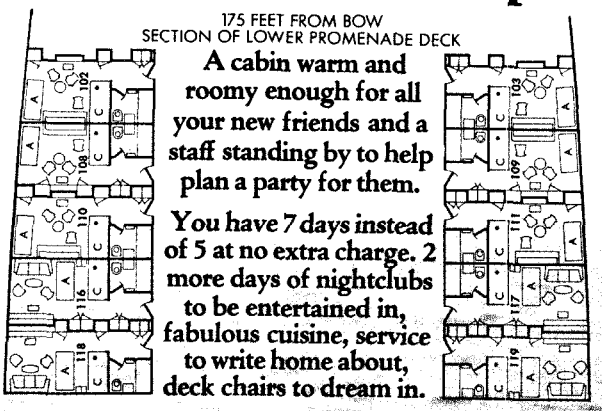
SECTION OF LOWER PROMENADE DECK



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SECTION OF PROMENADE DECK

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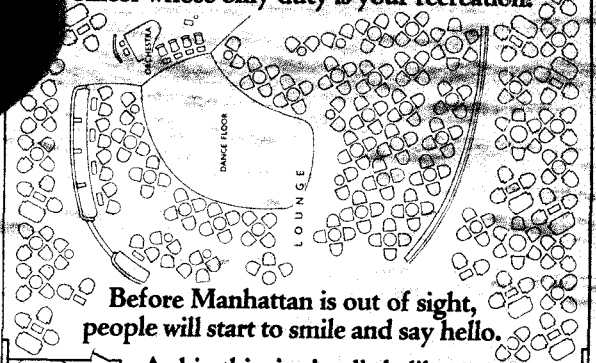

Before Manhattan is out of sight, people will start to smile and say hello.

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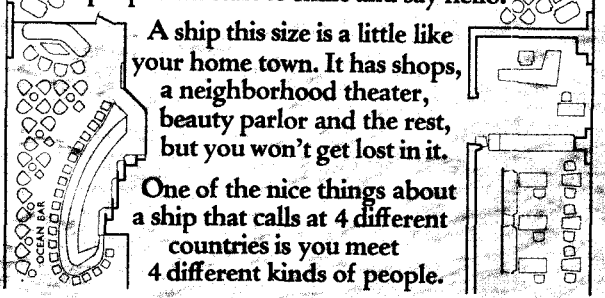
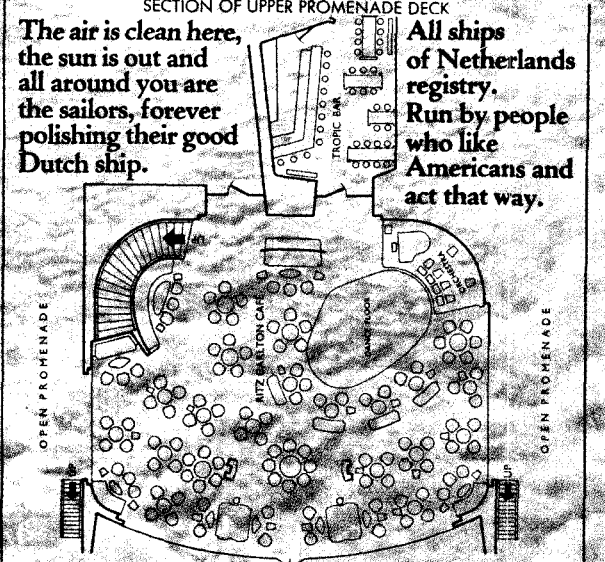


SECTION OF UPPER PROMENADE DECK

The air is clean here, the sun is out and all around you are the sailors, forever polishing their good Dutch ship.

All ships of Netherlands registry. Run by people who like Americans and act that way.



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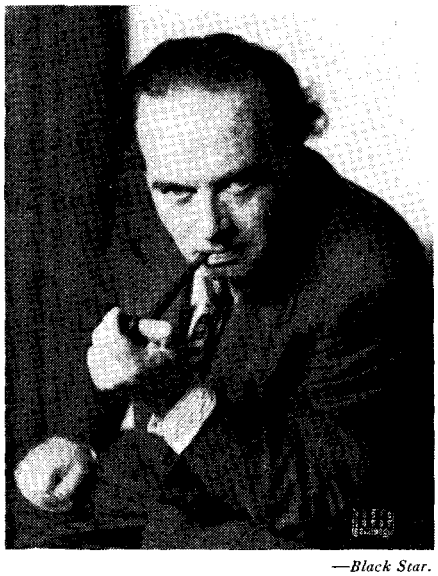
a wealthy Viennese tobacco merchant. Until then Werfel had been published by Kurt Wolff in Germany. Zsolnay, a friend of Alma's, suggested that she get him the *Verdi* manuscript and he would start a publishing firm. He offered Werfel 5,000 Swiss francs—an astronomical sum during those days of inflation in Germany. He was to have his last popular success far away in Beverly Hills a score of years later. There, in the freedom of America, he wrote *The Song of Bernadette*, a celebrated book and film. A travel novel—as he termed it—called *Star of the Unborn*, was to be his last work. Many thought it his best book.

In his warmest years, the years in Vienna, Werfel, like all those of the city's intellectual circles, was often in the cafés. Prominent writers had their *stammtisch* at the Herrenhof, surrounded by wealthy admirers and minor talents whom satirist Anton Kuh called "bank clerks with an ethical background." Werfel usually met with two old friends from his Prague school days, Ernst Polak and Leo Perutz. They never got away from Prague's mysticism. At the tables alongside them were Anton Kuh, that subtle feuilletonist Alfred Polgar, and the great Austrian novelist Hermann Broch.

When Werfel worked, he spent the nights writing, sustained only by coffee and cigarettes, a combination of habits which often worried Alma. But between his literary projects he was gregarious and loved the company of congenial friends. He went often to the bar of the Grand Hotel on Ringstrasse, now the headquarters of the International Atomic Energy Commission.

The Grand Hotel's restaurant was one of the best in a town that then had a myriad of gastronomic attractions in addition to its 1,250 coffeehouses and some 800 pastry shops. Werfel showed



—*Black Star.*

Franz Werfel—"his warmest years, the years in Vienna between the wars."

up often at the restaurant of the Hotel Meissl & Schadn in Neuer Markt. It stands no more, having been hit by United States bombs in the closing days of the war; but there are many for whom the memory is still green of its twenty-four different varieties of boiled beef served in elaborate ritual with various sorts of grated horseradish, whipped cream, and applesauce, not to mention a famous hot mushroom sauce and an equally celebrated cold chive sauce.

Werfel was a scholarly connoisseur of these *gustostueckerln*. In her memoirs Alma reports that during their Egyptian trip in 1924 the English hotel food was so awful that Werfel conjured happy hallucinations of boiled beef with *schwammerlsauce*, or that old Prague specialty, roast pork with sauerkraut and dumplings, and Vienna's fanciest roast saddle of venison with *preisselbeeren*.

Once home, he was contentedly back at his other gastronomic haunts, restaurant Hartmann near the Hotel Imperial, which has since disappeared, and Frau Schoener's restaurant that survived until two years ago. There were, of course, always the Demel and the Hotel Sacher, all run by ladies. Alma herself had good cooks in their mountain retreat at Breitenfeld Semmering and in Vienna, often elderly Bohemian women who knew Werfel's nostalgia for Prague and his appetite for old Austrian dishes. Despite his predilection for the fine gastronomic specialties of middle Europe, he never liked alcohol, and sometimes irritated Alma by ignoring good wines.

In 1931 they moved from Elisabethstrasse 22 to Steinfeldgasse 2, in Vienna's exclusive Hohe Warte district. There they lived in a splendid mansion with its own garden. It was near the Grinzing, a suburb famous for Heuriger inns and Heiligenstadt, which Beethoven loved so much. The countryside was fairly redolent of music, and perfect for the music lover and the opera fan. Werfel was both.

HIS house still stands, and the location is still beautiful, but it has been divided into several apartments. Not many people in Vienna can afford to support such a grand mansion by themselves. Visitors who come today can still see the villa standing at the foot of the Vienna Woods, surrounded by its beautiful views. It is easy to imagine Alma giving her great dinner parties and to think of Werfel, when he was engrossed in a new work, in isolation in his upper-floor study. In the social interludes, managed by Alma, he was joined by prominent poets, composers, politicians, and celebrities. In this brilliant assembly he once noted he was the only Jew. Later he was joined by his Jewish friend, Julius Tandler, the great professor of anatomy and prominent socialist city

—*Austrian Information Office.*

Hotel Sacher—"Once home he was at his gastronomic haunts."

councilor, who looked around and said to Werfel, "I am glad that our majority is again re-established."

Of all of Vienna's pleasures, Werfel loved opera best, and the Vienna State Opera was then in a brilliant epoch under Richard Strauss and Franz Schalk, perhaps its greatest period since Mahler. After the success of his Verdi novel, Werfel was often in touch with Strauss and Schoenberg and Alban Berg and Pfitzner and other prominent composers. He even had a tiny piano in his study where he played Verdi melodies with one finger. It was a great time, but, retrospectively, people who were there with Werfel admit they closed their eyes to realities and did not want to know what was going to happen. Novelist Friedrich Torberg, an intimate of Werfel, admits that until 1931, the Herrenhof crowd lived in an artificial dream world. As the days dwindled down, Alma's glittering salon met for the last time there at the edge of the Vienna woods. Then the Nazi invasion blew out the candles.

The End

By Samuel Hazo

THE curtain stuck, leaving
the couple who had played the scene
stranded in character and forced
to exit as themselves. They crossed

offstage in opposite directions
like lovers unexpectedly surprised
and shamed apart—the mood
shattered, the feeling lost.

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THOMAS WOLFE'S BERLIN

By C. HUGH HOLMAN

THOMAS WOLFE's love affair with Berlin was intense on both sides, Byronic in its extravagance, like a *blitzkrieg* in its brevity, and a little ludicrous.

"Byron, they say, awoke one morning at the age of twenty-four, and found himself a famous man," Wolfe said. "Well, I had to wait some ten years longer, but the day came when I walked at morning through the Brandenburger Gate, and into the enchanted avenues of the faëry green Tiergarten, and found that fame . . . had come to me."

Wolfe was first in Berlin in May and June, 1935, and back in August and September the next year for the Olympic games. His affair with Berlin ran its course from initial enchantment to sorrowful farewell in these two summers. Before 1935, Wolfe had known only the southern part of Germany, of which he said, "I had gone back to it in 10,000 dreams of memory and desire—the sunken bell, the Gothic town, the plash of waters in the midnight fountain, the Old Place, the broken chime, and the blond flesh of secret, lavish women."

Wolfe came to Berlin in this extravagant mood, but more than Wagnerian romanticism was working for Hitler's Berlin with him. He was a perennial provincial, fascinated but a little overwhelmed by strange cities. Although he spent about a fourth of the time between 1924 and 1936 in Europe, Wolfe remained a wide-eyed tourist, seldom seeing beneath the surface of the countries he visited. He went to Berlin weary from a five-year struggle with *Of Time and the River* and was, he said, "fed up to the roots of my soul with . . . being *alone*." Thus it is not surprising that he found in Berlin a mistress suited to his romantic adoration.

His first novel, *Look Homeward Angel,* published in Berlin in a fine translation by Hans Schiebelhuth, was greeted with praise by German critics, who called it, in Hermann Hesse's words, "the most impressive poetical work from present-day America." Its poetic qualities and its freedom from political commitment made Wolfe a writer about whom both the repressed German intellectual and the Nazi party member could agree. Hence, he satisfied a cultural hunger in the Berliners, and his visits were what Martha Dodd, the daughter of the American Ambassador, called "the most vital experience literary Berlin had in the Hitler years."

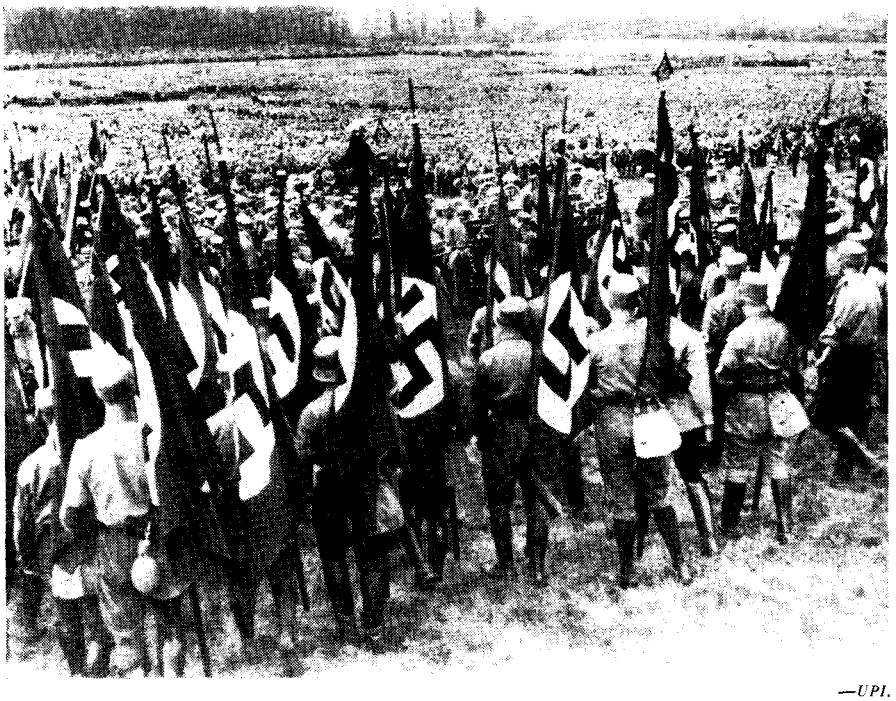
Wolfe's was the Berlin of the Tiergarten, and Charlottenburg. Its eastward extension from the Brandenburger Gate was almost exclusively along the Unter den Linden. To the west it extended to Westend and to the beaches and restaurants of the Wannsee and the Grunewaldsee. This was, in 1935 as it is now, the visitors' Berlin, the city of gay nightlife, of restaurants, cafés, and fine stores, of twinkling lights, great trees, and parks.

His first view of the city came as his train from Hannover moved to the Bahnhof Am Zoo. From there he went three blocks to his hotel, and then on to a reception at the American Ambassador's house on Tiergarten Strasse. He said, "Along the streets in the Tiergarten, in all the great gardens, and along the Spree Canal the horse chestnut trees were in full bloom. The crowds sauntered underneath the trees on the Kurfürstendamm, the terraces of the cafés were jammed with people, and always, through the golden sparkle of the days, there was a sound of music in the air." It was plainly love at first sight.

Wolfe lived both summers at the Hotel Am Zoo on the Kurfürstendamm —well established, in that day and in this, as a leading Berlin hotel and a headquarters for journalists and writers, and the home now of the International Film Festival. But he spent so much time with the Dodds that he could say that he was almost a resident of the American Embassy.

Martha Dodd introduced Wolfe to important places, political figures, and celebrities, among them Charles A. Lindbergh and William L. Shirer, who imprisoned a complimentary vignette of Wolfe in his *Berlin Diary.*

She took him to Weimar, where he shouted rhapsodies to "the demented wind" in the great trees at Goethe's garden house, much as he had shouted them to the winds and trees in his native North Carolina mountains. Wolfe was delighted by the flaming blood beach, the pines, the limes, and the great flowering horse chestnuts of northern Germany. He visited Schiller's tomb at Weimar, thought he found Luther's spirit at Eisenach, relived the Venusburg drama at The Wartburg, and returned through the dark beauty of the Harz mountains. His mind was haunted by the spirit of Germany's past, and he declared that "there was not a man or woman alive in the world who was not, in one way or another,



—*UPI.*

Brown Shirts in Berlin, April 1932—"He even thrilled to the marching soldiers . . . He wrote of the Brown Shirts as 'young men laughing and talking with each other . . . the solid smack of 10,000 leather boots as they came together. . . .' "

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Come back to life in the picturesque tavernas in the shadow of the Acropolis, sharing pungent retsina and dancing the zeimbekiko with the warm-hearted, welcoming Greeks. Let yourself go.

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We have a very civilized air.

the richer for . . . this German spirit in art, literature, music, science, and philosophy."

He was the center of what seemed a revival of that spirit. The Romanisches Café on Budapester Strasse, in the shadow of the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche, a center of literary life in pre-Hitler Berlin, came back alive during Wolfe's visit. There, both inside and on its famed terrace, he held court to literary and intellectual figures who had seldom been seen abroad since Hitler came to power.

Wolfe joined in the life of artists and writers in cafés and wine restaurants near the Zoological Garden and the Tiergarten. He and Ledig-Rowohlt, the son of his publisher, Ernst Rowohlt, roamed the Kurfürstendamm, Berlin's equivalent of Fifth Avenue. They frequented the garden of the Alte Klause and the Café of Anne Menz on the Augsburger Strasse, where they ate chicken soup at three in the morning, and the Café Bristol on the Kurfürstendamm, a place famed for its nougat cakes. He attended notoriously exuberant parties at Ernst Rowohlt's flat on the Rankestrasse. He shopped on the Tauentzienstrasse, a street of fine stores. Thus he stayed most of the time within the sound of the striking clock in "the great, bleak masses" of the Gedächtniskirche.

What he saw was a vast city, then the largest in area in the world, with buildings intermingled among lakes, gardens, and trees. He wrote of "the chains of endlessly lovely lakes" and the "beautiful bronze upon the tall poles of the *kiefern* trees." He praised the "broad sweep" of Unter den Linden, "the vast avenues of the faëry Tiergarten," and the trees in the center of the Kurfürstendamm that had "that deep and dark intensity of German green which . . . has a kind of forest darkness."

He addressed rhapsodies to "the glittering trains of the Stadtbahn" and their "beautiful, shining cars—deep maroon, red, and golden yellow." He praised the trams, declaring that "like everything the Germans built, the tram and its roadbed were perfect in their function." A well known photograph shows Wolfe standing at the door of a tram and almost dwarfing it by his enormous height.

Sometimes he wandered further. Once, after an all-night session in the Kurfürstendamm cafés, he went to the Grunewaldsee, whose dark surface so mirrored the ancient fir trees around the lake that Wolfe gave an animal cry of delight. There, at the Schloss Marquardt, he had breakfast and entertained his friends with imitations of American Indians. He frequented Schlichter's on the Martin-Luther Strasse, a special epicure's delight, and sometimes ate lunch at Habel's on Unter den Linden. He also explored Potsdam briefly. The Funkturm in Charlottenburg, a radio tower with its steel lattice rising to 450 feet and with a restaurant at 165 feet which had a magnificent view of the city, delighted him.

THE Olympia Stadium in Charlottenburg he called "the most beautiful and most perfect in its design that had ever been built." The pageantry surrounding the Olympic games in 1936 was, he believed, "breathtaking in its beauty and magnificence," a "massed splendor of banners"—the whole a tribute to organization which he called "superb."

He even thrilled to the marching soldiers. He wrote of the Brown Shirts as "young men laughing and talking with each other—the Leader's bodyguards, the Schutz Staffel units, the Storm Troopers, all the ranks and divisions in their different uniforms—[as] they stretched into unbroken lines from the Wilhelm-Strasse up to the arches of the Brandenburger Tor." And he described with seeming approval "the solid smack of 10,000 leather boots as they came together with the sound of war." Here, certainly, was a young man responding with almost Germanic fervor to the sights and sounds of Hitler's Germany.

The physical city he knew no longer exists, for it lay in the center of the path of the Allied bombers. Its landmarks were destroyed or they suffered major damage—the Brandenburger Tor, the Kurfürstendamm, the Zoological Gardens. The trees of the Tiergarten were used as fuel by the Berliners in

(*Continued on page* 90)

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Wolfe—"Here was a young man reacting with almost Germanic fervor to Hitler's Germany."

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—Cornell Capa (Magnum).

At Peredelkino—". . . and while eating slices of fresh cucumber soaked in vinegar and washed down with vodka, they read his poetry, argued about cubism and Communism, and by late evening agreed on their common love of Russia."

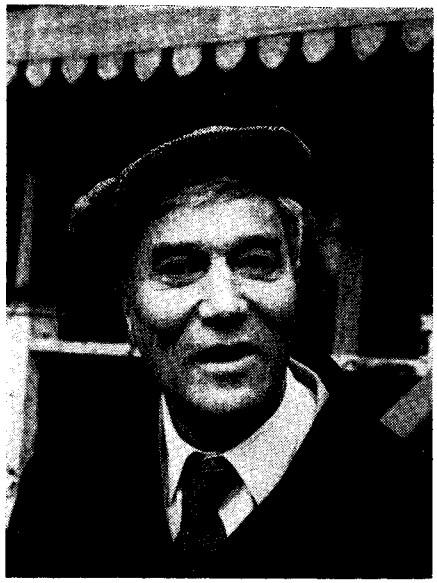
PASTERNAK'S RUSSIA

By MARVIN KALB

HE DIED as he lived, in his "incomparable Motherland—famed far and wide, martyred, stubborn, extravagant, mad, irresponsible, adored—with her eternally splendid and disastrous and unpredictable adventures." It was in the early evening of May 30, 1960. Like an old friend pausing to pay its final respects, the sun seemed to linger for a moment behind the white and blue onion-shaped domes of the Church of the Transfiguration, its orange face suddenly mournful, before dipping into the night. A chill wind raced down the hill from the church, across a broad and fertile field, and into the two-story wooden *dacha* surrounded by apple and lime trees, lilac bushes, and a fence with a gate that was always open. A woman named Zina, a brother named Alexander, and three sons turned away the foreign correspondent who had driven the twenty miles from Moscow to Peredelkino, the literary colony where Boris Leonidovich Pasternak had lived for several decades and where he had just died.

Three days later, on a Thursday, the reporter returned for Pasternak's funeral. So had about a thousand other people —young and old, some with flowers, others with books of his poetry or copies of his memorable Shakespeare translations. All were united by the loss of their greatest twentieth-century poet, who, ironically, had gained international fame not for his poems but rather for a novel — his only one — which, in 1958, prompted the Nobel Committee to award Pasternak its Prize for Literature.

The mourners filed slowly through the house. The veranda was covered with pine needles. The mirrors, according to Russian custom, were veiled. He lay in a simple wooden casket decked with roses, lilacs, and narcissuses. Outside, under the low-hanging branches of the fruit trees which were in bloom, the mourners sat reading Pasternak's poetry. It was quiet except for the rustling of the leaves and the playing of Bach by Sviatoslav Richter, his friend. Then, at exactly four in the afternoon, Pasternak's three sons, his brother, and two close colleagues lifted the open casket to their shoulders and carried it out of the house, down the dirt road, across the broad field, and finally laid it to rest in a grave in the shadow of three white birch trees. Nearby was the small graveyard of the church. There was no priest. A Russian Orthodox funeral service had been performed in the house for this man who had been born a Jew but converted to Orthodoxy because he felt Orthodoxy tied him more closely to the soul of Russia. The mourners filed past his grave just as they had filed past his casket in his home. It took hours, for there were so many.



—Cornell Capa (Magnum).

Pasternak—famed, martyred, stubborn, extravagant, adored.

Some of them might have read his poem, called *Wind*. It was particularly appropriate that afternoon.

I have died, but you are still among the living.
And the wind, keening and complaining,
Makes the country house and the forest rock—

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—Cornell Capa (Magnum).

—H. S.

For Pasternak (on the bench), the sight of a lonely birch tree on a Russian field or the smell of grain at harvest time was dearer than any Sputnik. Moscow University (right), now a skyscraper, is far from the old buildings where he studied.

Not each pine by itself
But all the trees as one,
Together with the illimitable distance;
It makes them rock as the hulls of
sailboats,
Rock as the mirrorous waters of a boat
basin.
And this the wind does not out of
bravado
Or in a senseless rage,
But so that in its desolation
It may find words to fashion a lullaby
for you.

Peredelkino (for Pasternak, a kind of pantheistic paradise) is not on the official tourist path, as is Yasnaya Polyana, site of Tolstoy's home and grave, a three-hour drive south of Moscow. Yet there is a strong bond between the two places. One bitterly cold day, back in 1910, Leonid Pasternak, a noted Russian artist, grabbed his eldest son's hand and rushed to Tolstoy's bedside, where the writer was dying. Tolstoy, a family friend, handed young Boris, a philosophy student at Moscow University, a note which urged him always to seek the truth and remain loyal to it. He always did.

Pasternak was born in Moscow in 1890 and raised in a home full of music, art, and poetry. It was located about a mile from the Kremlin. Often, as a young man, he wandered, alone or with friends, down the Kuznetsky Most', a fashionable street lined with bookstores, art shops, and small cafés. He enjoyed meandering along the embankment of the Moscow River, glancing often at the golden cupolas of the Kremlin churches, or, across the river, at the pastel-colored mansions of Czarist noblemen and prosperous businessmen. Evenings he loved to go to the Moscow Art Theater, where the plays of a new writer named Chekhov were being performed; or to the Bolshoi Theater, where he watched with wonder the ballet company famed even then. After exams, sometimes, he was not above joining his friends at wild parties in private restaurants along the Arbat, the Fifth Avenue of pre-revolutionary Moscow.

In 1898, Pasternak at eight was drawn by his father, artist Leonid Pasternak.

Despite the ravages of war and revolution, some of Pasternak's Moscow still remains—at least, physically: the Kremlin, then closed, now open to the tourists; Kuznetsky Most', which manages miraculously to retain a trace of its old charm; the Bolshoi Theater and the Moscow Art Theater; and the decaying mansions along the river embankment which now serve generally as subdivisions of far-flung ministries, or occasionally as a foreign embassy. The British Embassy, for example, still sits, like a fading Hollywood star, across the river from the Kremlin. But, naturally, much of Pasternak's Moscow has changed. The Arbat is being widened—meaning the old shops and restaurants are being torn down to make room for the four-lane highway running out to the suburbs of a rapidly expanding capital. Moscow University is now a skyscraper on the Lenin Hills, far from the Kremlin, though the old buildings where Pasternak studied are still there—a cluster of white, yellow and green structures just across Revolution Square from the Czar's old stable grounds, now one of Moscow's largest exhibition halls. The little shops and cafés near the theaters have vanished.

As Moscow changed, Pasternak left, discouraged as much by the excesses of

(*Continued on page* 84)

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Meet the Old World where it still look

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They're *hoisting* beams. Stairways in Amsterdam's old houses are so narrow that furniture has to be hauled up outside and put through the *windows*.

Tall and slim. Amsterdammers had good reason to build slender homes. Real estate taxes 300 years ago were based on *frontage*. Look to the left of that white boat above, and you can see a tax bargain—a house 4 stories high, but just one window wide!

(You can *dine* in such a house. Called "The Green Lantern," it's the world's skinniest restaurant.)

Pure 17th century. Surprising Amsterdam's Old World flavor is not accidental. While other European cities plunge into the 20th century, the Dutch *preserve* their capital's colorful past. They refuse to allow one brick to be moved without permission.

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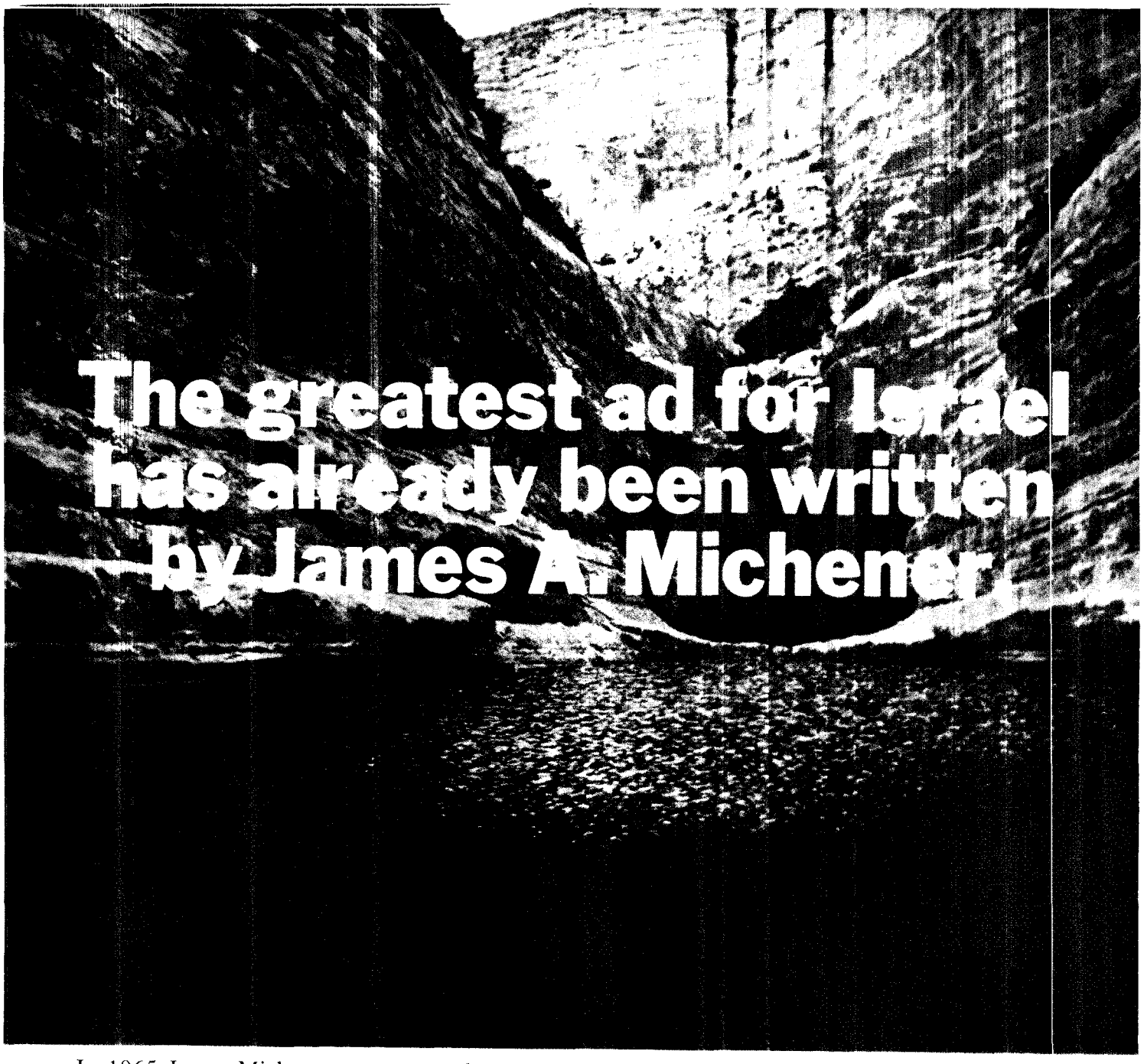

In 1965 James Michener wrote a book called *The Source*.

It has been a best seller ever since, but not for the usual reasons a book becomes a best seller.

The interesting thing is that thousands upon thousands of people—Jews and non-Jews—are responding to what the book is all about: it is no more or no less than the story of the Jewish people.

It is a story of a "vast expanse of rock and arid land with occasional oases of reliable water" out of which the ancient Hebrews wrested the principles and moral codes that found the cornerstone of Western civilization.

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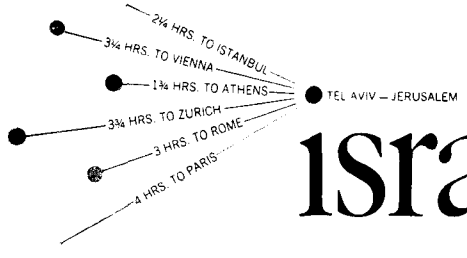

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MAUGHAM'S PACIFIC

—Bettmann Archive.

Somerset Maugham in his Pacific period.

By WILMON MENARD

READERS and literary critics are in unanimous agreement that Somerset Maugham's most fascinating short stories and novels are those about the lush green islands of the South Seas or about the exotic Orient. The entire Pacific area, which covers a third of the world, enchanted him, even in his early teens. Herman Melville's works, *Moby Dick*, *Typee*, and *Omoo*, had transported Maugham on paper wings to the romantic, adventuresome latitudes of the Pacific.

Once, speaking about his Pacific and Far East travels, he had flawlessly recited Melville's rhapsody on the Pacific, part of which was: "This mysterious, divine Pacific zones the world's whole bulk about; makes all coasts one bay to it; seems the tide-beating heart of earth." Later, Maugham, after his own extensive travels across the wide, shimmering expanse of the Pacific, wrote: "The billows, magnificently rolling, stretch widely on all sides of you, and you forget your vanished youth, with its memories, cruel and sweet, in a restless intolerable desire for life . . . You sail through an unimaginable silence upon a magic sea . . . On some days it offers all your fancy pictured. On the horizon are fleecy clouds and at sunset they take strange shapes so that it is almost impossible not to believe you see a range of mountains. The nights then are lovely, the stars very bright, and later when the moon rises, it is dazzling in its brilliancy."

Maugham once told me: "My sea travels by luxury liner, tramp-steamer, copra or pearling schooner, and primitive sailing-canoe, provided me with most of the characters and circumstances upon which I had to rely for my nonfiction and fiction writings. Aboard trans-Atlantic or Pacific vessels, I, in the guise of the offstage observer, always found that the salons and decks of the ships were excellent stages for the voyagers to act out the bits and pieces of their lives."

There were logical reasons.

"The moment that the vessel cast off her lines, the passengers were suddenly aware that ties binding them to the land had been broken, that prosaic man-made laws were now vested solely in the skipper, usually a sociable and tolerant mariner of great charm and forebearance, who afforded the voyagers great latitude in deportment, just so they didn't become too boorish or objectionable. So many travelers, perhaps for the first time, stopped playing their landside games, dropped their petty pretenses, and basically revealed themselves in many unexpected ways; facets of personality, usually-latent, became clear-cut and brilliant as a diamond. So I made the most of my observations aboard ship and while in port. Those were the settings in which my real-life actors performed so well. All I had to do was to sit back quietly and observe."

I found that Maugham rarely spoke to anyone aboard ship, in a railway coach, in a hotel, bar, or dining-room, unless a person spoke to him first, and then he would perhaps reply only in monosyllables. One might wonder then how he was able to obtain in such detail and with such clarity his characters and plots. Maugham had the good fortune, not too late in his career, in acquiring as a secretary-companion an American by the name of Gerald Haxton, whom he had met in the Red Cross Ambulance Unit in Paris during World War I. Haxton was the extreme antithesis of Maugham. He was sociable, charming, a robust drinker, addicted to gambling and and midnight-to-dawn conversations, no matter where he found himself.

Maugham couldn't have acquired a more perfect amanuensis for a traveling-companion and secretary. Haxton listened to gossip aboard ships, in ports, and in hotel bars, particularly in the tropics, and he brought the details to the writer, who then brought the related person or persons into sharp focus. Maugham's alert, incisive eyes missed nothing; I always wondered if he were not also an expert lip-reader. He told me that he couldn't remember speaking at any length with the real-life characters whom he presented in such comprehensive detail in his tales of "fiction." Haxton supplied Maugham the nucleus for many of his famous short stories of the South Pacific and Orient.

Maugham's first trip in the Pacific with Gerald Haxton was in late 1916 aboard a large cruise-ship, the *Great Northern*, which made several trips a year to Hawaii from the California coast. Maugham was on a voyage convalescing from his rigorous duties in World War I as an intelligence agent for the British War Office. And now he was following the sea-trails of Melville, Conrad, Robert Louis Stevenson, and poet Rupert Brooke. He was fulfilling a long-cherished dream of seeing the Pacific for himself rather than through the eyes of admired authors.

WHEN I told Maugham that it was through his writings that my first interest had been awakened to the South Seas and Far East, he was visibly pleased. He said quietly: "Just about every decent thing that has ever happened to me has come about through reading and traveling."

Maugham was not disappointed in his first island landfall in the Pacific, which was Hawaii. He said: "Nothing had prepared me for Honolulu. It is so far away from Europe . . . so strange and so charming associations are attached to the name. . . . It is the meeting-place of East and West. . . ."

He saw here his first coconut palm, remembering that Mark Twain had described it as "a feather duster struck by lightning," and he was reminded of a bit of verse by Stevenson: "I heard the pulse of the besieging sea throb away all night. I heard the wind fly crying, and convulse tumultuous palms. . . ."

And he and Gerald Haxton sat on the wide verandah of the Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach and watched Hawaiian surfers riding their boards in on the crests of high combers; one of the surfers

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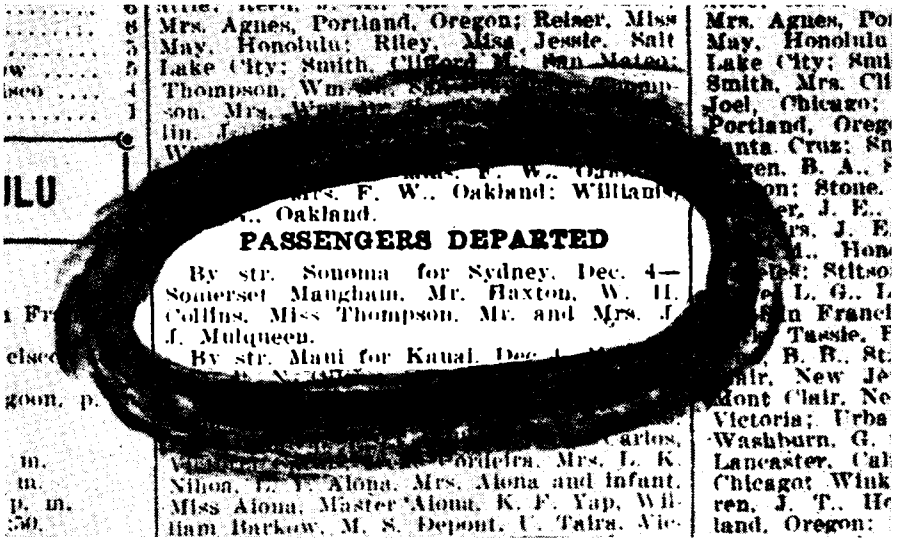
—Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Baker Collection.

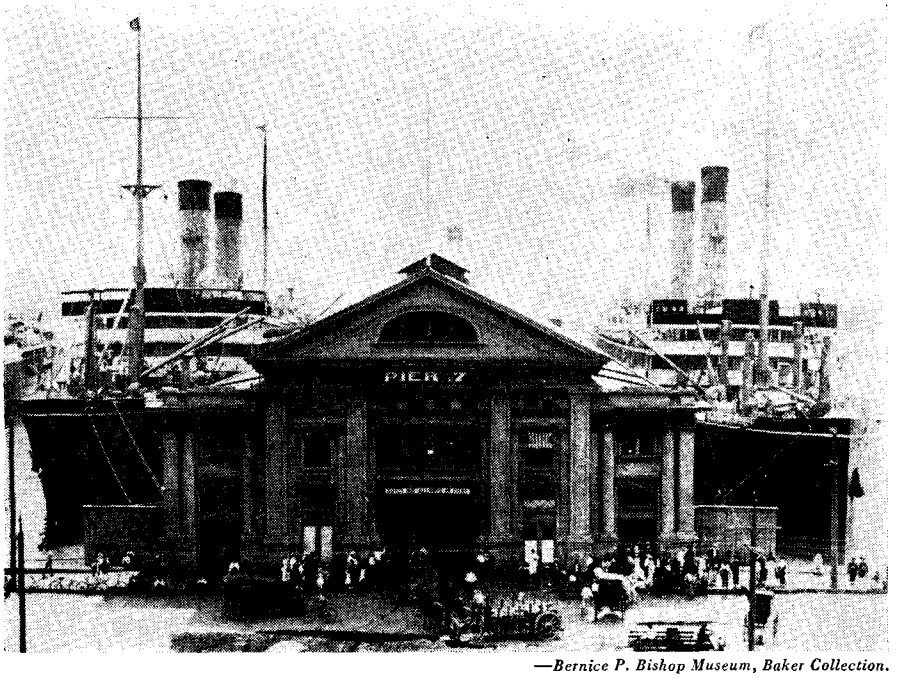
Line of cottages in the Iwilei red light district of Honolulu from which Maugham's Sadie Thompson escaped 1916 vice raids.



PASSENGERS DEPARTED

By str. Sonoma for Sydney, Dec. 4—
Somerset Maugham, Mr. Baxton, W. H.
Collins, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. J.
J. Mulqueen.

Maugham denied he had used Miss Thompson's real name in "Rain," but passenger list shows Maugham and a "Miss Thompson" heading for Pago Pago. The dock from which the *Sonoma* sailed is shown below in the same period.



—Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Baker Collection.

was a youthful Duke Kahanamoku, named for the former Duke of Edinburgh, who had arrived here for a visit at the time the champion swimmer was born.

"Rupert Brooke had sat, a few years before me, on the same hotel verandah, and I remembered a bit of verse of his impression.

> Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree
> Drift down the darkness . . .
> And dark scents whisper; and dim waves creep to me,
> Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch out, and rise;
> And new stars burn into the ancient skies,
> Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea."

Maugham had many fond memories of Hawaii: "Gerald and I found a charming small hotel on the opposite side of Oahu Island, run by a Swiss and his wife. He came from Berne, and she, a Belgian, from a small village called Namur. She played cards with Gerald and me, while her husband cooked us a special dish. They had come to the islands almost two decades ago, but they were not pining away for their homeland. 'How can anyone be homesick living in such a paradise,' he said to us, gesturing to his garden, the beach beyond, and the sea with white fleecy clouds piled on the horizon. 'Are we not living among the most attractive and friendly people on earth, the Hawaiians?' "

Maugham, apart from scenic interests, had visited the notorious red-light district of Iwilei on the outskirts of downtown Honolulu, doomed in November 1916 for effacement by vice cleanup committees, which ejected a blond inmate, whom he was to make famous all around the world — Sadie Thompson. Maugham, despite his denial to me in a letter sent in 1960 to Pago Pago, American Samoa, where I was researching his Pacific novels, did use this strumpet's real name. Proof of this, with documents and the photostatic copy of the passenger list of the steamer that took them from Honolulu to Pago Pago, can be found in my American-published biography-odyssey, *The Two Worlds of Somerset Maugham.*

"This blond runaway from Iwilei came running up the gangway just before the steamer left Honolulu for Pago Pago, American Samoa," said Maugham. "At sea, a day or so later, Gerald brought me shipboard gossip that she was a prostitute who had escaped the police raids on Iwilei. So she came under my scrutiny. She was about twenty-four, tall, bosomy, overpainted, and vulgar. She drove the other passengers to distraction with her portable gramophone, drinking, and carousings with the crew. There were two missionary couples aboard the

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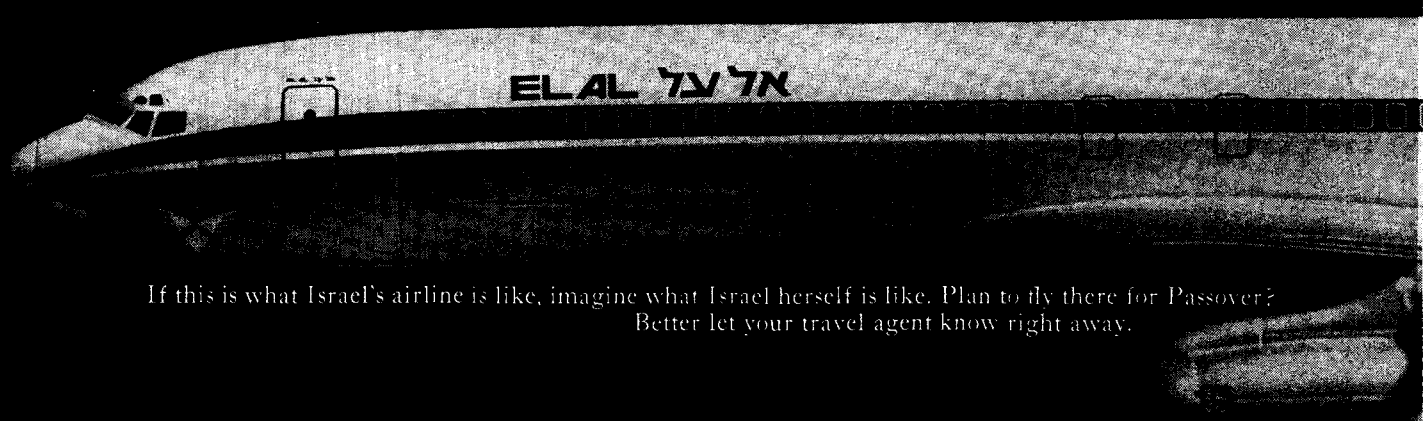

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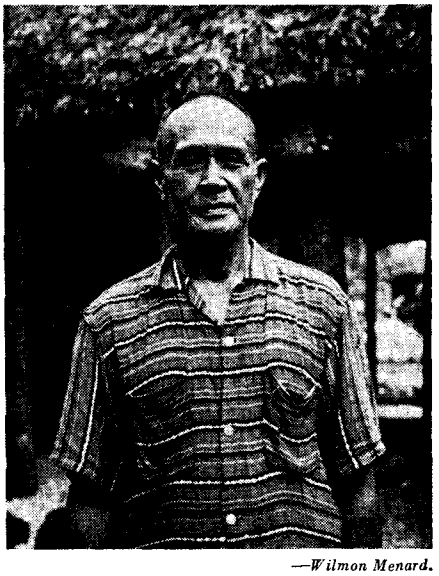
Sonoma, and one of them fascinated me; he looked like an embalmer of cadavers. The more I watched the blond trollop and this Holy Henry, the more I became intrigued with the circumstances of them coming into emotional conflict.

"When we arrived in Pago Pago, then administered by the United States Navy, an embargo on travel, because of a measles epidemic and a tropical squall, tossed us all together in a mouldy hotel on the outskirts of the steamy port. Sadie was still in Pago Pago when Gerald and I left for Apia, in Western Samoa, but later I heard that the missionary had succeeded in having her deported back to Honolulu because of her shameless deportment in Pago Pago. One day, once back in Europe, I sat down and wrote my story about her. And for the first time perhaps, it was a prostitute who paid off. The royalties on my short story 'Miss Thompson,' from stage and film productions, amounted to over a million dollars."

Maugham and Gerald Haxton went from Pago Pago to the island of Upolu in Western Samoa, and while in Apia they made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson on Mount Vaea, by way of the "Road of the Loving Hearts," which the Samoans had built by hand for their admired and respected *Tusitala*, or Storyteller. And it was here in Western Samoa that Maugham was to find the real-life characters for his most dramatic and powerful short stories of the Pacific, "The Pool," "Red," and "Mackintosh." "Commercialism had placed a heavy hand on Apia by the traders, so I was anxious to see the island of Savai'i, a five-hour voyage northwest of Apia."

He and Gerald boarded a small schooner in Apia harbor after lunch one day, and at sunset they had crossed the twelve-mile strait and were off the reefs of Salelologa, the safest cove on Savai'i's eastern point. Visiting the villages and walking along the picturesque beaches, traversing coconut groves, and exploring the valleys and slopes, Maugham found that this island had a wild beauty, not exactly of the ordered cultivation of Upolu, but of nature's own uncorrupted plan of primeval lavishness. The villages and natives were less influenced by European contact, and customs and traditions were more faithfully adhered to.



—*Wilmon Menard.*

Sadie's Samoan lover, Iosefo Suafo'a, still lives in American Samoa.

And at the former German trading post on Matautu Bay, at Fagamalo, Maugham was to find the Irishman, Dick Williams, the "Walker" for his short story "Mackintosh." Later, when "Mackintosh" was published, Williams, clearly identifying himself with the gross, bullying Walker who forced the natives of Savai'i to build a road around the island, was all for suing Maugham when he read the first parts of this powerful tale. But when he came to the final paragraphs, he changed his mind, when the surprise ending portrayed Walker as a true humanitarian who secretly loved his native work horses as he might his own children.

MAUGHAM and Gerald Haxton, after leaving Western Samoa, traveled by inter-island steamer to Auckland, New Zealand, by way of Fiji and Tonga. Their destination was Tahiti, where the author was to do research for his novel, *The Moon and Sixpence*, based on the life of the French neo-impressionist painter Paul Gauguin. His itinerary was precisely that of Rupert Brooke, who had preceded them by three years.

Comfortably installed in the then-famous Tiare Hotel in Papeete, Maugham was to spend the most delightful months of his life acquiring, at a leisurely pace, details of Paul Gauguin's misadventures in French Oceania. One of his chief informants was Louisa Chapman, the fat, rollicking proprietress, who was to become the "Tiare Johnson" of *Hôtel de la Fleur*, in his *Moon and Sixpence*, which most critics say is his best novel.

And he did not forget Rupert Brooke, whose poetry on Tahiti had so profoundly impressed him. "As you know," he told me, "I had been keenly interested in Brooke's verse and prose of the islands which he had visited a few years in advance of me. His reactions to the South Pacific were those of the romantic, idealistic, and youthfully lyrical poet. He saw only great beauty everywhere."

Poet Brooke, who in Tahiti had written "The Great Lover," "Tiare Tahiti," and "Retrospect," was not forgotten by the islanders. When Maugham traveled down to the district of Mataiea, on the south coast of Tahiti, the Tahitians pointed out his home, calling it "Fare Pupure," or The Blond One's Home, and the coconut grove behind it known as "Pupure's Grove," where he had held his bacchanalian all-night parties.

"The Tahitians, as with the ancient Greeks, worshipped physical beauty, and, as Brooke was a veritable blond Greek God, this endeared him to them even more," said Maugham. In the literary and art circles of London, the poet had been called "The Golden Apollo."

When Maugham and Gerald left Tahiti, as a sentimental tribute to Rupert Brooke, they had a swim off the same jetty in Mataiea where the poet had dived and splashed. "It was a delightful place to swim, about twenty-five or thirty feet deep, very clear in the sunshine which was reflected from the white floor of sand and coral," said Maugham. "Tropical fishes swam rather boldly about us, of every shape and hue. Brooke, I remember, had written: 'Coloured fishes that swim between your toes. There also swim between your toes, more or less, scores of laughing brown babies from two years to fourteen.' I had never felt so relaxed and at peace with the world and man as floating on my back in the Mataiea lagoon, the sunshine warm on my face and limbs, and thinking of the island romanticist, Rupert Brooke."

Maugham left Tahiti with all the material for his *Moon and Sixpence*, and he was never to return.

Not too long before his death in December of 1965, he had voiced the wish: "I would like once again to swim in the crystal-clear lagoon of Mataiea." What may have been his last lucid thoughts were of the islands of Polynesia. The South Pacific had taken him in, encompassed him, taken possession of him, and he was never quite the same again.

Although Maugham was not to immerse himself in the Mataiea lagoon, I, on a recent trip to Tahiti, made a sentimental pilgrimage down to the district of his cherished Mataiea. I found the site of the Anani home where he had found the famous Gauguin art painted on the upper six glass panes of one of its doors. I, also, wandered through the palm grove which had once been filled with the sounds of merriment and music of Rupert Brooke and his island revelers. Later I swam off its coral strand in the quiet lagoon. Not unlike Maugham on his earlier swim here, I found that lines of Brooke's verse out of the past came to mind:

> Crown the hair, and come away!
> Hear the calling of the moon,
> And the whispering scents that stray
> About the idle warm lagoon. . . .

A pity, really, that Maugham did not return to Mataiea. He would have been pleased. There has been very little change since the time that Brooke and Maugham were there.

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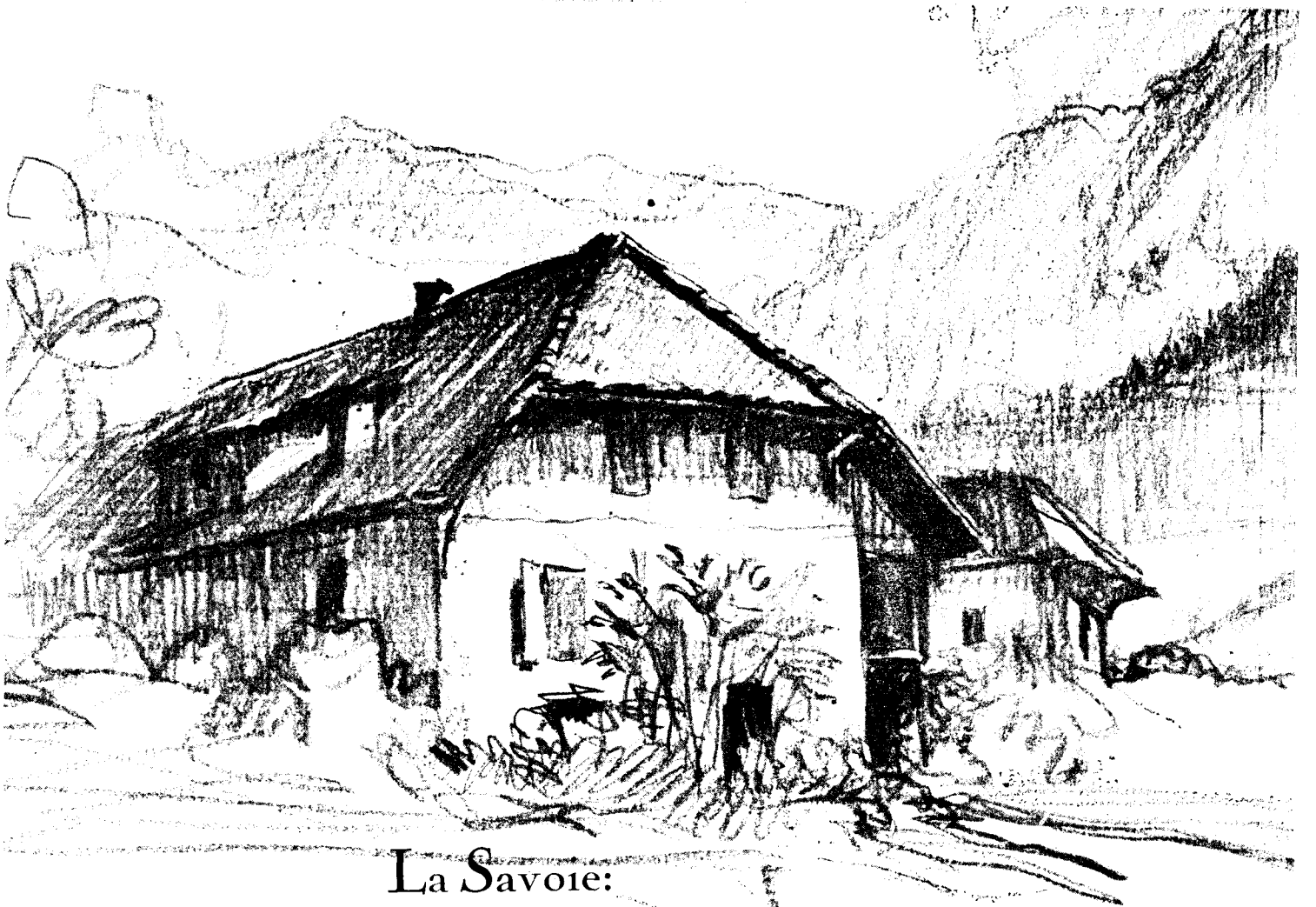

La Savoie:
or how to vacation after a vacation in France

Paris was a whirl. Exhilarating, exhausting. The drive down through the Dordogne a parade of medieval sights and modern sounds. Provence a blur of Van Goghs. Cannes *too* swinging.

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Until you come down the slopes in time for a three-star dinner at an auberge on the shore of, let's say, Lake Annecy. Until you find yourself trying to make an agonizing choice between soufflé de truite à la sauce d'écrevisses and gratin de homard, sauce nantua.

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(For more on the goof-off country of France, write French Govt. Tourist Office, Dept. R3, 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020. Other offices in Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Chicago, Montreal.)

FRANCE

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Fitzgerald's Paris

Continued from page 50

heard of Zelda we expected perhaps a grand gesture, a rippling laugh, or some romantic absurdity. Instead, she sat with a little smile, studying us. They asked if we had seen the Hemingways. When we said indeed we had, Scott wanted to know when, and asked if we often saw Ernest. He got drinks for us. Then we all seemed to relax and grow animated, and I could see that Scott was a man of sudden quick enthusiasms who, after he had made up his mind that you were temperamentally akin to him, wasn't concerned about withholding anything of himself. I liked him immediately. In fact it was a joy to see that he was so much like the picture of him I had kept in my thoughts. . . .

St. Germain des Prés with its three cafés—Lipp's, The Flore, and the Deux Magots—is a focal point, the real Paris for illustrious intellectuals. Painters and actors from other capitals, and expensive women came to this neighborhood, too. André Gide might be having dinner at the Deux Magots. Picasso had often passed on the street. The Deux Magots while remaining a neighborhood café, was a center of international Paris life.

It was a warm night, not too hot, and the terrace of this old café was crowded. We had some difficulty getting a table. We had a drink. Scott's drink had a peculiar effect on him. In his nervous exhaustion he had thought the drink would cheer him up. Instead it seemed to numb him. Stiffening, he looked puzzled. Another drink might make him feel like himself, he said. My wife was watching him. She liked him, and I saw her eyes grow desolate. His face had turned ashen. Ho looked sick. People were gaping at him. We could see some Americans at a nearby table whispering. Suddenly it was as if he had been recognized; his name had been whispered along the terrace. Many other Americans were there. That year Paris was crawling with Americans wanting to see everything, and having the money to see it, not knowing that in a few months the stock market would crash and the year of Panic would begin. There at the café they could even see Scott Fitzgerald! He had become a legend in America. All that was reckless, prodigal, and extravagant, all the women who were beautiful and damned and golden, were associated with his name. Now there he was, just as they had heard, an alcoholic.

Having ordered the second drink, he agreed that he shouldn't have another one. He insisted on paying for the saucers. But his movements had become painfully slow. As he took bills from his wallet, some fluttered to the ground, and I stooped and picked one up. A little later my wife picked one up. Our faces angry, we kept putting the bills in his hand while he sat there so pale and desperate, his shirt open, the elaborate white hat at too rakish an angle. The elegant Scott! When I saw a man at a nearby table whisper to his woman companion as they gaped, then smiled, I hated this man's face. I hated all the gaping, vacuous faces around me. I wanted to kick over all the tables. Finally Scott stood up. Carrying himself with all the stiff remnants of his dignity, he walked away with us. Little was said on the way back to his place. In fact, he seemed quite sober. I told him we would meet later the next afternoon, and as he rambled into his apartment I realized how fond I was of him.

That night at the Deux Magots, he had been in a false light. Apparently he had been making a public spectacle of himself; a living picture of all the belittling stories that were being told about him. No one could know he hadn't had any sleep for twenty-four hours. Yet he had managed to be seen in this light—the profligate abandoned sinner! How unlike Ernest he was, I thought. In those days Ernest would have never let himself be seen in this ridiculous light. For me, they were both extraordinarily attractive men. But men seem to have some secret built-in directional guide that governs their relationship with the other people; it has nothing to do with shrewdness, or cunning, or conscious calculation.

In those days, whenever Scott did something ridiculous, he was caught red-handed. But worse, he suffered for things he didn't do; he had a knack of making himself always look worse than he was. And having a generous open nature and great pride, he must have suffered. On the other hand, it was intolerable to Ernest to be in a bad light. Yet such was his nature, and his attractiveness, that he only needed to wait; in the course of time, no matter what he had done, he would manage to emerge in a good light. At the beginning of this story, back in Toronto, I mentioned that I had noticed that newspapermen had already begun to magnify everything he did, making it all into an attractive story. In the long run, his quality for moving others to make legends out of his life may have been as tragic a flaw as was Scott's instinct for courting humiliation from his inferiors.

On leaving him, feeling restless, depressed from knowing that commonplace people love watching a superior man making a spectacle of himself, we wandered up to the Coupole. McAlmon and the two boys, a Frenchman and the fabled artist model, the woman of so many lives in Montmartre and Montparnasse—Kiki—were there. She was still beautiful, but quite plump now, and there was

—Photos from ***UPI.***

The twenties in Paris—Prohibition, puritanism, publicity, and philistinism seemed to be the triumphant causes in America. Paris was freedom to dress, write, and talk as they pleased, a continuous excitation of the senses. Harry's New York Bar (left) awaits customers. In the nightclub at the right they have already arrived.

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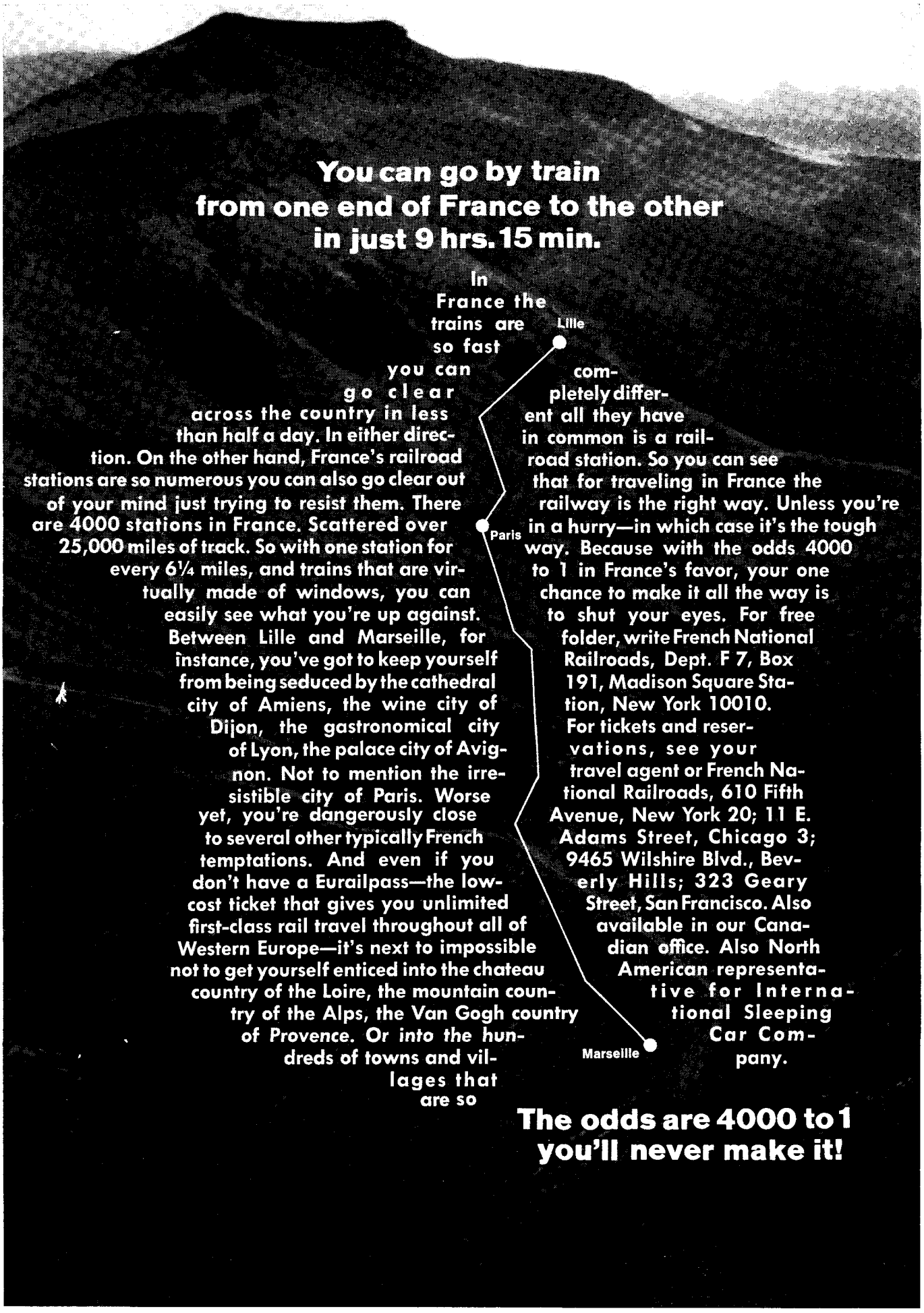
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something of the clown in her lovely face. In about an hour we all began to feel restless and mischievous. What could we do? Where could we go? It was after midnight, but someone suggested we should have a party in the Whidneys' elegant apartment. It was true that the Whidneys were not there with us and might, indeed, be sound asleep in their cozy home. Down the street we went, laughing and giggling, and on the stairs to the Whidneys' apartment house we began to make a lot of noise. Going up the stairs ahead of me was Kiki, and being the lovely clown she was, she began to go up the stairs on all fours. Whereupon I reached down, and threw her skirt up over her head. Undisturbed, she continued to go on up on all fours while I played a drumbeat with both hands on her plump behind.

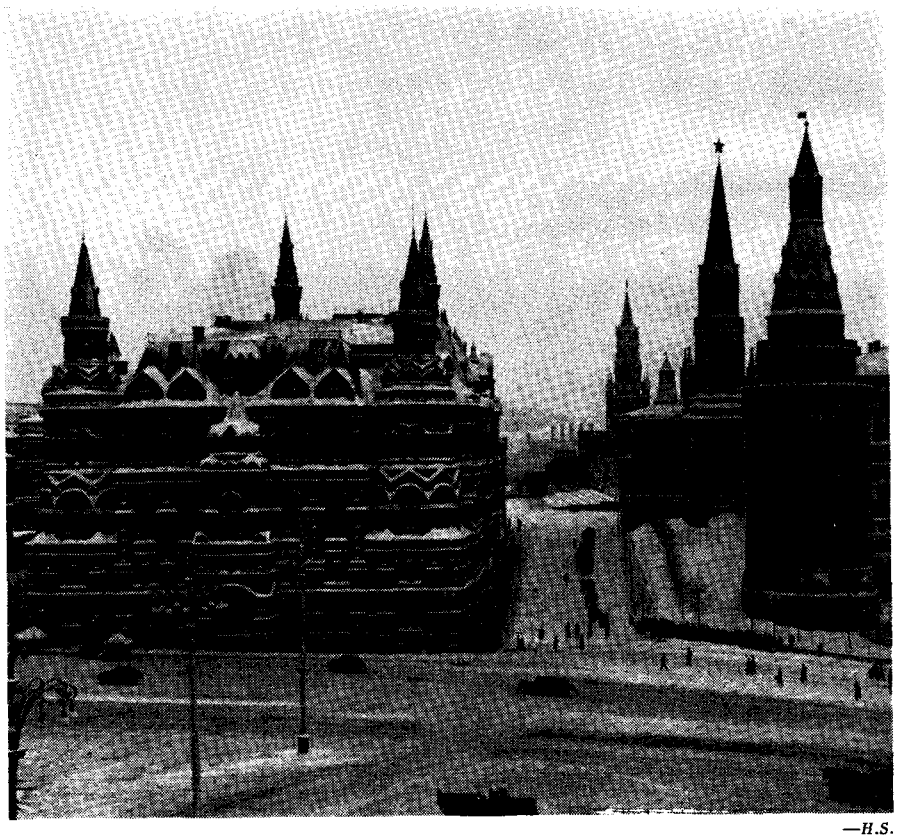
When we rapped on the Whidney door they both answered in their dressing gowns, and although little Mrs. Whidney had her hair up in curlers, they invited us in for drinks with considerable aplomb. It put Scott out of my mind. Next time I saw him, in the afternoon, he was clear-eyed and smiling.

July was a hot month. In the strong afternoon sunlight the Dôme, the Coupole, and the Sélect, the whole corner, had a bright hard look. But too many summer soldiers had come to town. Visitors dropping off buses sat around for an evening, then disappeared. At night now Loretto and I would wander off with someone to other neighborhoods. There were the *bals musettes* down by the Bastille, the Pigalle bars, and the Hôtel du Caveau on the rue de la Huchette. . . . We moved to a little hotel on Raspail, and it was during that week that Scott told me that he and Zelda were going south to Nice.

The morning I met him at the Deux Magots, I remember that we talked quietly about our plans and about his hope of getting time enough to finish the novel. It still wasn't going right for him. Now I remember that the conversation stuck in my mind, and when *Tender Is the Night* finally came out, I felt Scott never did get Dick Diver, his central character, in focus.

There at the café he didn't ask for Hemingway. Maybe Ernest was in our minds, for Scott that morning seemed to have a stiff dignity. He had been treated without respect in my presence, and he had taken it; a little thing like that could make him want to avoid me, I knew. We assumed that I would be in Paris when he returned. As we walked away from the café, talking easily, I suddenly felt great affection for him. He hoped I would quickly finish the book I was working on. I remember he said, "Try and get something from a child's point of view as a contrast. It opens up another world. It lightens all the material." Then it was time for us to part. Suddenly he pulled his wallet out of his pocket, took out the bills, thrust the wallet at me. "Here, Morley, keep this wallet. I'd like you to have something of mine." And I said, "All right. Write your name in it then." Neither one of us had a pen. He put the wallet against a lamppost, and taking out his knife he scratched his name on the leather. We shook hands and he was gone. . . .

Now I think that all of us in Montparnasse—McAlmon, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Titus, and even that Pernod poet—were Peer Gynts who knew in our hearts we would soon have to go home. No, not Ernest. Could he ever really go home? Or for him, committed as he was to the romantic enlargement of himself, did there have to be one adventure after another, until finally there was no home? And what could be left for Scott when the glamorous wandering was over? When "a primrose by a river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more."



—*H.S.*

The Kremlin in winter—"He enjoyed meandering along the embankment of the Moscow River, glancing often at the golden cupolas of the Kremlin churches or at the pastel mansions of Czarist noblemen."

Pasternak's Russia

Continued from page 72

the revolution as by the extremes of Stalinism. He was not really an introvert, as was the hero of his novel, but he could not bring himself to shun the deathbed injunction of Tolstoy and write about the glories of building socialism, or the brilliance of Stalin. He wrote poems about God and love and truth—and about Russia. It was hard for many Bolsheviks to understand, but, to Pasternak, the sight of a lonely white birch tree on a Russian field, or the sound of a barking dog racing after a squirrel through the orchard, or the smell of grain at harvest time, or the touch of mother earth, was infinitely dearer to him than any tractor or Sputnik. Not that he thought these advances unimportant or unimpressive; on the contrary he marveled at them. It was just that he could not write about them, no matter how great the Party's pressure that he do so.

Pasternak wrote about Russia, the mystical totality of his land. He loved Russia, he once said, more than his own life. When his mother and father left Russia after the revolution, their son refused to go along with them. When Khrushchev threatened him with perma-

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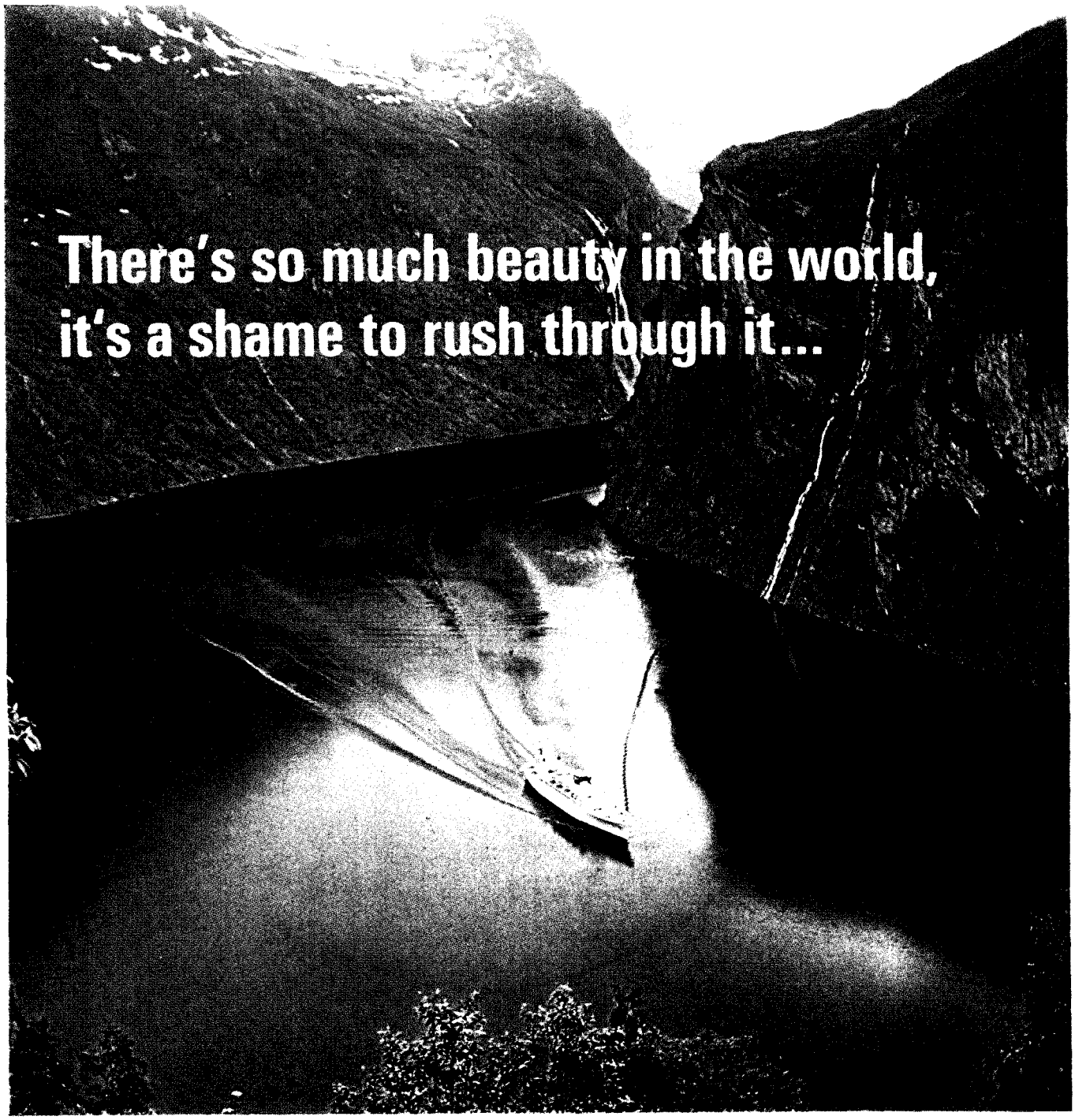

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nent exile if he left for Stockholm to accept the Nobel Prize, Pasternak stayed in Peredelkino. There he was at home; there he was happy.

Rather than go into Moscow, which represented the confinement of Communism, he let Moscow come to him—at least, those in Moscow who shared Pasternak's love of art and freedom of spirit. There were many. The gate to his country *dacha* was always open. Young poets such as Yevtushenko, and old writers such as Paustovsky journeyed to Peredelkino, and, while eating slices of fresh cucumber soaked in vinegar and washed down with vodka, they read his poetry, argued about cubism and Communism, but, by late evening, always agreed on their common love for Russia.

There was always a magical bond between Pasternak and his country. The endless sweep of the land, so magnificently captured in the movie (though, ironically, much of *Doctor Zhivago* was filmed in Spain), is open to the tourist. Much of it, anyway. For example, it is now possible to take an eight-day ride on the Trans-Siberian railway—all the way from Moscow in the West to Vladivostok in the East. Air service between Tokyo and Moscow by way of Siberia opens in the spring. To a foreigner, the flatness and remoteness of Siberia may seem prohibiting; to Pasternak, they were inviting. Little appealed to Pasternak as much as a slow train ride through Russia's rolling countryside.

It is also possible to journey, by train or plane, to the Caucasus, where Pasternak lived from 1930 to 1931, learning the Georgian language and then translating the classics of Tbilisi's masters into the Russian language. Finally, it is possible, with special permission, to visit Peredelkino, though it is not on the Intourist routes. There, more than in any other spot in Russia, the spirit of Pasternak reigns; there, among the lilac bushes and the white birches, among the Russian peasants and the rolling fields, in miniature, is Pasternak's Russia.

There is, of course, one trouble. Pasternak saw his Russia with his heart. Others see Russia with their eyes.

Pasternak Writes on Russia

FOR two or three days at the end of September his road followed the steep bank of a river. The river flowing toward him was on his right. On his left the wide, unharvested fields stretched from the road to the cloudbanks on the horizon. At long intervals they were interrupted by woods, for the most part oaks, maple, and elm. The woods ran to the river in deep gullies, which dropped precipitously and cut across the road.

In the unharvested fields the ripe grain spilled and trickled on the ground. Yurii Andreievich gathered it in handfuls, and at the worst, if he had no means of boiling it and making gruel, he stuffed it into his mouth and chewed it with great difficulty. The raw, half-chewed grain was almost indigestible. . . .

These flame-colored fields blazing without fire, these fields silently proclaiming their distress, were coldly bordered by the vast, quiet sky, its face already wintry and shadowed by ceaselessly moving, long, flaky snow-clouds with black centers and white flanks. . . .

The woods and the fields offered a complete contrast in those days. Deserted by man, the fields looked orphaned as if his absence had put them under a curse. The forest, however, well rid of him, flourished proudly in freedom as though released from captivity.

Usually the nuts are not allowed to ripen, as people, and particularly village children, pick them green, breaking off whole branches. But now the wooded sides of hills and gullies were thick with rough, golden foliage dusted and coarsened by the sun. Festive among it were bulging clusters of nuts, three or four, as if tied together, ripe and ready to fall from the branches. Yurii Andreievich cracked and crunched them in quantity. He stuffed his pockets and his bag full of them; for a whole week he fed on hazelnuts.

The fields appeared to him as something seen in the fever of a dangerous illness, and the woods, by contrast, in the lucidity of health regained. God, so it seemed to him, dwelled in the woods, while the fields echoed with the sardonic laughter of the devil.

—Boris Pasternak,
from "Doctor Zhivago."

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Eliot's London

Continued from page 59

doomed to become a crowded, sensational discovery. A later generation of younger writers—Auden, Isherwood, and myself—used often to dine there without our realizing it was frequented by Eliot and his colleagues.

Herbert Read was an essential element of these luncheons, so when he obtained a post at the Victoria and Albert Museum, perforce they had to be moved to this neighborhood and they were transferred to a pub called The Grove, in Beauchamp Place, Kensington. As Read writes in the *Sewanee Review*: "The Grove became a Mermaid Tavern to which week by week . . . came not only some of the regular contributors to *The Criterion* but also any sympathizing critics or poets from abroad who might be visiting London. Kensington and Russell Square were the two poles of Eliot's London.

That Eliot was so supremely a Londoner is shown, I think, not just by the fact of his having lived in and visited so many parts of the metropolis, as by my picture of him, chameleon-like, acquiring the London local coloring. Wonderfully, with dark suit and furled umbrella, he fitted into the city. When in Bloomsbury, he resembles, in my mind's eye, an ambassador from a rather different country (traditionalist, royalist, catholic) having his embassy in the slightly foreign Russell Square and carrying on polite diplomatic relations with Gower Street and Fitzroy Square. Apart from Hammersmith, the area of London I can least fit him into is Hampstead, where, after the breakdown of his first marriage, in the late Twenties, he stayed intermittently as the guest of Geoffrey Faber at his house in Frognal.

I DO not quite see him climbing those steep narrow streets with their arty antique shops and cafés with home-baked scones, and the natives—those tweedy, bearded free-living, free-wheeling Bohemians. He fits perfectly well, however, into Chelsea, where during the war and for some time afterward he shared an apartment with the distinguished scholar John Hayward, a cripple in a wheelchair to whose care Eliot devoted ten years of his life. There, in Carlyle mansions, with the view across the river which had been painted by Whistler, or bent grayly as he pushed John Hayward in his wheel chair along the Embankment, Eliot, who during the war years wrote *Four Quartets*, seemed a slightly Nineties-ish figure—"moving among the bric-a-brac," going to Mass—who might have made a cautious call on his scoffing neighbor Thomas Carlyle, or witnessed, with that enigmatic smile, the goings

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on of his other neighbors, William Morris and Rosetti.

Eliot—Mrs. Eliot tells me—frequently changed his London address, particularly in the early days; and at nearly all his ports of call he wrote some work which makes literary history. In Chester Terrace, S.W.1, he wrote *A Song for Simeon*, and in St. Martin's Lane, W.C. 2, *Sweeney Agonistes*. His happiest London associations were with Kensington, where for twenty-five years he was Churchwarden at St. Stephens Gloucester Road. "He continued to be sidesman there, and was on the Parochial Church Council until his death," Mrs. Eliot relates. Perhaps as a result of his love of Kensington he originally planned calling the *Four Quartets* the *Kensington Quartets*, and *Burnt Norton* and *East Coker* were both written in the Royal Borough.

Kensington was also the scene of the crowning happiness of his life, his second marriage. Toward the end of his life Eliot took in another aspect of London—or perhaps it took him in. He was sometimes to be seen at Mayoral and Ambassadorial parties, in white tie and wearing his Order of Merit. In his seventies his life combined three circumstances which resulted in his exhibiting, it seemed, an attitude which I would characterize as one of acceptance: These were his great happiness in his marriage; illness, leading to a fatigue of his talent; and great and deserved fame. London, with its theaters at which his plays were performed, and its still grandiose receptions, did him honor, and he bowed gently and kindly back, doing it honor.

In the farewell of an Eliot travelogue, he should be pictured, though, not even at a royal banquet, but better at a London club, like the Oxford and Cambridge Club—which was where I first lunched with him in the early Thirties. This club, near Trafalgar Square, had at that time a singular musty air of faded grandeur. In it, Eliot had the look of himself playing the part of a club member in one of his own plays. Later, he resigned from it, and joined the Athenaeum. But of his clubs, perhaps he most preferred the Garrick, which has the grand style of the stage past and present (more past than present, though), with all its great rooms and its halls and staircases.

The last time I saw him was at the table in a corner of the Garrick's guest dining room, to which those weekly luncheons of old colleagues which began in Soho and Kensington had at last adjourned. There was Eliot, with Herbert Read, Bonamy Dobrée, Frank Morley, and perhaps one other. Beautiful to think that over more than forty years Eliot's London friends were gathered together in this ceremony of weekly conversation. Nothing is more London than a club, and I am glad that I first met him, and last saw him, in one.

Joyce's Dublin

Continued from page 57

But in 1894 the mortgages caught up with John Joyce, and the family found itself slipping through a bewildering series of homes each more humble than the previous one. Few of these remain.

But bricks and mortar are only passive symbols that sharpen the imagination. Tom Corkery is absolutely right when he says that if anyone is looking for the essence of Joycetown it is the ears and not the eyes that should be used. Joyce's entire work is about Dubliners rather than Dublin. In the shadow of Christchurch, tucked away off Bridge Street between two shops, you will find the Brazen Head, an ancient and remarkable pub where drinks are inexpensive and talk is free. It is exactly as it was when Joyce lived in Dublin and was so long before he was born. Order a pint of Guinness or "a small Irish," and sit back and listen to the authentic voices. If Bloom walks in don't be surprised. Take a stroll through St. Stephen's Green ("my Green") and, if the weather is fine, sit on one of the benches and talk to whoever happens to be near you. He may know nothing about *Ulysses*, but his conversation is already recorded somewhere in it with uncanny accuracy. Go out by the side exit opposite 86 St. Stephen's Green. This was Joyce's university and is used now for student recreation.

But, best of all, take the bus to Howth and climb the rough path up the hill. Here there are no monuments, no relics of the great. Instead you'll find the rugged beauty, the exquisite views that refreshed and inspired not only Joyce, but Yeats, Shaw, Gogarty, and almost every Irish writer you care to name.

Something About To Happen

By Jeannette Nichols

SOMETHING is about to happen.
Something is always about to happen.

I acquire the grace to move toward you.
You are about to happen. To me.

I learn your name. We both
get older making up names for our acts.

If I am going to love you
I am always going to love you.

We die and
we are always going to die.
Acquiring the grace
is more difficult than loving.

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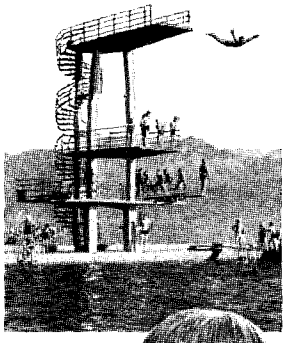

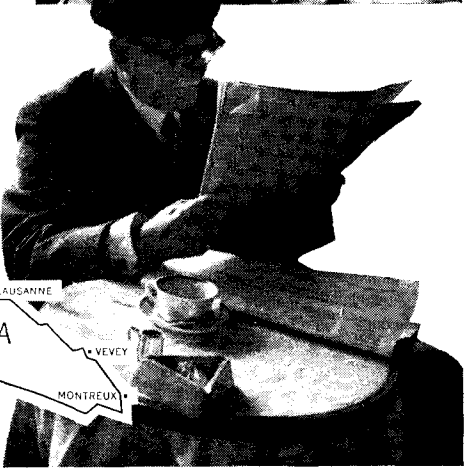

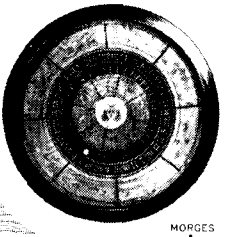

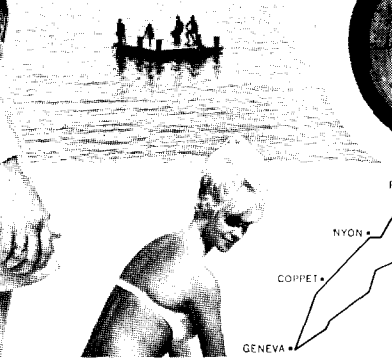

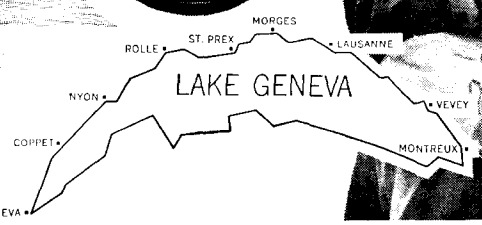

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Wolfe's Berlin

Continued from page 69

the late years of the war. The Romanisches Café, where Wolfe was lionized, exists today in an ultramodern building in the Europa Center, where it survives primarily as a collection of relics of its own past. The Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche stands now with its ruined tower incongruously linked to a very modern structure. If Wolfe could visit Berlin in 1967, not only the Wall but almost everything would be different.

But the Berlin that Wolfe loved, in fact, no longer truly existed when he was enchanted with it, for it had already fallen victim to Hitler's Third Reich. Although the restrictive Nazi monetary policies forced Wolfe to go to Berlin to spend the royalties that he could not otherwise receive, it took him a long time to see that the Germany he loved had fallen before the march of the Brown Shirts. But he came at last to see these soldiers not as the heroes which he first described them as but as "young barbarians dressed like soldiers," and he came at last to know that all the greenness, efficiency, color, and organization of Berlin was "a picture of the Dark Ages come again —shocking beyond belief, but true as the hell that man forever creates for himself. When this knowledge came, he recognized that he must say farewell to his mistress-city, and he said it in sorrow and with a tremendous sense of loss, but still in Wagnerian terms: " . . . old master, wizard Faust, old father of the ancient and swarm-haunted mind of man, old earth, old German land with all the measure of your truth, your glory, beauty, magic, and your ruin; and dark Helen burning in our blood, great queen and mistress, sorceress—dark land, dark land, old ancient earth I love—farewell!"

The love affair thus ended, and the Germany that had given him the greatest measure of recognition and of joy that he had ever known was forever closed to him after he published his picture of the Nazis' inhumanity to man in the short novel, *I Have a Thing to Tell You.* For, with the novelist's sense of people and emotions, Wolfe finally saw beneath the world of green trees and lakes, beneath the breadth of clean streets and the ponderous grace of Gothic buildings, the darkness of the Nazi world.

Wolfe's love affair with Berlin was brief, ecstatic, tempestuous, overblown, and adolescent, and it ended in the sorrow of parting; but, like many adolescent love affairs, it was for him a major initiation into maturity.

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Tennyson

Continued from page 61

My father worked at *Maud,* morning and evening, sitting in his hard high-backed wooden chair in his little room at the top of the house. His "sacred pipes," as he named them, were half an hour after breakfast, and half an hour after dinner when no one was allowed to be with him, for then his best thoughts came to him. . . .

During these "sacred half hours" and his other working hours and even climbing High Down, he would compose out loud as he walked, a habit that dated to his childhood. In Lincoln, at Louth, as a tiny child and before he could read, he would love on stormy days to spread his arms in the wind and shout: "I hear a voice that's crying in the wind." On High Down (now known as Tennyson Down) he would roar like King Lear against the elements, his "hollow oes and aes" echoing and reverberating. It was here he was suddenly inspired with the theme for "The Charge of the Light Brigade." It was a phrase reported in *The Times*—"someone had blundered"—that decided him on the meter.

The top of Tennyson Down is now marked by a stone cross that can be seen for miles, and is known as the Tennyson Monument. Moreover, the Down is now in the care of the National Trust, and from its summit on a fine day the Hampshire coastline is clearly visible.

If Tennyson disliked the curiosity and acclamation of an unknown public on his doorstep, his house was rarely empty of friends. As Emily, his wife, referring to the constant stream of visitors, said: "It was rather like running a small hotel." Today, Farringford is a well-run hotel, and one can still have tea in the drawing-room and look out, as Tennyson did, over a pastoral scene of meadows and sleepy cattle (the spring and summer tariff, including full board, runs from $50 to $90 per week). When I first went there seven years ago, there was a framed manuscript of one of Tennyson's poems on the fireplace in the drawing-room. Other items were also on show in the hall—letters, early editions of *The Idylls of the King* (most of which he wrote here), the poet's laurel wreath, and his nightcap. These have now been removed to the Tennyson Museum in Lincoln. However, in the Museum at Carisbrooke Castle near Newport, where Charles I was imprisoned during the Civil War, the poet's writing-table can be seen. (From March to September the castle is open from 9:30 to dusk on weekdays, and from 2:30 to dusk on Sundays.)

Farringford offered Tennyson sixteen unbroken years of "quiet and peace." But in the end the hordes of hero-wor-

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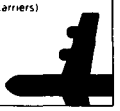

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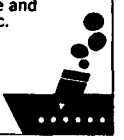

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shippers, and the "brick boxes springing up all around" (an exaggerated piece of poetic license if ever there was one), became too much for him. If time had seemed to stand still on the island, on the mainland, in contrast, it seemed that everyone was becoming "more and more Time-Conscious." The effects of the Industrial Revolution were making their mark. Hardly a week passed without a new discovery in science being announced, while the railways were slowly spreading their network over all the land—even over the "nookshotten Isle of Wight." Yet in this rapidly changing world of the 1870s and 1880s, there were two strongholds in the island that held fast. The old Queen at Osborne clung to the memories of her dead husband, while her Poet Laureate in West Wight held fast to his unerring belief in words and the sense of the Divine that could be released through them.

In the last January of his life, he was brought down to the drawing-room at Farringford to sit on his favorite red velvet sofa. There, gazing out of the oriel window, he wrote:

> We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee;
> We feel we are something—*that* also has come from Thee;
> We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help us to be.
> Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah.

The gardens and grounds have altered little since Tennyson's time, and no account of Farringford would be complete that did not recall how in the late 1850s the poet's poor sight had led him to flee from a flock of sheep on High Down, believing them to be autograph-hunters. In front of the house is the Wellingtonia, the tree planted by Garibaldi in 1861; it is now more than eighty feet high. There is, too, the magnolia in which Emily took such pride, and from which blossoms were cut to give Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands when she came to visit them; but so many other guests also came that day for tea that Emily and Alfred were forced to hide her "in the summer house in the kitchen garden." Then there is the laburnum which still drops "wells of fire." A critic had challenged the description, and the poet had replied: "Not coal fire, certainly—but little golden flames of fire, or so at least it seems to me." Another critic had also challenged the remark that daisies had crimson marks on their under-petals. He was sent off to High Down—and came back contrite and full of apologies. Or, if you come to Farringford this month, when "the wreath of March has blossom'd," then the lawns (as Tennyson promised Hallam's godfather a century ago) will again be fresh with "crocus, anemone, violet."

Calabrian Days

Continued from page 61

rectory of Italian hotels failed to list anything at all for Rossano. But the *Guide Michelin* indicated a quite simple one, perhaps the very hotel which Douglas had known. Our bed was not "already occupied"; we verified this as soon as we could shut the door, but we ought to have tried the hot water faucet before signing in. "On your entrance," Douglas warns here—his remarks are meant to be applied to any Calabrian hostelry—"nobody moves a step to inquire after your wants; you must begin by foraging for yourself, and thank God if any notice is taken of what you say. . . ." We carried our own bags, assisted by a small boy who had followed our car up from the piazza. Small boys who help out are a feature of the south's landscape.

The small boy at Rossano knew the hotel; his mother had worked there for a time, and he was able to tell us that the proprietor also ran the best restaurant in town. He was probably right; the *osteria* —a degree below *trattoria* level and two or three below the *ristorante*—was a welcome change from the Howard Johnson atmosphere of the Jolly Hotels which tempt the tired traveler in southern Italy. To begin, there was only spaghetti, and we had spaghetti; there was acceptable broiled chicken for me and an unidentifiable roasted fish for my wife, followed by good fresh fruit. Local wine, in liter bottles with caps, is cheap and excellent wherever one goes in Calabria, so unlike Rome, where the reputation of white Frascati has been ruined forever by the poor samples of it poured for undiscriminating diners by hundreds of self-satisfied innkeepers every day.

Later, in the homely café on the piazza at Rossano, several different customers told us within a very short time that *here* the pastry was made on the premises; the other cafés of the town imported theirs from Cosenza, the provincial capital sixty miles away over the mountains. We tasted the pastry, and agreed that its reputation was well founded. The boy who had helped us with our bags watched in fascination as we unfolded an Esso map to chart the next day's drive. "Have you noticed," he asked, "that Italy is in the form of a boot?" He laughed shyly at the absurdity of his observation. I regretted that I had discarded the photograph published in the newspapers a day or two earlier in which the entire Italian peninsula had been captured in a single photograph by a satellite, something I found more affecting than any other image I have ever seen taken from the air (the reaction of an Italophile).

Later, walking the narrow lanes of Rossano—always up or down—we were

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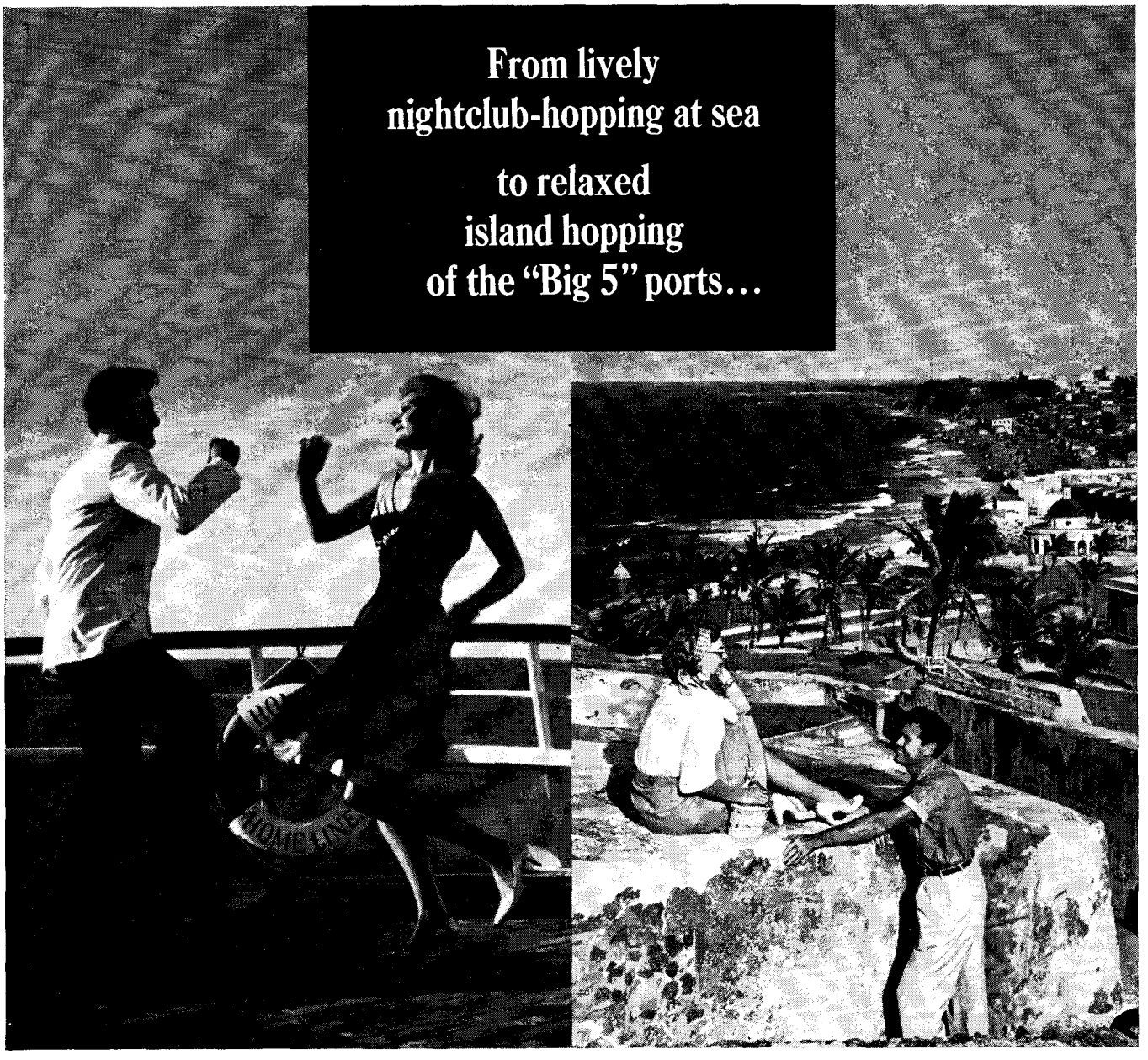

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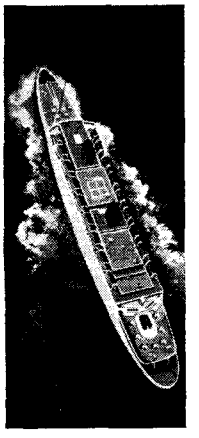

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hazed by a group of children, each demanding 10 lire for our deliverance. Ten lire is a sum which can have meaning only in the Italian Deep South in our day, where even a newspaper costs 50. We were leaving the San Marco church, a Byzantine relic of the eleventh century, similar in appearance to the diminutive Cattolica church at Stilo, hidden in the folds of a mountain. (In either Rossano or Stilo, one needs a good map, a sturdy automobile, and a stubborn determination to locate the monument of interest, then find the home of its guardian, and hope he can find the key.)

From San Marco in Rossano we walked uphill and down to the seldom opened Santa Panaghía church. Norman Douglas doesn't even mention it, and it is probable that it was inaccessible and in ruins when he passed this way. Today the baker's boy rushes out with a large key in his flour-caked fists to open the back gate which allows access to a courtyard, and another key for the still larger lock on the small church itself. Inside, only a few patches of fresco painting have been preserved from the intervening centuries when Byzantine memories and Byzantine style were dirty words, and the classicist mafia scoffed at its ruins.

The rest was white plaster. A small boy who became our guide hadn't known of the existence of the little church, for it cannot be seen from the street above, later centuries having baked a crust of buildings around it. But the sacristan at the cathedral who opened the diocesan museum to allow us to look at the sixth-century *Codex Purpureuse*, brought to Calabria by Byzantine monks fleeing from the East, knew that these hidden things were of interest to foreigners. It is the kind of discovery one can no longer make in Europe, except in Calabria.

Rossano, the southern capital of Italian Byzantium? In consequence, a center of the universe? Today there are 23,000 inhabitants, but the lack of motor traffic makes the town of even less importance. Or are census figures misleading? "All the men of the town are working in Germany, Switzerland, and France, where there are jobs," the small boy tells us. He introduces us to another *ragazzo*, one of a family of twelve, who sees his father only at Easter and for the August vacation. "On those holidays, when all the men return on special trains to visit their families, we really have a big population again."

What does Calabria have for the traveler? Certainly not much comfort, and one must use the most recent publications to plan the stages of a voyage, or night may find one without even the minimal opportunities for shelter. Lacking also are those conversational monuments which the tourist has learned to snatch as he rides by like rings plucked

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from a merry-go-round. But what is there is the stuff of fable and myth. That indifferent town of Scilla—half desolate beach and half fishing village whose houses dip into the sea, the two halves divided by a citadel now used as army barracks from which trashy music blares from the conscripts' radios—is also Homer's Scylla, the monster jutting into the straits of Messina, with that other monster Charybdis, a whirlpool off the Sicilian coast which one sees so clearly three miles away. Detours anywhere along the coast may lead down rutted roads to quiescent harbors, or up winding roads to medieval *castelli*.

On the Italian boot, Calabria is the toe, with a prominent skeletal bone, the snow-dappled Aspromonte chain. From the top one sees the littorals at either side, the bluest sky, the greenest sea, the least merciful sun, of all Italy. High in the hills above the coasts are nestled villages of ochre-tiled roofs one will never enter, remnants of medieval round towers on inaccessible promontories. Deep in the grass of the deserted coasts are white marble columns from the temples of Magna Graecia, colonies founded by the Greeks 2,700 years earlier. Locri, for example, is the antique city of Persephone; Crotone's Doric column is all that remains of a temple built before the Parthenon; somewhere along that bleached Ionian littoral is the colony of magnificent, annihilated Sybaris.

Calabrians in remote villages wear costumes, the women carry water jugs on their heads, not because they expect tourist buses, but because they don't. Above all, there is peace. Lack of automobile traffic means peace, although in two or three years Italy's fine Highway of the Sun will reach Reggio; lack of factories and jobs means peace of another kind; lack of a single resort worth mentioning in the most thorough of the guidebooks means peace.

"Nobody travels south of Rome," an Italian deputy told Norman Douglas. It was true at the turn of the century, and it is still largely the case. The Mezzogiorno is an underdeveloped region, and Italian legislation treats it as such. The Fund for the South, involving irrigation schemes, land reform, road building, and improvement of facilities for tourists, is exciting to behold as one penetrates deeper into the country. Often, indeed, the government's efforts have brought smoother roads and better organized archeological sites than might be found in northern Italy. Norman Douglas, of course, saw nothing of the New Calabria. When he walked or rode muleback over the dusty roads and into the "sordid filth" of the towns (thus he described Rossano), a large part of the Tyrrhenian coast had just been destroyed in the earthquake of 1908. "There seems to be some chance for the revival of Reggio," he commented. Reggio was rebuilt, but its museum is closed again, as it is due for renovation. Fifty years ago the opposite coast, on the Ionian sea, was deadly for another reason: malaria.

Today Mt. Etna, just across the strait of Messina in northeastern Sicily, scatters hot ashes and occasionally alarms Calabrians; we can watch it from the balcony of our first-class hotel in Reggio di Calabria, capital of the region (population, 155,000). Stromboli throws out hot lava every two hours, but we see it without upset from Gioia Tauro, thirty-five miles to the north; it can even be visited by boat from northern Sicily.

"You will come across sporadic Germans immersed in Hohenstaufen records," Norman Douglas wrote, "or searching after Roman antiquities, butterflies, minerals, or landscapes to paint—you will meet them in the most unexpected places; but never an Englishman."

We met no Englishmen. Nor did we see any Americans along the thousand miles of our road tour, although one garage attendant assured us that two American girls had come through on a Vespa only a day or so earlier. But the Germans are there. We passed their Volkswagens on the road. We saw their Mercedes parked alongside villas under construction at newly developed beaches such as Metaponto, which Norman Douglas visited during the struggle to reclaim the region from malarial swamp; today there are newly opened *alberghi* close to the water, one called the Hotel Kennedy. We were often taken for *tedeschi*. The Calabrian and Apulian coasts are all beach and all sun, the people are good and the cost of living is still lower than elsewhere in democratic Europe. Why would Germans not come? Why aren't others more adventurous?

Calabria is in a race against time. The Fund for the South will save some Italians from their poverty, and some of the vestiges of old Calabria as well. Classical scholars have only recently discovered villages near Reggio whose inhabitants speak a dialect seemingly based on ancient Greek; the villagers have untypical light hair and blue eyes. Yet even as I write new roads are bringing them newspapers and television sets, and the Greek dialect which has survived 2,500 years may not last another twenty-five.

Yet it is still possible, if you don't plan too well, to drive up to the so-called Albanian villages, peopled with refugees who fled to Calabria from fifteenth-century Turkish persecution, along a primitive dirt road which could not be much better than the one Norman Douglas traveled. Fewer people in the Albanian villages wear native dress now, and they all speak modern Italian, at least to strangers. Perhaps, if you try them, one or two may already speak German.

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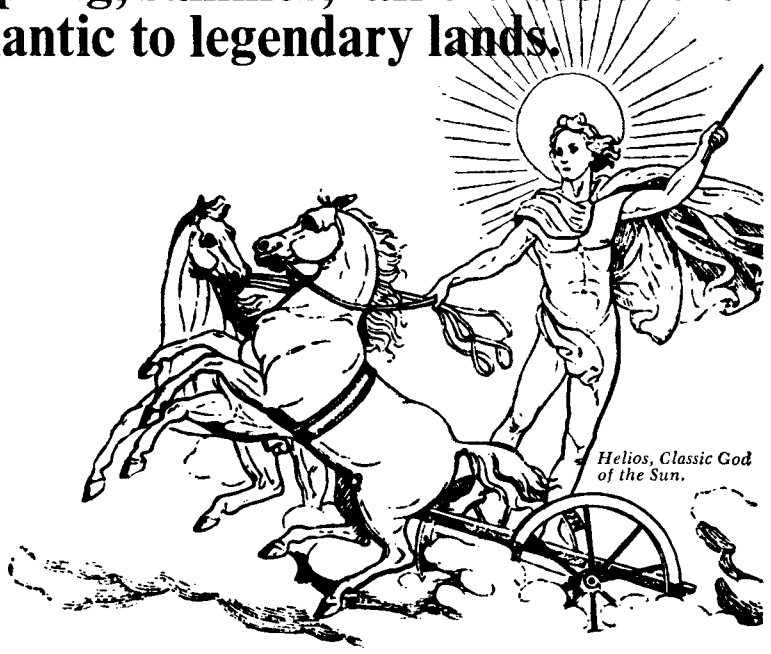

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Montparnasse

Continued from page 55

once the dream city of German princelings, Russian grand dukes, Irish landlords, and Wallachian boyars. All these had disappeared after the war, partly giving place to strange new people, including Chinese warlords and cotton millionaires from Egypt, but the best and biggest spenders of the time were Americans. Some of the Parisian landmarks, for the latter group, were the Arc de Triomphe and the *hôtels de grand luxe* to be found in its neighborhood; then the nightclubs that clustered near the Place Blanche (in those days Zelli's was the most popular with Americans); then Brentano's Bookstore on the Avenue de l'Opéra; then the dressmakers near the rue de la Paix; and finally the great hotels, including the Ritz, and the two American banks on the Place Vendôme.

For some years Scott Fitzgerald served as an ambassador of literature in that Paris of the rich. Thus, in 1925, he and Zelda lived in an expensive but uncomfortable apartment at 14 rue de Tilsitt, on the north side of the Etoile, and took people to lunch at outdoor restaurants on the Champs-Elysées while their daughter, little Scottie, played quietly with a shoelace under the table. In the evening they sometimes made a round of the nightclubs that lasted till dawn. The end of one such round is described in an unfinished manuscript from which Arthur Mizener quotes at length in *The Far Side of Paradise*. "Then six of us," Fitzgerald says, "oh, the best the noblest relicts of the evening . . . were riding on top of thousands of carrots in a market wagon, the carrots smelling fragrant and sweet with earth in their beards--riding through the darkness to the Ritz Hotel and in and through the lobby—no, that couldn't have happened but we were in the lobby and the bought *concierge* had gone for a waiter for breakfast and champagne." On another occasion Scott didn't get home at all; instead he took a train for Brussels, though he didn't remember how or why, and woke the following day in a strange hotel.

Back in Paris, he spent a great deal of time at the Ritz bar, which was the center of his community. Until the crash in Wall Street it was always full of Princeton and Harvard men, their sisters, and their divorced wives, but these disappeared after the summer of 1930. When one of Fitzgerald's heroes—Charlie Wales, of "Babylon Revisited"—goes back to the bar in the following autumn, the stillness there impresses him as being "strange and portentous. It was not an American bar any more—he felt polite in it, and not as if he

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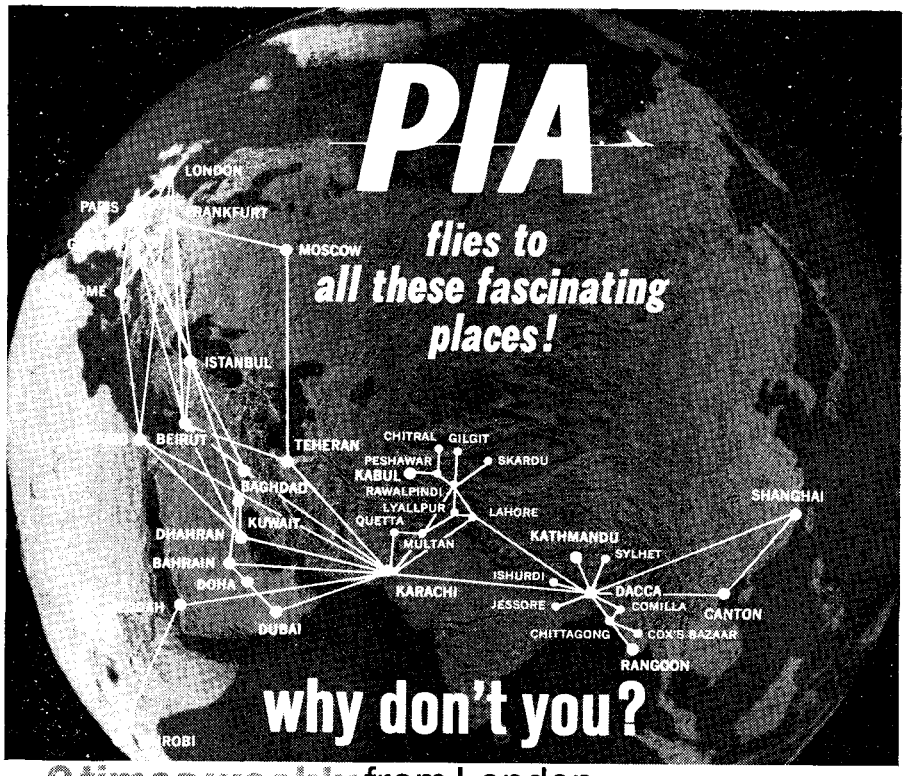
owned it. It had gone back into France." Then Charlie takes a taxi to the Left Bank, where he had seldom ventured in the wild days before the crash, and thinks to himself that it has the look of a provincial town.

The Left Bank was the site of the other America-in-Paris, that of the mostly impecunious writers and artists. Geographically it was only a small portion of the French city, which is divided into twenty *arrondissements*. The American literary colony was largely confined to the Sixth, which extends from the river to the Boulevard Montparnasse, though the colony spilled over into sections of the Fourteenth Arrondissement, south of the Boulevard.

Scattered over the area were several landmarks for Americans. One was Sylvia Beach's bookstore and lending library at 12 rue de l'Odéon, where Joyce often appeared in the afternoon with his black glasses and his ashplant. Not far away was the Luxembourg Museum, where Cézanne, Manet, and Monet still hung on probation before being carried to the Right Bank and admitted to the Louvre. Behind the museum were the statue-haunted Luxembourg Gardens, locked at sundown, where Hemingway said that he used to kill pigeons with a slingshot when he was too poor to buy meat for the family.

He was living over a sawmill at 113 rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, not far from the south end of the gardens. Gertrude Stein lived east of them, in a *pavillon* or garden house at 27 rue de Fleurus. She, too, was a landmark of the neighborhood, at least for the young Americans she regarded as having promise: Hemingway, Robert Coates, Virgil Thomson, and Thornton Wilder, among others. Once Hemingway came to see her bringing Scott Fitzgerald, who flattered Miss Stein. She liked him and told everybody that Fitzgerald was the only one of the younger writers who wrote naturally in sentences. There were other private landmarks at the time, such as Ezra Pound's studio, but of course the great public landmarks were three cafés at the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail: the Dôme, the Rotonde, and the Sélect.

Life among the writers and artists has been commemorated in a long series of memoirs, at least fifteen by my incomplete count. Perhaps the best known are those by Gertrude Stein (*The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*), Sylvia Beach (*Shakespeare and Company*), Morley Callaghan (*That Summer in Paris*), Matthew Josephson (*Life among the Surrealists*), and Ernest Hemingway (*A Moveable Feast*). The best title is that of a hard-to-find book by Robert McAlmon, the cowboy of



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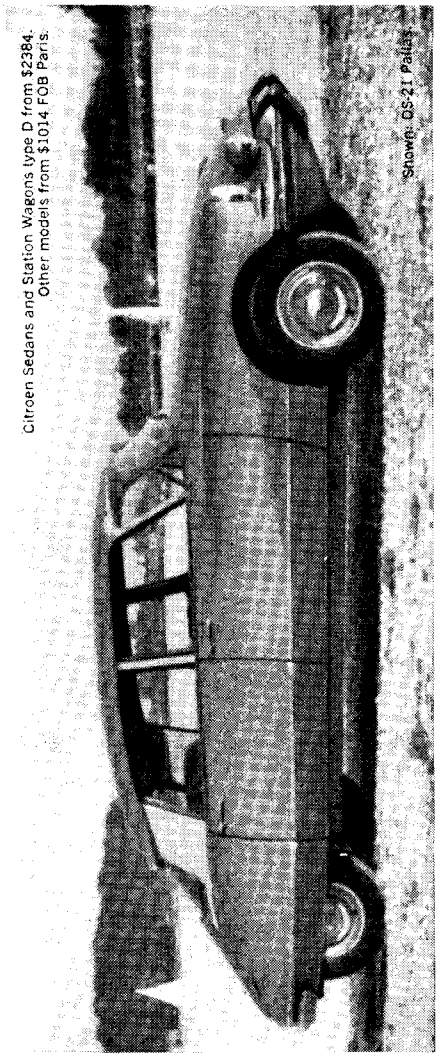

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Montparnasse: *Being Geniuses Together*. Hemingway's book is unsurpassed in rendering the atmosphere that prevailed among the serious young writers, with due attention to their jealousies and vendettas, though his judgments are those of forty years after. For the spirit of the time as felt at the time, one might best read some of E. E. Cummings's early poems:

make me a child, stout hurdysturdy-
gurdyman
waiter, make me a child. So this is
Paris.
i will sit in the corner and drink
thinks and think drinks,
in memory of the Grand and Old
days:
of Amy Sandburg
of Algernon Carl Swinburned.

Waiter a drink waiter two or three
drinks
what's become of Maeterlink
now that April's here?
(ask the man who owns one
ask Dad, He knows).

I can picture Cummings writing those high-spirited lines at a café table with a drink in front of him—and no fear of having it snatched away by a Prohibition agent—but it would not be in the Dôme or the Rotonde or the Sélect, for he seldom or never appeared in them. There were other young writers who thought that avoiding them was a mark of social distinction. Hemingway says contemptuously that "many people went to the cafés at the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail to be seen publicly and in a way such places anticipated the columnists as a daily substitute for immortality." He preferred the Café des Lilas, some blocks to the east, where he could write on cold days without being interrupted by make-believe artists. Nevertheless, those three cafés in Montparnasse, and the Dôme in particular, were something more than a paperback edition of the Ritz bar. They were the heart and nervous system of the American literary colony.

When young writers came to Paris, they dropped their luggage at a hotel on the Left Bank and went straight to the Dôme, in hope of meeting friends who had preceded them. Either they met the friends or else they made new ones. When they left for Brittany or the Mediterranean, in June, they went to the Dôme before their departure. A word dropped to acquaintances there was a more effective means of announcing their movements than a paragraph in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. The Dôme created and disseminated gossip; Americans went there to see who was having breakfast with whom, or had quarreled with whom, or was invited to sit at whose

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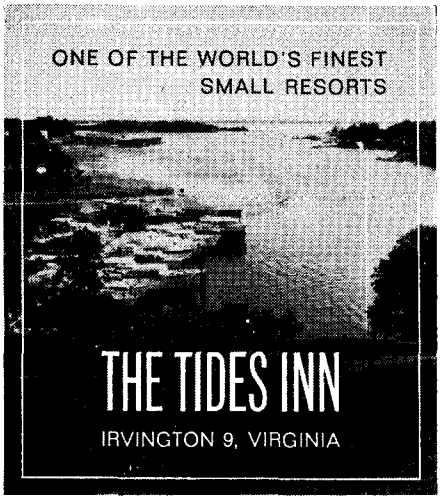

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table; it was their living newspaper.

Even before the war it had become an American café (just as the Rotonde across the Boulevard had attracted Russian revolutionists and international painters). There were stories of poker games that had lasted without intermission for several days, with fresh American players taking the places of those who dropped out. I saw no poker games in 1921 or later. The back room where they used to be played was then provided, or furnished with four dispirited prostitutes who never seemed to have clients; they wrote a great many letters. The front room contained the bar and another busy counter licensed by the state to sell tobacco and postage stamps. But most of the varied transactions that went on in those rooms or at the sidewalk tables yielded no profit to the management, except from the incidental sale of drinks.

In one of its many aspects, the Dôme served as an informal renting agency and guide to cheap hotels. For some it was a loan office where they might, if lucky, obtain funds to tide them over until the next check came from the States. For many it was the assembly point of parties that would end with onion soup in the Central Markets, perhaps with another party, composed of Right Bank Americans, roistering at the next table. Daybreak in the Central Markets was almost the only occasion when the two colonies mingled. The editors of little magazines went to the Dôme in search of contributors; it was easier than writing letters. Several American publishers went there to ask about young authors, for, in addition to its other functions, the Dôme was an over-the-counter market that traded in literary futures. I heard there in 1922 that a young man named Hemingway was writing a new sort of stories, which he showed to people in manuscript; some thought they were marvelous, some held their noses. There was a chaffering about those early stories that preceded the later bidding and bargaining among the critics.

Celebrities like Sinclair Lewis made a point of appearing at the Dôme to impress the beginners. Tourists also appeared, as at the zoo, before taxiing off to the nightclubs near the Place Blanche. Fakes went there to prey on the tourists, and suckers to gather round the artists in little absorptive groups: "Please God, let some of their talent rub off on me." The artists themselves and the self-respecting writers would be frightened away long before the lack of dollars put an end to their happy exile. But every community needs a center, and the American colony on the Left Bank was no exception. For several years after the war, the Café du Dôme de Montparnasse was truly "the place."

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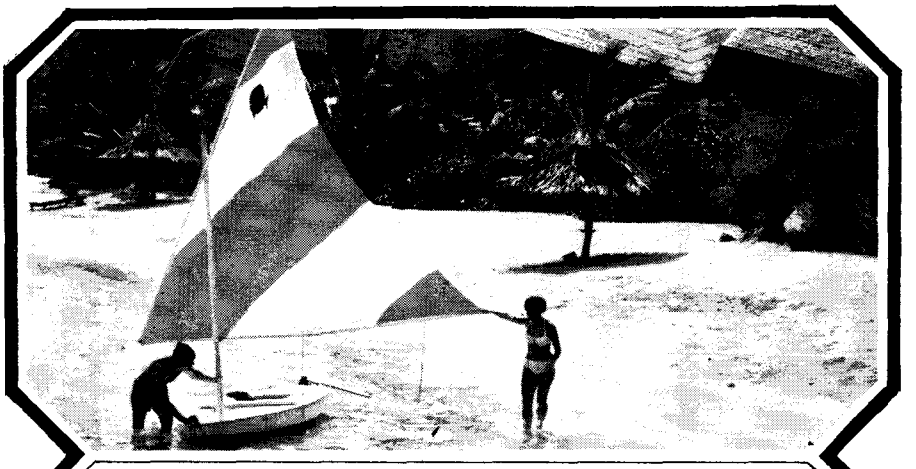

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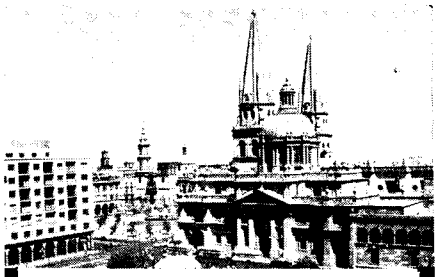

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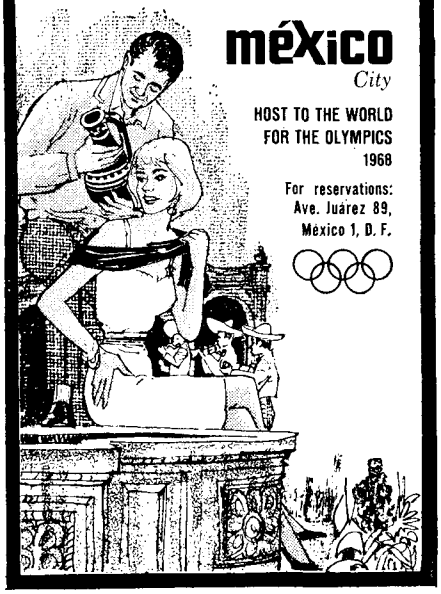

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Hemingway's Spain

Continued from page 49

ing, 'If you have a roast chicken.' The eighteenth-century Goya faces, harsh-boned under the *boinas* (berets) in the tavern, Marcialano's, where we broke fast. Gianfranco tying on his red scarf, singing in this fortress of anti-Communism, *'Avanti il Populo,'* Papa teaching me the song the boys sing after cathedral services on the last day of the festival, *'Pobre de mi.'"*

That night I wrote, "Peter Viertel, Bob and Kathy Parrish, that robust baritone, Lord Dudley—'Call me Eric'—and his brother, Eddie Ward and his statuesque blond bride, also Tommy Shevlin and Durie have all arrived and we move now in a mob. We lunched in riotous confusion this afternoon and then went to the Plaza de Castilla, the town square, to watch the pipe bands playing and dancing there, then to the bullring with its fretwork trellises, bright banners streaming from its rim, and Lombardy poplars towering behind."

The next day I wrote, "After the *encierro* our crowd walked around the town buying booze and trinkets, then down below the ancient brown ramparts built by the Roman, Pompeius, to the horse and mule fair by the river where the farmers of Navarra do their annual animal trading. It was utterly beautiful there, with the early morning light filtering like soft green rain through the leaves of the plane trees onto the shiny brown rumps of the horses and onto the black hair of gypsy women in their brash, bright skirts, who were moving around their cooking pots which gave out fine, garlicky smells. The mules were constantly talkative and the strong little mountain ponies milled about, but after the noise and excitement of the *encierro*, the fair with its muted voices seemed a harbor of tranquillity.

"It was a great bullfight today, stirring and emotional, with excellent bulls from the ranch of Don Atanasio Fernandez of Salamanca and Antonio Ordoñez, one of the matadors. He is the son of Niño de la Palma, who was the *torero* in *The Sun Also Rises*, and he was so skillful, valiant, and melodic that he lifted the afternoon from dangerous sport to poetry."

Five days later the party ended, our friends set off in all directions, and Ernest and I headed south with Adamo in the Lancia for Madrid. In Burgos, from which Spanish armies led by El Cid started to drive the Moors out of the country in the eleventh century, we stopped to inspect the inside of the immense pink-gray cathedral. The interior was dim after the sunshine in spite of acres of gilded screens, panels, inlays, and lamps, but we felt our way over the

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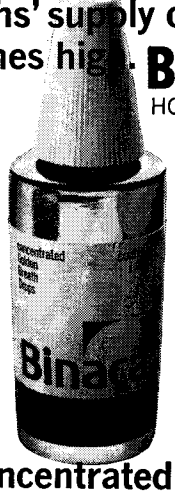

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700-year-old stone floors to pay our respects at the tomb of El Cid, the great general, to the graceful Virgin on the high altar, and to the Jesus chapel with its Gothic lines rich with gilt and the figure of Christ in a cheerful green robe.

The next day, turning off the main road, we headed toward the town of Sepulveda, high on a tableland above the plain, and found our favorite sort of sightseeing. I wrote, "From the secondary gravel road we saw rooks, starlings, swallows, many storks, some forty partridges which flushed from a field of cut grain, a hawk, and two beautiful big silver-blue pigeons. Then we came upon a wolf cub trotting slowly away from us, his ears very pointed, his jaw wider for his size than a dog's jaw. Adamo nearly put us in the ditch.

"Papa has been talking about Rafael Hernandez, the bullfight critic and his old friend whom we met at Pamplona," I wrote as we rolled along. "Of Madrid on its high, dry plateau in the center of Spain, Hernandez once said complacently to Ernest, 'The only thing Madrid lacks is the sea.' When E. asked him what was his favorite winter sport, Hernandez replied, 'The stove.'"

WE lunched in the pretty town of San Ildefonso with its wide tree-shaded streets, green parks, and ancient, impeccable hotel and afterwards I wrote in the car, "We climbed high into the Guadarrama range of mountains, a wild country of granite rock and thick pine and hardwood forest with underbrush and bracken hiding unexpected caves. Below the road on our right a clear stream rushed under a small stone bridge. It was the forest of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Through the treetops we could glimpse the high barren hilltop where Papa made Sordo have his fight, and in the bridge we saw where dynamite had broken off the apex of the arch. Ernest murmured, 'Now I'm glad to see it is like how I wrote it.' Happy if ungrammatical. 'We held the tops of all this along here' he explained of the Civil War. '*They* were about three-quarters of the way down on the road to the right. In some places the two lines were less than ten meters apart.'"

After we settled into our room at the Hotel Florida on July 16, we went out to explore Madrid on foot, hunting Ernest's former haunts, trying to find the rhythms of the city. His favorite bar near the Puerta del Sol had disappeared, but he had a consolation prize, knowing that Chicote's in the Gran Via still existed. We watched the twilight deepening above the handsome façades of the Plaza Major with its proportions of pure elegance and its history of the blood of the Inquisition, but except for the Castellana with its green and flowering parkway, I thought Madrid's exterior charms

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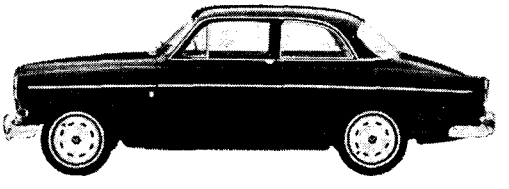

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not comparable to those of Paris, Venice, or London, and said so. Ernest replied, "It's the best city in the world," mystifying me. More moral? More charitable? More beautiful? Something or somebody must have turned up to detour the answer.

The next morning, we paid our initial visit to the Prado, Ernest busily seeking his old loves among its treasures, I breathlessly trying to absorb all at once all the wonders of the paintings—Goya and El Greco, Hieronymus Bosch and Patinir and Velázquez—overwhelmed by that treasury of painting. To compose ourselves after the excitement we walked up behind the Palace Hotel to the little green Plaza Santa Anna and in a small dark pub, the Cervezeria (beer bar) Aleman, sipped absinthe and munched cold boiled shrimp. Thereafter we spent an hour every morning at the Prado and one day also made a pilgrimage to the small chapel of San Antonio de la Florida near the railway station in which Goya painted the murals in the dome, and on the cornices produced the most beautiful, sexy, and gorgeously-dressed angels in Christendom.

Bull-ranchers, impresarios of the ring, matadors, and newspapermen made the Cervezeria Aleman their rendezvous, and we met the famous matador, Domingo Ortega, then retired; also the impresario, Dominguin, the father of Luis Miguel Dominguin, then Spain's No. 1 *torero*. We met John Marks, the London *Times*'s man in Madrid, and Hudson Smith, who had a government job—both of them *aficionados*—and they invited us to lunch on Ernest's birthday, July 21.

Of all Ernest's birthdays, which at home in Cuba we customarily celebrated splendiferously with hills of presents, song, dance, champagne, luncheon lasting all afternoon, and the sometimes shooting of buzzards or doorknobs as a finale, our Madrid observance of the day was the most subdued. While we breakfasted in our hotel room he opened his few presents, saying sweetly, "I don't need presents. Madrid's a big present."

With Marks and Smith we went to an outdoor café in the park in front of the Royal Palace and lunched in the shade of a tree, the conversation and wine coursing freely from 3 o'clock until 6. Ernest ordered hearts of artichoke in oil, a salad of cucumber and tomato, and, later, cheese.

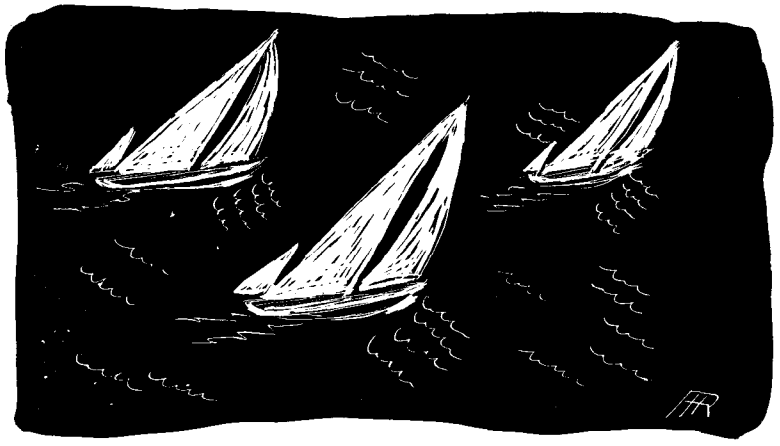
"Was it good?" I asked on our way back to the hotel.

"No."

Going through a poverty-blighted section on the eastern fringe of Madrid on our way to Valencia the next day, Ernest mentioned that the brilliant and popular matador of years before, Augustine Garcia Malla, had been born there and that it was a district where, during the Civil War, both sides had slaughtered violently. "The killing was limited only by the lack of bullets," he said. I reflected for the 2,700th time how helpful it is to travel with a vocal encyclopedia.

Not far southeast of the city we saw in the distance the Cerro de los Angeles, Aniceto Marinas's white marble statue of Christ, gleaming in the sunlight. It marks the geographical center of Spain.

ON July 24, 1953, at the Hotel Excelsior in Valencia, I wrote, "The *feria* here is less bucolic than that of Pamplona, but there are few noisy Americans, complaining French, or overbearing Germans in this old, soft-aired Baroque and hodgepodge city with its constantly sweet-singing bells. Juanito Quintana, who has come with us from Madrid, took me to the high-domed market with its vast assortment of smells, the stalls of the herb-venders a massive assault on the nose, the sausages almost as glorious in their variety as in Bologna, a wealth of fish and shellfish and the best eggs at 50 cents a dozen. Outside we stopped at a street vender's cart to sample Valencia's classic soft drink, *horchata*, an emulsion of melon or pumpkin seeds, refreshing in the sea-level heat, and fattening, then nearby looked into a tall-columned fifteenth-century building, La Lonja, where amber light filtered through windows 40 feet high in the walls. Long before Columbus sighted the Bahamian island he named San Salvador in October, 1492, the Moors of Valencia gathered at La Lonja to do business. Now the



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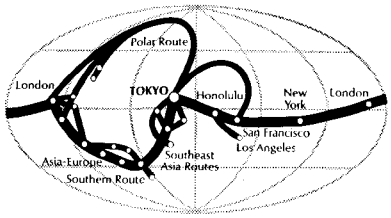

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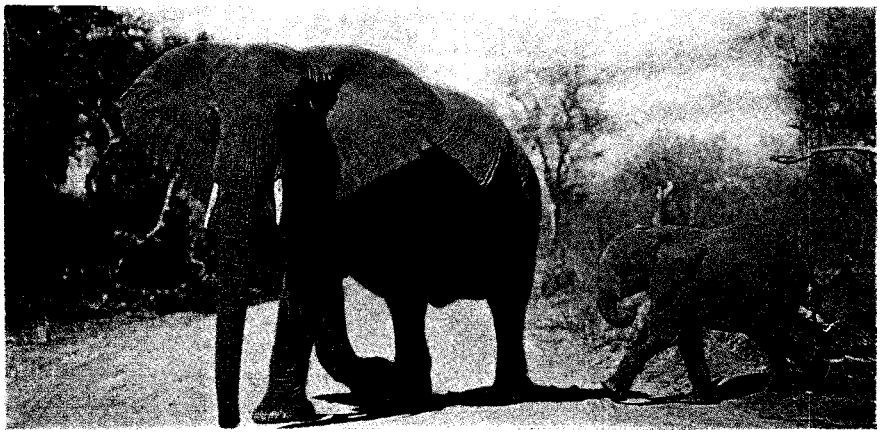

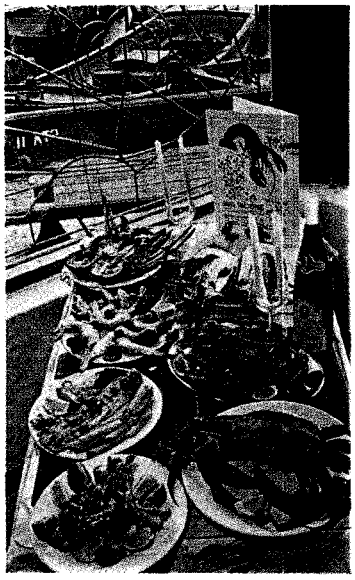

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building houses the produce-exchange market, the little wooden desks of the brokers neatly in line as in a schoolroom, looking incongruous and transient beneath the great dusky arches.

"At an indentation in the sidewalk near the door of the Cathedral we looked at the smooth, worn stones. Moorish slippers had rubbed them down during five or six centuries of weekly meetings of the *Tribunal de Aguas* (water court). The Moors designed and built the canals of this fertile country, and a court of seven judges decided all disputes between farmers seeking more canal water, their decisions being unappealable.

"Juanito and I found Ernest in the corrals behind the old rose-colored bullring, watching the bulls and the many cats which seemed to live there. 'Any Valencia cat is an authority on bulls,' said he. I photographed the grapevines climbing the ancient brick walls."

On Sunday, July 26, in Valencia, I wrote, "Papa comes in happy with the morning papers. They've signed the Korean armistice. *His* association with the Spanish press has been skillful throughout."

Later that day I described the Cave Towns of two suburbs of Valencia which I'd visited with Peter Buckley, our enormous new young friend from New York. Only the low walls above open patios and whitewashed conical chimneys protrude above the treeless, bushless, barren surfaces of the Cave Towns, and the foot traffic underground from house to house is a maze of tunnels. We chatted and photographed and when I asked one housewife how she managed to keep her home so clean, she said, "Whitewash the whole place twice a year, and between times the paintbrush never leaves the hand."

A few days later we were hustling back to Madrid and at 6:30 a.m. I was scribbling in my diary, "Adamo fished out of the car's glove pocket the last scrap of *chorizo*, dried and hardened but still pungent-smelling. Juanito sliced it and we shared it, lubricating it with wine from the *bota* just as we crossed the Jarama river. 'A *tapa*,' Ernest said. *Tapa* is the word in Spain for the tidbits of food bartenders offer their customers. I sent a silent apology down to my poor, defenseless stomach.

"Now, after the mountain pass, we are coming down into the scooped-out open plateau, meeting the first morning traffic, the high-wheeled carts drawn by mules in line, never abreast. We pass a family, a young woman holding a baby, riding sidesaddle on a mule, the man walking at the beast's head. Biblical. Even the folds of her cape fall like those of the Virgin in Renaissance paintings. They are ill-fed and probably ill-educated. They are a sorrow, but they touch the heart with their beauty."

Literary Past

(Continued from page 47)

miles from London, where Thomas Gray wrote his *Elegy* and where he is buried beside his mother.

A town rich with literary associations that does not seem to capitalize on them is Bath. Here, among others, came Tobias Smollett, Lord Chesterfield, Richard Steele, Joseph Addison, and much later Jane Austen and Charles Dickens to visit or live amid the fashionable world. As one walks up the steep streets to the Circus and the Crescent, with their gleaming Georgian houses made of yellow Bath stone, or crosses Pulteney Bridge—probably the handsomest bridge in England—one can see in his mind's eye the ornately dressed men and women of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, invalids and valetudinarians, being carried in their chairs to the Roman baths, the Pump Room, or the Assembly Rooms. There are plaques on some of the buildings which read, LORD CHESTERFIELD DIED HERE, HERE WAS BORN ELIZABETH LINLEY, WIFE OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, JANE AUSTEN LIVED HERE, and the like. Few Americans get to Bath.

As may be expected, hundreds of literary associations may be found in London, for since Chaucer's days it has been the literary capital of Great Britain. For a shilling you can buy a guidebook from London Railways that tells you how to reach them. The best known to Americans probably are Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, the Cheshire Cheese tavern, Old Curiosity Shop, Dickens's mansion, Gad's Hill, and the Keats House in Hampstead.

I always visit Dr. Johnson's house when I am in London, for it is a bit of the eighteenth-century literary world that has almost entirely vanished. Tucked away in a quadrangle off busy Fleet Street, this three-story Queen Anne building is the only one of his sixteen London residences that is still standing. Here Johnson lived from 1749 to 1759 when he compiled the Dictionary, edited the *Idler* and *Rambler*, and wrote *Rasselas*. It was saved from destruction through the generosity of Lord Harmsworth, the newspaper tycoon.

Incidentally, there is a likeness of Johnson, clumsily executed, outside the Church of St. Clement Danes on the Strand. But if you wish to see a likeness of Boswell you must go to Lichfield, the lexicographer's home town. In the marketplace stands a bronze statue of the little Scotsman, the only monument to him in the British Isles I know of.

The popularity of literary shrines seems to rise and fall with the reputations of the enshrined. Communities that profit from Shakespeare and Words-

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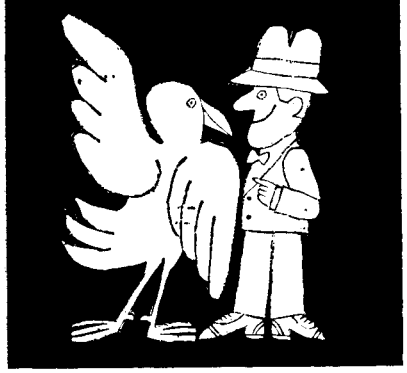

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worth may count on continued prosperity but places dependent on more fluctuating reputations cannot be so confident. When Dickens's popularity began to wane, the various Dickensian museums suffered a loss of visitors. The only exception is the "Old Curiosity Shop" near Lincoln's Inn Fields, which is supposedly the locale for Dickens's novel. This cluttered, dusty bric-a-brac shop is visited by every tourist who takes the Cook's tour of London, but if that reliable Baedeker, Clunn's *The Face of London*, is to be believed, the place is of doubtful authenticity.

The homes of other Victorians whose vogue has passed stand almost deserted. The Carlyle House in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, for instance, where the Scottish seer and his wife and their overworked and underpaid maids lived for almost a half-century, and George Eliot's house on the same street, see relatively few visitors.

No nation has been so careful to commemorate its literary past as Britain, and none has cashed in so handsomely. It is strange that the tourist-hungry French, who never miss a trick, fail to emulate the British in this respect—except in Paris. The cemetery of Père-Lachaise at the eastern end of the city contains the remains of more eminent writers and artists than any burial place in the world except Westminster Abbey. Here one may commune with the souls of Héloïse and Abelard, Balzac, and Alfred de Musset, as well as Chopin, Delacroix, and Sarah Bernhardt.

The Panthéon, once a church, is a stopping place on all tours of Paris. It is the repository of the ashes of about seventy of the French immortals, including Voltaire. (At least, so the guide told us on a recent visit.) But the truth is that the remains of Voltaire are no longer there. When he died in 1778 he could not be buried in the regular fashion because he refused to take the sacraments, so his body was stealthily taken out of the city by his nephew and interred in a provincial churchyard. During the Revolution it was brought to

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Paris, and with great pomp and ceremony placed in the Panthéon. But one night in May 1814, Voltaire's bones were secretly removed from the lead coffin by a number of young reactionaries, thrown into a sack, and buried in a pit in the city dump.

Much more cheerful associations with Voltaire are available across the country, in Geneva, near the French border. His estate at Ferney, which lies but a few miles from the Geneva airport on the French side, is closed to the public. One can glimpse through the iron railing the lovely château, his favorite walks, and the rolling fields, and descry on the church he built the Latin inscription, ERECTED BY VOLTAIRE TO GOD—"two good names," as a wag said. In the heart of Geneva stands "Les Délices," where Voltaire wrote *Candide*. His estate has long since been cut up and divided into building lots, but the small château was meticulously restored and converted by the city of Geneva into a museum and library. Here the multimillionaire Englishman, Dr. Theodore Bestermann, and a small staff edited the hundred volumes of Voltaire's *Correspondence*. Visitors to "Les Délices" so far as I could tell during the month I worked there, are almost entirely scholars, from many lands.

AT Montreux on Lake Geneva stands the formidable Castle of Chillon immortalized by Byron. Thanks to his poem, translated into numerous languages and read in the schools, crowds of tourists come daily, at least in summer, to see the chains which supposedly held the Genevan patriot immovable for years. Byron was later sorry he had sensationalized the story but his supreme narrative skill put Montreux, an undistinguished lakeside resort, on the main tourist route. Hoteliers and restaurateurs are grateful to him.

One cannot visit Spain without becoming aware of its distinguished literary heritage. I think first of all of the small university town of Alcalá de Henares, twenty miles from Madrid, where Cervantes was born in 1547. It is still a lively educational center and the modest residence where the writer's father, an unsuccessful doctor, practiced for a few years, and then like a will o' the wisp moved on, is a national shrine. In Seville you can see a plaque on one of the houses where Cervantes, himself a shadowy figure lived during an unusually affluent period of his life. His grave is unknown.

A fascinating experience is to follow, as my wife and I did in our car, the itinerary of Don Quixote as outlined in our Nagel *Guide to Spain*. From Alcalá the road took us in the harsh and granite-like country to Loeches, Arganda, Morata de Tajuna, Chinchón, and Villatobas to Quintanar de la Orden, a distance of about ninety miles. It was a warm Sunday afternoon; the villages seemed asleep; few vehicles or animals were on the road. Not much has changed in this dusty part of Spain since Cervantes's day. Ahead of us, eminently real, were the lanky knight with his rusty helmet and armor, mounted on his skinny nag, Rosinante, followed by the short, squat Sancho Panza on his donkey. It was an illusion, of course, in the bright sunshine. At Quintanar we ate a hearty meal at the Don Quixote Albergo and then returned via El Toboso, home of Don Quixote's imaginary Dulcinea, to Aranjuez and Madrid.

ONE goes to Granada chiefly to see the Alhambra, the Moorish palace made famous by Washington Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra*. If one cannot obtain lodgings at the wonderful Parador San Francisco, which has only twelve rooms, one should stay at the Hotel Washington Irving, a good second-class hostelry. I must confess that I read Irving's *Tales*, purchased at the hotel, for the first time preparatory to spending a day at the Alhambra and the Generalife, and found myself seeing the finest example of Moorish residential architecture in Spain and the splendid gardens through the distorted angles of his characters. It was a thrilling experience.

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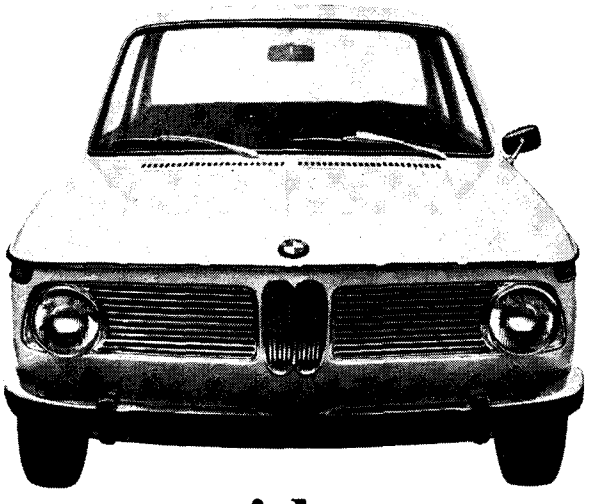

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The duPont Awards: Finis?

THE ALFRED I. duPONT Awards in Radio-Television, established in 1942, were somewhat erratic in quality until 1950. Commentators honored annually included Fulton Lewis, Jr., Raymond Gram Swing, and John Cameron Swayze. In 1951, however, almost two decades of quality consistency began with the award of the commentator prize to Joseph C. Harsch, who was then broadcasting on a Boston radio station. Awards, after that, were given to such notable television and radio commentators as Gerald W. Johnson, Eric Sevareid, Edward P. Morgan, and Louis M. Lyons. The awards committee skipped the commentator prize in 1964, rather than compromise its standards.

The rise in the stature of the awards was due to the appointment, in 1950, of Washington and Lee University as awards administrator, with O.W. Riegel as curator. (Prior to that, the awards had been administered by the Florida National Bank, of Jacksonville, Florida, a member of the duPont Trust.) The university attracted judges of independent mind, including Turner Catledge, managing editor of *The New York Times;* Clifford J. Durr, former member, Federal Communications Commission; Lawrence Laurent, radio-TV editor for the Washington *Post*; W. McNeil Lowry, vice president, the Ford Foundation; Erwin D. Canham, editor in chief of the *Christian Science Monitor;* and Richard B. Hull, former chairman of the board, National Association of Educational Broadcasters.

Washington and Lee conducted the awards with integrity and considerable objectivity, stressing the total performances of small broadcasting stations, broadening the awards spectrum to include educational and noncommercial radio and television stations, and continuing to recognize courage and independence in broadcast editorializing and commentary. The awards never generated big-time publicity in the annual blizzard of promotional broadcasting honors, but they developed a steadily mounting respect among people concerned about the public affairs dimension of television and radio. Behind the scenes, however, a sixteen-year record was being written of conflict between the awards administration and the Florida National Bank of Jacksonville. The story came to light recently, upon the bank's unilateral termination of the university's administration of the awards.

When Mrs. Alfred I. duPont, who founded the awards in memory of her husband, asked Washington and Lee University to take over the administration of the prizes, the university had requested, and received, autonomy in making the awards. In 1963, the judges gave the commentator award to Howard K. Smith. A group of political extremists then picketed the award dinner, held in Washington. A new trust officer of the Florida bank ordered an investigation. Testimony critical of the university was sought from broadcasting circles. A public relations man was subsequently hired by the trust officer. He consulted regularly with broadcast industry executives in New York, one of whom, according to Professor Riegel, "became the de facto adviser of the Florida National Bank on the administration of the duPont Awards." These activities were carried out without notice to, or consultation with, the university committee of awards, or with Mrs. duPont, who has been inactive because of ill health.

In 1965, the public relations man, on behalf of the trust officer, continued "to suggest who would be, and who would not be, acceptable members of the committee of awards." The bank insisted on "joint participation in selection of the judges, selection of a speaker for the awards dinner, and selection of an assistant curator." The university took the position that "for a public relations man employed by a Florida bank to guide, direct, or influence Washington and Lee University in the execution of the awards program was an absurdity, inconsistent with the character of a reputable university, and a threat to the independence and integrity of the awards." The bank then terminated the awards arrangement.

The chemistry of the affair, of course, was unstable from the start. The university, in its academic innocence, was seriously trying to make honest, objective awards. The bank urged inclusion on the judges' panels of broadcasters who would understand the promotional necessities of the awards enterprise. It favored restricting awards to areas in which the broadcasters, and especially the networks, did relatively well, in news. That the romance lasted for as long as sixteen years is a tribute to both the patience of the university and the tolerance of the bankers. The duPont Trust reportedly is now seeking another educational institution to take over.

Washington and Lee University probably would wish to continue making its own awards, if the necessary supporting funds could be made available. Fred C. Cole, president of the university, and O.W. Riegel, are proud of their experience, which led, in the end, to self-extermination. "This may be noble," said the former curator, "but who really cares? Come spring the broadcasters will award themselves their Emmies with the usual fanfare, and everyone will be happy." Many people do care, and would join in granting the last authentic Alfred I. duPont Award in Radio-Television to Washington and Lee University.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"They're biting half a mile up stream."

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What Are the Young Films Saying?

THE NEW FILM directed by Elliot (*Cat Ballou*) Silverstein, *The Happening*, is at once the most fascinating and exasperating American-made movie dealing with what *Time* has termed the Now Generation. To be sure, the comparisons are not particularly flattering, consisting on the one hand of the Elvis Presley-Frankie Avalon chrome-plated beach parties, and on the other hand of scruffy Underground paeans to the pleasures of the beatnik way of life. Although *The Happening* begins with a beach party, the subsequent events have nothing to do with American-International's world of bikinied teen-agers and their rock 'n' roll frenzies; and while all four of the young "beats" involved in this film — Faye Dunaway, George Maharis, Michael Parks, and Robert Walker—are intent on getting their kicks, they obviously derive little pleasure from them.

The jump-off point for *The Happening* is the quartet's impromptu abduction of a grizzled ex-gangster (admirably played by Anthony Quinn). At first unaware of their captive's identity, they discover as he makes frantic phone calls for ransom money that he is not only the part-owner of a Miami hotel, but also has important Mafia connections. And to their dismay, they also discover that each of his contacts—his wife, his partner, his Mafia chief—has a good, selfish reason for turning him down. Not only is the man completely useless to them, but they realize (at least flickeringly) that what began as a mindless prank has resulted in the total destruction of a life. It is this recognition of consequences that provides the film with its finest scene and its deepest reason for being.

For the rest, although it clicks along at a fast pace and with considerable humor, *The Happening* is often disconcerting. One recognizes the youthful types—the well-muscled beachboy with a chip on his shoulder, but nothing on the ball; the moody dropout whose family sends him $400 a month just to keep him away from home; the hippy hanger-on ready to undertake anything except responsibility; the clean-cut college girl who asks nothing more from life than a few thrills. One recognizes them, but the film does little to make them more understandable. Similarly, one recognizes the members of the older generation—the bitchy wife, the money-grubbing friend, the bombastic police and politicians; but all are mere caricatures.

This might be all very well if the entire film were told in terms of satire; and the implication is crystal clear that, so far as the makers of *The Happening* are concerned, it is the callous, self-serving hypocrisy of the adult population that produces the wary, uncommitted attitudes in the young. But with Quinn at the center of the film—vital, human, and touching—neither types, caricatures, nor satire seem quite sufficient. Nevertheless, although *The Happening* is rarely searching enough to supply answers, it is certainly provocative enough to stimulate a useful re-evaluation of what *is* happening today, and why.

PERHAPS TYPES, caricatures, and satire can be more readily packaged in a musical comedy format, because this is precisely what we are presented with in the film adaptation of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*—and it all works. Once again, the picture takes a dim view of the older generation—a nitwit crowd of sycophants, lechers, time-servers, and opportunists. Pitted against them is a youthful climber (Robert Morse) who uses his own rules to beat them at their own game. Somehow, despite Morse's mechanical softening of heart in the final reels, the effect is quite exhilarating.

Although the world of big business is unmercifully caricatured, the outlines are hard enough to make the values and the ethics of corporation executives so real and dubious that their overthrow on their own terms comes as a double triumph. I suspect that it is this hard core under the surface humor, the triumph of Jack and the Beanstalk over the Jolly Green Giants of industry, that made the show a surprise long-run hit on Broadway and will give it its primary appeal on the screen. This and the sparkling score and witty lyrics of Frank Loesser, and the bubbling good humor of David Swift's adaptation, both as writer and director. I have never seen a show that smiles so much—at the underlying situation, at the lyrics, at the characters themselves.

By a happy circumstance, the people who made the show so sparkling on Broadway—Morse, Rudy Vallee, Michele Lee (who joined the Broadway cast late)—recreate their characters on the screen. Virgil Partch has been brought in to trick up the material with bright visual gags. And a woman named simply Micheline (who is really Mrs. David Swift) has dressed the cast so attractively that even the meanest is part of the fun. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Russian Record

Continued from page 37

to the Russian reader than Babi Yar. Then, in 1961, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the professionally rebellious Siberian, electrified the Soviet Union when he first recited and later published a poem devoted to the fading memory of Babi Yar. It began with the words: "No monument stands here . . ." Every Soviet reader got the message. Tens of thousands of Jews had been killed at Babi Yar; yet, perhaps because they were Jews, their memory had not been worthy of a monument in a nation covered with monuments. The stigma of anti-Semitism, a chronic ailment in the western part of the Soviet Union, had been spotlighted in a most embarrassing fashion.

Nikita Khrushchev attacked the poem; so did his then loyal polemicists. Not only Jews died at Babi Yar, they shouted; many Slavs died there, too. Often visitors to Kiev, including this reviewer, were denied official permission to visit Babi Yar.

So the situation remained until *Yunost'* decided last fall to publish Kuznetsov's story. Moscow raised no objections. It was important, one Soviet official explained, that Babi Yar be remembered as a national tragedy, touching all Soviet citizens, rather than as simply a Jewish tragedy. Now the city authorities of Kiev are reportedly planning to build a monument to those who were slaughtered at Babi Yar, a belated bow to their memory.

Anatoly Kuznetsov, the twelve-year-old boy who has grown into a mature and talented Soviet writer, spent nearly twenty-five years collecting material for this book. An English-language serialization appeared in the United States late last fall in *The Current Digest of the Soviet Press*, a weekly compendium of translations edited by Leo Gruliow.

Babi Yar, now ably translated into English by Jacob Guralsky, is not a typical Soviet novel—not by a long shot. Its characters suffer and bleed and die and many seem never to have read *Pravda*, much less wrapped their bread in it. They are not the usual wooden symbols of Soviet progress, the muscular giants fighting for the rights of man. Some actually collaborate with the Nazis; others, hungry and frightened, sleep with them. The narrator's grandfather, a selfish, loud-mouthed peasant, despised Soviet rule and cheered the arrival of the Germans. His grandmother, completely illiterate, worshipped Jesus Christ, not Karl Marx, and often prayed before a stand of ikons placed discreetly in a corner of their hut. His father, Vasily, was a Bolshevik who left his wife and never answered her wires asking for help just before the Nazis stormed into Kiev. The Germans are at times unfeeling robots, herding thousands of people into gas chambers or deep ravines; at other times they are generous human beings trapped in a war they did not start and do not admire.

The novel flows easily from one episode to another, interrupted every now and then by a short political speech by the author, directed, it seems, more at his literary agents in the Communist Party than at his readers. His main point is that no one could have lived through the Nazi occupation without its having affected virtually every aspect of his subsequent life. "After all," Kuznetsov says, "it is his generation that is taking control now, after having come through *that*, through a war that shook it to the core. The experience must affect everything that generation does."

Those who wonder why the Russians get so upset these days over the question of Germany's acquiring nuclear weapons, ought to read *Babi Yar*. It helps put things into perspective.

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The Other Half

Continued from page 35

deep-lying differences that set apart the world of Portuguese Brazil from that of New Spain. The final chapter, "Appointment with Necromancy," discloses the influences based on traditions, prejudices, religious taboos, and pagan practices, whether of Indian or African origin. This area has indeed been *terra incognita* for Yankees.

Arciniegas, whose published works began to appear in the 1930s, was born in Colombia in 1900. He served his country in various diplomatic assignments, and as Minister of Education. He also spent some years as editor and contributor to Colombian and Argentine newspapers, and later held professorships at home and in the United States. Gunther was born in 1901 and began publishing his series of biographies and "Inside" books in the Thirties. Arciniegas's volume has an outstanding bibliography, several maps, a score of artistic illustrations, and an amazing twenty pages of chronological tables covering literary, artistic, and political developments. Gunther has an unusually complete subject and name index, five maps, and a chart of demographic and political data arranged by country. Though not writing at the height of their powers, both authors bring to their present works long and varied experience that comes to a focus in their value judgments and the priorities they ascribe to different but equally important elements contributing to the present scene. Originally issued in a Spanish language edition in 1965, Arciniegas's work was translated by Joan MacLean in a workmanlike if uninspired manner, and not without some oddities of syntax and choice of words.

In his eighth chapter, "Big Neighbor, Communism and the Alianza," Gunther offers, as in one earlier chapter, several capsules of intercontinental relations, including sketchy, piecemeal remarks on the Monroe Doctrine, the Good Neighbor Policy, Intervention.

IN well-defined chronological order Arciniegas shifts from political history to the architectural, educational, and literary components of the eras of discovery, exploration, colonization, independence, and republican growth. He not only has a masterful sweep of historical events and trends but packs into each chapter a multitude of facts, evoking the life and fashion of successive decades. Nor does he neglect the impact of divergent schools of philosophy.

Whether read in preparation for summit meetings or for personal edification, John Gunther and Germán Arciniegas furnish a unique opportunity for cross-bearings to be taken.

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An Exaltation of Evil

Continued from page 37

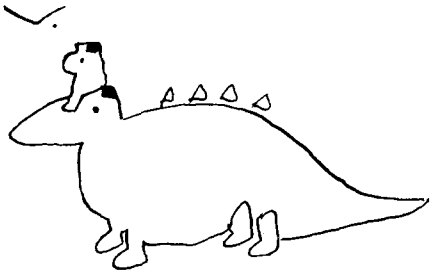
and only when the latter is clearly in focus can the beauty of the former arise. It is not in spite of his chains but because of them that Harcamone is a god, and the vision of the mystical rose that comes to Genet does not supplant but, rather, adds meaning to the manacles the criminal wears:

> The transformation began at the left wrist, which it encircled with a bracelet of flowers, and continued along the chain, from link to link, to the right wrist. Harcamone kept walking, heedless of the prodigy. The guards saw nothing abnormal. I was holding at that moment the pair of scissors with which, once a month, we were allowed, each in turn, to cut our fingernails and toenails. I was therefore barefooted. I made the same movement that religious fanatics make to seize the hem of a cloak and kiss it. I took two steps, with my body bent forward and the scissors in my hand, and I cut off the loveliest rose, which was hanging by a supple stem near his left wrist. The head of the rose fell on my bare foot and rolled on the pavestones among the dirty curls of cut hair. I picked it up and raised my enraptured face, just in time to see the horror stamped on that of Harcamone, whose nervousness had been unable to resist that sure prefiguration of his death. He almost fainted.

One might ponder long in such a passage the tension between the visionary and the concrete. Here they strain as if to break apart, the rose and the dirty curls of hair startling in their contact. It belongs to Genet's art that he slowly encircles such fanciful elements by ever stronger imaginative bonds. He does it by doing more than simply yoking opposites together: he circles through an event time and again to bring the reader through stages of spiraling ascent from the lower to the higher manifestation. Yet the ascent is also a descent, for the journey is an ascesis in which all levels of self-justification are left behind and one walks, as Genet does at the book's end, like a barefoot penitent whose life is nothing but devotion.

> Harcamone's influence acted truly in accordance with his perfect destination: through him our minds were opened to extreme abjection. I cannot avoid using the figurative terminology that is commonly employed. Do not be surprised if the images that indicate my movement are the opposite of those that indicate the movement of the saints in heaven. You may say of them that they rose, and that I lowered myself.

These words open the final section of



the book, thirty-two pages in which Genet describes the vigil he kept during the four nights that led up to Harcamone's execution. Although he lay in the arms of Divers, his mind was occupied with visions of Harcamone's translation. There was a different vision of miracle each night, accompanied by memories of personal shame. Then suddenly everything is over. Genet's friends are dead; Fontevrault is only a memory; the prototypes are gone. All that remain are the imaginative reconstruction and the abject author who has allowed us to follow "the very paths" of his heart.

Evil though the desires of Jean Genet surely have been, there is something holy in his bearing. Sartre was not wrong to refer to him as a saint. Genet had already said it, and not entirely with irony. The imagination may devote itself to evil, but it cannot *be* evil. When pushed to the extremes of moral reality, it shows itself as the carrier in man of what is holy as well as evil. It becomes diaphanous, and one feels that he should indeed walk barefoot in its presence. It has been given to a pervert, thief, and coward named Jean Genet to come closer than the man of rectitude to the holy. Genet's head is full of violence, but his heart contains the rose of peace.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 11 (Waugh: *The Loved One*), 6, 7, 9, 10 (McCarthy: *The Group*), 12 (O'Neill: *The Hairy Ape*), 2 (Hawthorne), 3 (*A Tale of Two Cities*), 4 (Jack London), 8 (*Death of a Salesman*), 1, 5.

Crooked Path

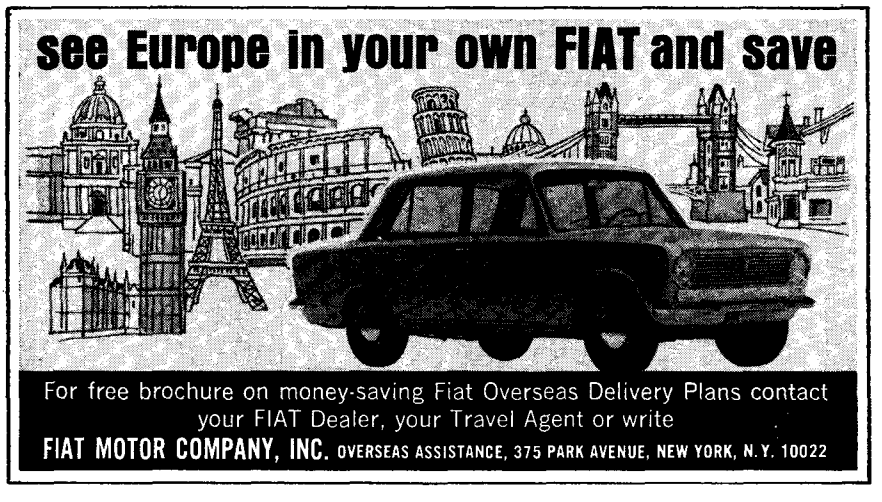
Continued from page 39

from teachers whose job it should be to identify problem children early in life and get them help and guidance; on the other, to provide for older pupils who are unable or unwilling to stay in school a work-experience "related to . . . jobs on which they have a reasonable chance of being employed." It is not surprising that unemployed drop-outs figure most frequently in the delinquency statistics.

We need an enlightened application of strategy, he goes on, by our law-enforcers and custodial institutions; only now is there a dawning appreciation, for instance, that drug addicts need medical and psychological help and not penal action. Not unexpectedly, MacIver is on the side of those experimenting with nonpunitive treatment (Daytop Lodge, a halfway house for addicted probationers; Synanon in California for addicts who come voluntarily), and supports the methadone experiment, whereby doctors are using drugs to counteract the craving for heroin.

Perhaps the most neglected strategy concerns what MacIver calls "*directed* prevention"—services that promptly give guidance to those who are vulnerable. Most states retain a multiplicity of services to the young; he wants to have them coordinated instead of working at cross-purposes.

The pity of a study like this is that it is aimed chiefly at the experts and academics. Would that it had been written in less highfalutin language, without marathon sentences, so that some of those "disprivileged" families, whom it's all about, could perhaps read and be reached. Isn't that what the "disprivileged" are being encouraged to do in all the poverty programs—try to learn and help themselves, just because they are so intimately bound up with the problems of the poor? Perhaps the MacIver team will consider making simple English part of their next project.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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Rostropovich, Off and Running—"Trittico"

STATISTICALLY, it is twenty-six miles, 385 yards from Marathon to Athens, whose running by a messenger bearing news of Greek victory over the invading Persians established the classic distance for the race which climaxes the quadrennial Olympics. Musically, it is even farther from the Saint-Saëns Concerto in A minor to the Britten Symphony for Cello and Orchestra which comprise the Marathon-to-Athens of the twenty-seven-work sequence just commenced by Mstislav Rostropovich and the London Symphony under the direction of Gennadi Rozhdestvensky.

The Soviet cellist began what might well, in future, be termed a "Rostropovich," with a few wind sprints. They were, in addition to the Saint-Saëns, the Concertino opus 132 of Prokofiev and the B-minor Concerto of Dvořák, which served as trials of the course (Carnegie Hall), exercises in fast breaks and sudden stops. The qualities of his art are, indeed, so fully known now that there is little to be added at this time to the phrases descriptive of his command of the instrument. What might be added would be in appreciation of his qualities as a man and an artist. In both respects he seems to have unfolded and expanded since his debut here in 1956. He is now neither sphinx-like nor forbidding, but relaxed and smiling, due in part, no doubt, to elevation in the temperature of what was once called the cold war.

Of the works included on this first program, the most interesting was the Prokofiev Concertino, which was left incomplete when the composer died in 1953. The first and last movements were built up from sketches and stretches of wholly realized score by Rostropovich and Dimitri Kabalevsky, to balance the completely worked out slow movement. If the result is not great Prokofiev—for the reason perhaps that no one can imagine what the composer himself might have done at this or that critical point—it is nevertheless full of his personal accent, especially in the sustained slow movement and the lively, typically unpredictable finale. All the performances profited from the special kind of élan and communal effort that characterizes the London Symphony, efficiently prompted by Rozhdestvensky. Bulletins of the long journey to come will be circulated promptly.

Memories of days when prime instrumentalists (and singers) were collaborators as well as colleagues and contemporaries were recalled in warming reality when Erica Morini and Zino Francescatti joined the fine Musica Aeterna ensemble conducted by Frederic Waldman for a pair of programs in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium at the Metropolitan Museum. As this hall is decidedly intimate, it was almost like sharing an evening of music-making *chez* Francescatti (he was, clearly, host to Mme. Morini's privileged place as *prima* in both works).

These were, as must almost inevitably be the case in such circumstances, the D-minor "doubles" of Vivaldi and Bach. Were one minded to such learned ruminations, the occasion could have been utilized to scrutinize the differing approach of these great men to the same problem. However, there were, more immediately and palpably, the qualities of artistry lavished upon them by the two equally equipped performers. On the first evening of the Saturday-Sunday sequence, the chemical reaction of the players to each other and the surroundings tended to drive the fast movements somewhat more than might have been intentional. But the true distinction emerged in the slow movements, both of which were wreathed in fine-spun filigrees of sound. Waldman's own part of the evening took in Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*, Roussel's Sinfonietta (op. 52) and the E-major Serenade of Dvořák, played in that order for an audience held captive by promise of goodies to come.

Further to the interest of a week notable for its string playing was the debut in Carnegie Hall, on the evening of the first Morini-Francescatti program, of Uto Ughi, a twenty-three-year-old violinist born in Milan. An attractive, tallish young man, Ughi commended himself for the lovely sound he drew from a Strad once played by Rudolphe Kreutzer. How he handled it in the opening andante of Tartini's G-minor ("Devil's Trill") sonata suggested that he is the product of thorough schooling, in which the development of artistic individuality has had no small part. However, the surroundings were more than he could cope with on even terms, leading to uncertainties of intonation as complications piled up. Tullio Macoggi was his accompanist.

'Tis a pity that Giacomo Puccini could not have lived to enjoy February 23, 1967, at Lincoln Center. An inveterate devotee of his own music, Puccini could have, on this occasion, filled the hours

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from eight to eleven solidly with such pleasure, though he never wrote a score of that uninterrupted length. The indulgence would derive from the concurrent performance of his *Il Trittico* by the New York City Opera in the State Theater and *La Bohème* across the plaza in the Metropolitan. If one shuttled from one to the other, even the intermissions could be filled with Puccini.

Taking all factors together, the most enlivening of them was Franco Patane's conducting of *Il Trittico*. Obligations elsewhere prevented attention to the opening *Il Tabarro* and the closing *Suor Angelica* (an arrangement, incidentally, not consistent with the composer's preference) but *Gianni Schicchi* showed Patane to be no less conversant with the ebb and flow of Puccini than he is with middle Verdi (*La Traviata* in particular). He could not, however, have been too happy with the skimpy staging of *Schicchi*, which made no pretense of conveying the reality of Buoso's Florentine dwelling or the beauties of the city apostrophized in the ecstatic duet of Lauretta (Anne Elgar) and Rinuccio (the vocally gifted Jerome LoMonaco). Christopher West did what he could to organize a pattern of action suitable to the text, and Norman Treigle's capable study of the wily Schicchi was artistically conceived, but there were only feeble means at hand to suggest the frantic search for Buoso's will, or the fury of destruction visited upon the premises when Schicchi's "solution" of the problem became apparent. With Claramae Turner unable to perform her admired triple, the role of Zita (likewise La Frugola in *Il Tabarro)* was sung by Beverly Evans, and the Principessa in *Suor Angelica* by Evelyn Sachs.

An even more pronounced instance of the reach exceeding the grasp was provided in Julius Rudel's vain endeavor, as conductor-impresario, to make *Der Rosenkavalier* work within the physical (inanimate as well as animate) limitations of his organization. An unfortunate victim of this overestimate of capacity was Elisabeth Grümmer, an artist of substantial European reputation who chose to make her belated New York debut as the Marschallin of this endeavor.

She was certainly the worthiest of its elements, showing that her long period of campaigning on the Continent and in England has not deprived her of the ability to work a fine vocal line or underline, lightly, the details of the Marschallin's monologues. She is, however, without the distinctions of personal style, physical allure, or magnetism inherent in the part. New also was the Ochs of Georg Schnapka as replacement for the indisposed James Pease. A plump, vigorous man, Schnapka has the mechanics of the part well in hand, but he is hampered by a short vocal compass—neither deep enough at the bottom, nor free enough at the top—to aim for ultimate objectives. Anne Elgar's excellent, young-sounding Sophie was balanced by Frances Bible's assured Octavian. However, the performance level was determined almost immediately by the anxious, undersized playing of the orchestral prelude. It became, as the evening progressed, less anxious but no less undersized. —Irving Kolodin.

Editorial

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but as a basic right. This right has been re-asserted by the U.S. Supreme Court, but the government of the United States cannot be paying attention, for the Department of State, even now, is seeking authority from Congress to bar any citizen from travel abroad if the Department should judge the effect of his travel to be harmful to United States interests or its foreign policies. How is "harmful" to be defined? Does this mean that severe critics of U.S. policy may not be allowed to travel? The State Department, just by backing such a proposed law, has already harmed the national reputation far more than is within the reach of any individual American who may be at large abroad.

It can hardly be a matter of satisfaction to Americans to know that, at precisely the time their government should be taking leadership in giving the world geographic community the attributes of a human community, it is devising ways of making the world more inaccessible. What ought we to be doing—not just as a gesture to International Tourist Year, but as a matter of basic American policy that is consistent with the American tradition? A striking proposal has come from Harold E. Gray, president of Pan American World Airways. Mr. Gray would not only like to see the United States get rid of its archaic visa requirements; he would like to dispense with passports altogether in favor of a simple international travel identification card. The card would contain a photograph and identifying number. It would be no more complicated than the average credit card. Obviously, the card would be valid only for citizens of those nations which had entered into an agreement to honor it. Why shouldn't the United States take the leadership and initiative in this direction? We might be delighted at the response. In the twentieth century, there are no aliens. There are only governments in varying degrees of being up-to-date. —N.C.

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The Jazz Orchestra

THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA, a new unit headed by ex-Basieite Thad Jones and the former Stan Kenton and Gerry Mulligan sparkplug, Mel Lewis, has pumped much-needed life into the big band field. Not concerned with triggering memories of yesterday, Jones and Lewis leave to others the dissemination of nostalgia and the comfortably familiar. Their orchestra speaks the language of today.

No treacle, flesh, or flash intrudes on the orchestra's presentations. Fancy music stands, well-tailored band uniforms, and the almost inevitable bosomy, low-cut-gowned singer are notable by their absence. Everything is kept quite unpretentious. Listeners are respected and made a part of each performance, but the music remains primary, and within the music lies the image of the orchestra.

Joy, a component strangely missing in much so-called avant-garde jazz, is strongly projected in the orchestra's offerings. The men enjoy themselves, and their collective sound has a buoyancy. Following a recent visit to the orchestra's Monday night home, New York's Village Vanguard, writer Bill Manville noted: "There is no dancing. The music is . . . intricate, tough, advanced, lyric at times, intentionally funny at others, always big and new. Best of all, despite the strength and power, the music takes you along and you find you're sitting there, but dancing anyway."

Vividly alive, The Jazz Orchestra challenges the continuing existence of those who would permanently turn back the clock. Answering the demand of people who yearn for the past, "ghost" bands, flying the banners of Glenn Miller and the Dorseys, travel the country. New leaders have replaced the dead and bask in reflected glory. The old arrangements are the same; only the time and circumstances are different. The young play the music of their parents, a music in which they have no stake or roots; the older generation seeks it out. It used to be the other way around.

TIME is the spoiler. Only band leaders who realize this can provide music of contemporary significance. Old-timers Count Basie, Woody Herman, Harry James, and, particularly, Stan Kenton, though not divorced from their musical beginnings, make sense today, having struck a compromise with time. They have made adaptations to parallel what has grown up around them. Ellington, a law unto himself, always remains a stride ahead of the crowd, opening paths for others to follow.

The Jones-Lewis band "on location" (Village Vanguard)—"a democracy in the true sense."

When The Jazz Orchestra was organized early last year, its direction was clear. It would endeavor to blend contemporary with traditional ideas in the creation of an adventurous yet communicative music. Flexibility and high-level professionalism were sought in prospective sidemen. Each musician had to bring a necessary quality to the unit. In The Jazz Orchestra, as in the Ellington band, every sideman contributes; he plays a specific role. Whether the musician was temperamentally suited to playing with the other members of "the family" also was considered.

What resulted is a democracy in the true sense, an orchestra made up of nine white and nine colored musicians. When one examines the personnel list, a year after the fact, the validity of the organizational procedure becomes apparent; the orchestra has undergone very few personnel changes. Every Monday night at the Vanguard you can hear almost all of the men who were a part of the project at the beginning: Snooky Young, Jimmy Nottingham, Richard Williams, Bill Berry, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Garnet Brown, Tom McIntosh, Cliff Heather, trombones; Jerry Dodgion, Jerome Richardson, Joe Farrell, Eddie Daniels, Pepper Adams, reeds; Richard Davis, bass; Sam Herman, guitar; Roland Hanna, piano; Mel Lewis, drums; and Thad Jones, flugelhorn.

There was little consideration of permanance when the orchestra came together for its first rehearsals last year. The musicians, most of whom are jazz names, derive their primary income from TV, radio, and recording work. They were glad to have an outlet, a workshop where they could be themselves. But what was private soon became public. Several critics insisted that the orchestra be heard. Vanguard owner Max Gordon announced he would provide a showcase for one night. The word spread through the jazz community, and when the members of the orchestra took their places on the Vanguard bandstand for the first set, the club was filled. After two consecutive Monday night engagements, lines extended into the street.

Every Monday, almost without exception, since that memorable opening last February, The Jazz Orchestra has appeared at the Village cellar club, in the process becoming an increasingly important factor on the New York scene.

Recording is an inevitable consequence of furor about an artist or group in the music business. Several companies became interested in the orchestra. Finally, after a few months at the club, and with several festival and concert appearances under its belt, the orchestra went into the recording studio for the first time. Solid State, a subsidiary of

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United Artists Records, had offered Jones and Lewis the only kind of proposition they could accept—maximum freedom in choice and performance of material, excellent reproduction of sound. *Presenting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis and "The Jazz Orchestra"* (SS 18003) contains the first fruits of the alliance.

It becomes almost immediately apparent upon listening to this well-recorded effort that the scores, though impressive in themselves, place a heavy burden of invention on the soloists. Thad Jones, Bob Brookmayer, and Tom McIntosh have created interesting structures, bringing into play a variety of color and instrument combinations, but inspired commentary from the solo corps is crucial to their success. Each arrangement or original composition is a framework for improvisation, extension, and change. Commenting on the nature of the music the orchestra plays, Mel Lewis pointed out: "We never know exactly what direction we will take. There are written parts that remain relatively untouched, but after the first soloist comes in, the heat of improvisation determines our course. 'Head' ideas get rolling in the sections, a series of soloists get going, and before you know it, we've changed the tune around. All we're sure of when we record is that the score will be different from the last time we played it."

The spirit of adventure, which has made the band special from the outset, extended into the recording studio. Some tracks are comparatively brief; others are longer. Length is determined by expressiveness rather than the arbitrary laws of the recording industry. Bob Brookmeyer's "ABC Blues," which best defines the outlines and substance of the orchestra, approaches thirteen minutes in length.

The opus develops from an opening drums-bass cadenza and an edgy, dissonant theme. Solos and changing ensemble textures fall with an increasing sense of inevitability. The consonant and dissonant play against one another, res-

(*Continued on page* 121)

Thad Jones, flugelhorn, with Sam Herman, guitar, and unidentified bass player.

"Muggsy"

MUGGSY died the other day. It was on Lincoln's birthday, and the newspapers said it was "apparently of a heart attack." His wife, Ruth, found him dead in the bedroom of their house in Sausalito, California.

His name was Francis Joseph Spanier, but nobody knew him as anything but Muggsy, or Muggs. He was sixty years old when he turned his face to the wall, and it was hard for all of us who knew him to realize that he was that old; for in all the years in which we had heard him play, he never displayed anything but the determined vigor and the spirited tenacity of a young man who knew enough about the rules to break them.

He blew his cornet with a hard, cutting, sometimes almost ear-splitting tone, making the rhythm section follow him, never letting up in his demands—but never becoming arrogant, never appearing to be more than one of the other members of the many bands he led. There are some personalities in the world of jazz who try to dominate those who play with them. There are others, such as Muggsy, who think the whole business of collective improvisation is more important, and let the music rule them.

Yet, in Muggsy's case, it was always the man over the music. A diffident, self-effacing man off the bandstand, he nevertheless took charge, without seeming to, when he went up on it. He *fondled* his trumpet, but it knew who the boss was. One night in Chicago I ran into Billy Butterfield, one of the great jazz trumpeters still at large. "Let's go over and have a taste," I said. "Let's go over to Jazz Limited," he said. "Muggsy is there." We went over and listened until it was time for Butterfield to get back to his gig. "Gig," as everybody certainly knows, is the jazzman's word for "job." He was quiet. Finally, after about ten minutes, he spoke. "I wouldn't try to cut him," he said.

Muggsy began playing when he was nine, on an instrument his father had bought in a hockshop for $5. He could not read music then. He just began to play and never stopped. Born in Chicago in November 1906, he became one of the legendary figures of the Chicago School, which came into existence when all the New Orleans cats moved up the river and settled there. When he was in his teens he was playing with King Oliver, Sidney Bechet, Jelly Roll Morton,

Muggsy Spanier—"always the man over the music."

Louis Armstrong, Jimmy Noone, and others. He drank a lot, he ran around a lot; but, mostly, he played a lot.

He made recordings with many bands under many different names, none of which his widow can recall today. Some of the bands were those of Sig Meyers, Charlie Straight, Elmer Schoebel, and Ray Miller. He was the lead horn player with The Bucktown Five, and for nearly seven years was with Ted Lewis. All of us who loved jazz always were wondering what this man was doing with that Mickey Mouse organization. Muggsy's explanation, when I asked him that question years later, was: "A gig is a gig."

A man like this, good as he was, does not try to do anything but get the most out of his horn. He does not clown around on the stand, the way Al Hirt does, and he does not try to astonish his audience with pyrotechnics, the way Maynard Ferguson does. He plays a hard, uncompromising horn, leading his band members into postures they at first may think they are unable to achieve. He plays as well as he can, every note of the way.

In Chicago in those unfettered days Muggsy became a favorite of Al Capone, Dion O'Banion, and other gangland men, when they were relaxing after having spent the day sticking up some people and killing others. He was never proud of that. He was a shade resentful of the fact that O'Banion used to put $50 bills into the bell of his horn in order to make

(*Continued on page* 121)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS : JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Gene Ammons: *Boss Soul*. Ammons, tenor saxophone; Patti Bown or Walter Bishop, Jr., piano; George Duvivier or Art Davis, bass; Art Taylor, drums; Ray Barretto, conga. Prestige stereo, PRST 7445, $4.79; mono, PR 7445, $4.79.	It is fortunate that Prestige had a good reserve of recordings with which to keep Ammons's name alive during his enforced absence. Although his big-toned, direct approach seems best suited to swinging excursions at medium tempo, his unsentimental statements on romantic material have a robust charm that more than compensates for any lack of delicacy. The first side, thanks partly to Patti Bown's sympathetic accompaniment, is sharply superior to the second, and its four contrasting performances adequately explain why many rightly consider Ammons underrated. An album formerly known as *Soulful Saxophone*, and consisting of ten numbers originally released on 78s in the late Forties, has been reissued by Cadet as *Gene Ammons Makes It Happen* (783). The overemphasis on ballads and echo does him a disservice here.
Ray Bryant: *Slow Freight*. Bryant, piano; Snooky Young and Art Farmer, trumpet and flugelhorn; Richard Davis, bass; Freddie Waits, drums. Cadet 781, stereo and mono, $4.79.	Bryant uses the two-trumpet formula as on his two previous Cadet sets. At its worst, it is a dire reminder of Tijuana, but on a repetitional train blues like "Slow Freight," it is not at all inappropriate. "Amen" and "The Return of the Prodigal Son" have heavy rhythm patterns of gospel origin, but Bryant's other side is shown in "Ah, the Apple Tree," where his fast, glittering runs recall Art Tatum. A long, unrestricted version of "Satin Doll" (without brass) is even more revelatory of his power and imagination, as it is of Richard Davis's extraordinary talent.
Earl Hines: *Life with Fatha*. Hines, piano; Calvin Newborn, guitar; Carl Pruitt, bass; Bill English, drums. VSP 35, stereo and mono, $2.49.	The eight titles in this set were made in 1960, when Hines came with little acclaim to play at The Embers in New York. He was then, as he has always been, a supremely gifted jazz pianist, and by the time of this record session he had welded the quartet into a smooth unit. Besides such constantly demanded—and constantly varied—favorites as "Rosetta," "Tea for Two," and "Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues," there are original interpretations of "The Song Is Ended" and "The Saints," as well as a moving version of "Willow, Weep for Me." The attractive guitar playing is by pianist Phineas Newborn's brother.
Modern Jazz Quartet: *Blues at Carnegie Hall*. John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraphone; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums. Atlantic 1468, stereo, $5.79; mono, $4.79. The Swingle Singers and The Modern Jazz Quartet: *Encounter*. Philips stereo, 600-225, $4.98; mono, 200-225, $3.98.	Whether it is due to the effect of an appreciative audience, or to the fact that the material is less confining, the character of the MJQ's music on the Atlantic album is looser and more informal than usual. Jackson's vibes sounds as wintry and mournful as ever, but John Lewis, ably assisted by Heath and Kay, is in excellent form. His urging accompaniment and economical solo statements swing propulsively and firmly. With the Swingle Singers on the Philips record, the Quartet investigates four compositions by Lewis, two by Bach, and one by Purcell. Although the results are somewhat predictable, they inevitably suggest the engagement of this combination of talents for the next round of jazz religiosity.
Lee Morgan: *Cornbread*. Morgan, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Blue Note stereo, 84222, $5.79; mono, 4222, $4.79.	*Cornbread* is rather patently an attempt to duplicate the success in 1965 of Morgan's *The Sidewinder*. Its catchy and not-to-monotonous motif is vigorously declaimed with clarion-like quality by the three horns in unison. Hancock rolls very bluesily, and Morgan expresses himself strongly in this and his three other originals. It is McLean, however, who blows with the most communicable conviction, not least in the boppish "Our Man Higgins." The set as a whole is typical of what might by now be called the Blue Note School.
Albert Nicholas: *Albert Nicholas in Milan*. Nicholas, clarinet; Ivaylo Peytchev or Janusz Ciaramella, trumpet; Gianni Acocella, trombone; Bruno Longhi, clarinet; Enrico Gravina or Giorgio Cavedon, piano; Lino Patruno or Carlo Bagnoli, guitar; Alberto Springolo or Gianni Bergonzi, bass; Remi Ettore, drums. Odeon QPX 8097, mono only, $4.79 (obtainable to order through Capitol Imports).	Nicholas, who has lived in Europe since 1953, has been a professional musician for fifty years. Now that Barney Bigard is relatively inactive, he is the best living exponent of the New Orleans clarinet style, which he plays here with fluid phrasing and a mellow tone. The set contains ten familiar numbers from the traditional repertoire ("Wolverine Blues," "Royal Garden Blues," etc.) and it was recorded in Milan early last year. The Italian musicians are competent and enthusiastic, Ciaramella being the more convincing and emotional of the two trumpet players.
Various Artists: *The Art of the Ballad 2*. Benny Carter, Johnny Hodges, Charlie Parker, Lee Konitz, Sonny Stitt, alto saxophone; Buddy DeFranco, clarinet; Stan Getz, Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, Gerry Mulligan, baritone saxophone; each featured individually with accompaniment by rhythm section and strings. VSP 38, stereo and mono, $2.49.	This is less enjoyable than the earlier set of the same name (VSP 17) because of the string accompaniments. Although jazz musicians often profess eagerness to record with them, strings rarely seem to provide them with any inspiration. Loggy playing and unimaginative writing detract from nearly all these performances, although Harry Carney and Ben Webster achieve moments worthy of their reputations on "Frustration" and "Blue Moon," respectively. Benny Carter's masterly treatment of " 'Round Midnight" does, however, make the modestly priced record worth acquiring.
Fats Waller: *Fractious Fingering*. Waller, piano and vocal; Herman Autrey, trumpet; Gene Sedric, clarinet and tenor saxophone; Al Casey, guitar; Charles Turner, bass; Slick Jones or Yank Porter, drums. RCA Victor LPV 537, mono only, $4.79.	"The Curse of an Aching Heart" is a comical but admirable introduction to this, the third set, in Mike Lipskin's systematic survey of RCA Victor's vast Waller resources. There isn't a poor performance here, but "S'posin'," "Nero," and "Swingin' Them Jingle Bells" are outstanding. As before, piano solos are interspersed among the hilarious band sides, and in this case they include the exceptional "My Feelin's Are Hurt" and a previously unissued take of "Gladyse." But Waller impresses almost equally as accompanist and soloist, his piano imparting a tremendous lift to the rhythm section.
The Young-Holt Trio: *Wack Wack*. Don Walker, piano; Eldee Young, bass and cello; Red Holt, drums. Brunswick stereo, 754121, $4.79; mono, 54121, $3.79. Ramsey Lewis: *Goin' Latin*. Lewis, piano; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Maurice White, drums; with strings, brass, and percussion arranged and conducted by Richard Evans. Cadet 790, stereo and mono, $4.79. The Three Sounds: *Vibrations*. Gene Harris, piano and organ; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Kalil Madi, drums. Blue Note stereo, 84248, $5.79; mono, 4248, $4.79.	The area in which such piano groups as these are popular extends, in annotator Leonard Feather's description, "from Funkville to Soultown." The Young-Holt trio is two-thirds of what was formerly Ramsey Lewis's, but although Walker's pianistic approach is of a similar banality, it lacks the Lewis assurance. Lewis, in turn, appears to miss the crisp authority of Young and Holt, and on the Cadet album his trio is unavailingly buttressed by a big band and Richard Evans arrangements. The unity of the Three Sounds has clearly been shaken by the defection of drummer Bill Dowdy, but the debut of Gene Harris as an organist—very well recorded in duets with himself on piano— makes this more interesting than the trio's previous efforts. —STANLEY DANCE.

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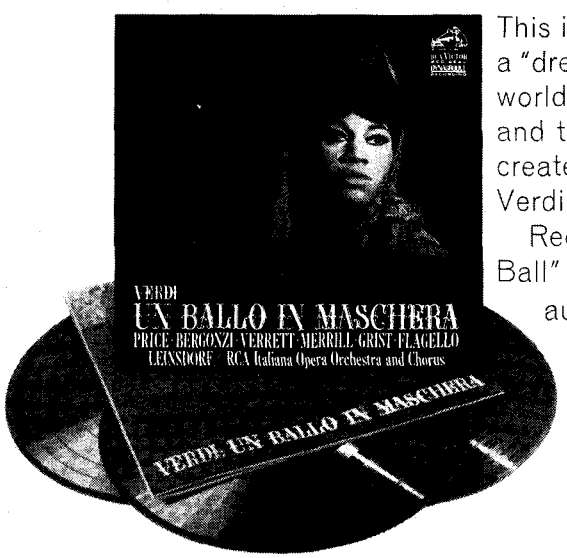
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The Trials of Cecil Taylor

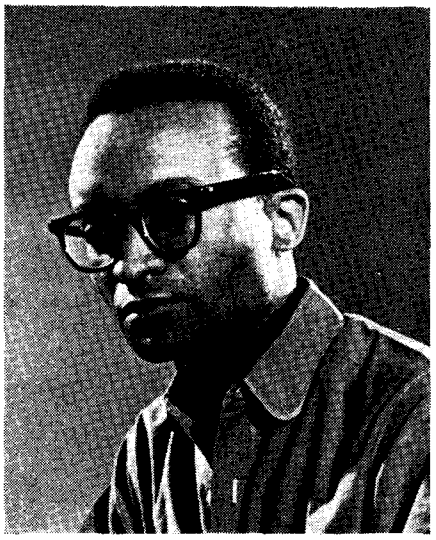
THESE DAYS it might be difficult to find an American intellectual under fifty who does not at least give lip service to the proposition that jazz music is an art. Yet no publication in this country that considers itself highbrow—either among political weeklies or literary quarterlies—gives the music regular "live" coverage. That situation does not hold in England, by the way, for some of the best jazz commentary now appearing is written by Francis Newton for the *New Statesman*; over here one is apt to read more about jazz in one issue of some men's bosom monthly than in several years' issues of the *New Republic*. On the other hand, if you ask an intellectual to name, say, ten publications which he would consider middlebrow, he would surely include *The New Yorker*, *Harper's*, *The New York Times*, and *SR*, all of which give regular coverage to jazz.

In a manner that I trust to make clear in a moment, the foregoing was set in motion by the appearance of the first LP by the avant-garde pianist and composer Cecil Taylor under his new contract with Blue Note records, and also by the appearances of Whitney Balliett's *Such Sweet Thunder* (Bobbs-Merrill), and of A. B. Spellman's *Four Lives in the Bebop Business* (Pantheon).

Balliett's book is his third published collection of jazz reviews and profiles drawn largely from *The New Yorker*; it contains two concert reviews on Cecil Taylor. Indeed, Balliett's first *New Yorker* jazz piece (in 1957, and later collected by Dutton in *The Sound of Surprise*) was on Cecil Taylor. Taylor's work has also been covered and praised in *SR* and covered, if not always praised, by John S. Wilson in *The New York Times*.

Spellman's *Four Lives* includes Cecil Taylor, along with Ornette Coleman, Herbie Nichols, and Jackie McLean, and his book offers some of the most remarkable and penetrating biographical writing ever done about jazz musicians. The author maintains an unflinching fidelity to his subjects, including his subjects' ideas of themselves.

Whatever may have been written about him, Cecil Taylor has an avid following. He has not acquired a large audience or large success, and that is a subject on which Taylor has much to say in Spellman's book. But the arrival of his first Blue Note LP may remind one of the experience of organist Jimmy



—*Al Birney.*

Cecil Taylor—"exceptional player and musical thinker."

Smith, whom I discussed in this space recently. Jimmy Smith made one relatively unheralded LP for the same company and woke up not long thereafter to find the world beating a path to his keyboard with the price of admission in its hand. Here is Taylor's Blue Note release, *Unit Structures* (Blue Note 4237), made under his first contract with an established company, and one cannot help wondering what the public response will be. In any case, here is the response of one who has long attended, often admired, and on occasion been much moved by Taylor's music.

Cecil Taylor is the first jazz musician to make sustained, serious, and direct use of his knowledge of the most advanced European composers of this century. Taylor knows those composers first hand, whereas in the past, most jazz musicians have gotten their Ravel, say, from David Raksin and Pete Rugolo. But the result is not a tricky *pastiche* of Stravinsky, Bartók, Schoenberg, Ellington, and Monk; nor is it an interesting hybrid (a description of thinly disguised contempt, in any case). Taylor's music is his own, but if one has to categorize, jazz is his category.

Unit Structures offers four pieces, three of which are performed by a septet; the fourth is a Taylor piano solo. With the large ensemble, Taylor is everywhere. His commanding keyboard energy seems to instigate every note, bring forth every sound, bolster every idea, begin every wave of emotion that courses through the ensemble. The result is both an astonishing musical feat and a perfect plan for the kind of semi-composed, semi-improvised music that Taylor has to offer.

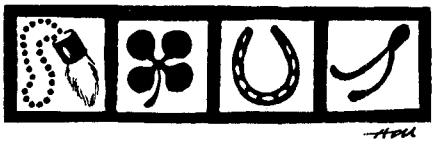
But after several hearings my feeling is that on at least two of the pieces, "Steps" and the three part "Unit Structure," I have been listening to a passionate demonstration rather than a finished work. I except "Enter, Evening" and "Tales." The former is a lyric piece and the latter is the Taylor solo, remarkable both for its variety and its ultimate unity. But if I am justified in my estimates of "Steps" and "Unit Structure," I think it is possibly because of the breakneck tempos both pieces employ. Taylor, an exceptional player and musical thinker, performing and directing his own music, can sustain twenty minutes at a mad dash, but his sidemen understandably may fall into banalities; it is very difficult to think that fast for that long, and perhaps it is a mistake (albeit a bold mistake) to ask most sidemen to try.

Taylor, incidentally, provides his own program notes on the back liner. He writes a kind of quasi-poetry, and, although I do think I understand him, I question whether one art (or quasi-art, if you will) provides the best commentary on another.

I will take the occasion to add that Taylor's best LPs are his *Looking Ahead* on Contemporary 7562 and his half of *Into the Hot* on Impulse A-9; anyone interested in what is going on in the new jazz will find essential music on those two Cecil Taylor LPs.

To return to Balliett for a moment, one might say on the face of it that a man would be entitled to the position of critic if he has shown that he can write a respectable essay on the work of a major musician. It is appalling how few jazz writers have performed that task, indeed, have even undertaken it. Balliett has not only undertaken the task but has succeeded in a highly individual way, sometimes using little more than a record or concert review as his point of departure. And I can recommend his remarkable description of Cecil Taylor at the keyboard, which begins on page 235 of *Such Sweet Thunder*, as essential reading for anyone who has never seen Taylor in person.

A final note: Capitol has reissued its two-record set by guitarist Django Reinhardt as a pair of single LPs. Volume II (T 10458), which includes a remarkable recording date by Reinhardt with three Ellington sidemen, is particularly recommended. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.



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"Muggsy"

Continued from page 117

him play old Irish songs. "I liked the bread," he said to me once, "but the bills never took the place of a mute."

The booze and the hard life finally put him on his back for a time. He went into the Touro, an infirmary in New Orleans, where they attended to a perforated ulcer and an abdominal obstruction. While he was there, the doctors discovered that he also had lobar pneumonia. Dr. Alton Ochsner was his physician and saw that he got back to health. Music still was very much on Muggsy's mind. He wrote a song, "Relaxin' at the Touro," which became his theme when he returned to action. Everybody had counted him out, but he was back stronger than ever. Stronger and dryer, for he gave up alcohol once and for all.

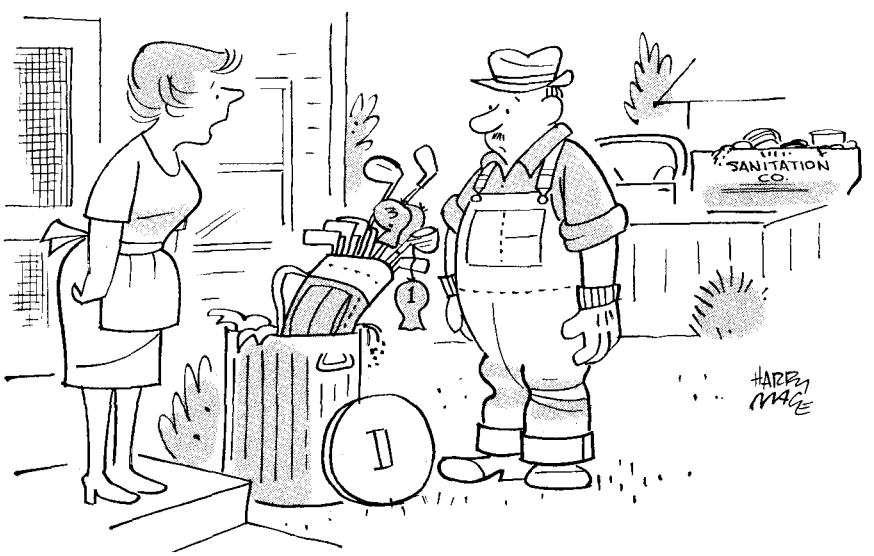
THERE were some Bluebird label records after that, made with a band composed of Muggsy, George Brunis (trombone), Rod Cless (clarinet), George Zack (piano), Bob Casey (bass), and various drummers from time to time. They were superb recordings, and somehow the small group sounded much larger than it was. This was mainly due to Muggsy's power. He was at the Touro beginning in 1938, and those sides were done in 1939. In 1941 he formed a big band, but it was not commercially successful. Those of us who heard it always felt that he was uncomfortable with it. Ironically enough, after having made his small band sound like a big one, he and his men tried to make the big band sound like a small one.

In 1964 he turned up at the Newport Jazz Festival, but shortly after that he became stricken with a heart ailment and retired from his lifelong calling. When in retirement, he devoted his time to teaching a youngster occasionally and sitting around listening to records. To one promising young man he gave one of his horns. He and his wife, the former Ruth O'Connell, were just about to celebrate their seventeenth wedding anniversary when he died.

HE had survived a good deal, and the lines on his face looked as though they had been cut there by thugs' knives. Yet he remained a gentle, kindly man, caring for his beagles and tenderly holding a marriage together. "He was a wonderful husband," his wife told me two days after he died. "He was a jazz musician all the way, but he was not in the seventeen years we were married anything but a gentleman . . . considerate, moderate in his habits, courteous, and just, well, *gentlemanly*."

No one who knew Francis Joseph Spanier had aught but respect for him. The public thinks of jazz musicians as men who carouse all the time, getting drunk and staying up late, coming down from the stand to dance with stray girls, generally behaving in the manner of those young girls who have come from England to lay waste the musical landscape. Muggsy was no mug. He always was neat in dress, polite as he could be, and self-contained. He was as decent a man as ever I have met. He kicked the booze and never was on drugs, but he was not self-righteous about those two accomplishments. I do not know what the priest said about him when he was put to rest in Chicago. I do know that he should have said what Ruth Spanier said to me:

"Gabriel, move over. There's another horn here." —RICHARD GEHMAN.



"The usual. Haul them away today, bring them back for the week-end."

Jazz Orchestra

Continued from page 117

olution following surprise. Both the diverse coloration and inherent flexibility of the material motivate the soloists to play out their emotions, sometimes moving them beyond the restraints of chords. An air of freedom permeates this lunging performance.

Brookmeyer updated the blues, making the form more telling in today's terms. He was helped considerably, however, by his own extemporaneous solo commentary and that of Thad Jones, tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell, alto saxophonist Jerry Dodgion, pianist Hank Jones, bassist Richard Davis, and drummer Lewis.

For all the orchestra's use of varying orchestral nuance and coloration, it is not beyond reaping the rewards of utter simplicity. Two Thad Jones compositions in this collection, "Mean What You Say" and "Don't Ever Leave Me," illustrate the unit's lyric side. Both are extremely melodic excursions, in which the contours of the melodic line are constantly in view and nourish the soloists. Again, improvisation fills out the picture and enhances its impact.

The success of this recording and the orchestra it serves to introduce to the public is a matter of many things. But at the center of it all are the players, who bring a community of expression to each of the orchestra's efforts.

Whether performing together, soloing, or engaging in conversation with one another, the rhythm men acquit themselves particularly well. They form a stable basis on which the orchestra can build. Bassist Davis and drummer-leader Lewis are standouts. Davis, a technical wizard, is only beginning to fulfill himself. Lewis, the mature veteran, surely is one of the few drummers who knows the secrets of big band playing.

Skimming the rest of the orchestra, we must note the work of baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams, an extremely rhythmic and inventive player; tenor saxophonist Eddie Daniels, a newcomer in the Rollins-Coltrane tradition; tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell, another emerging modernist. Bob Brookmeyer is certainly a key soloist, as is Thad Jones, who plays in a particularly incisive, pithy manner.

All the players contribute to the quality of the orchestra. In direct contrast to what has become increasingly common in jazz today, the orchestra indicates that all need not be turbulent, and, in so doing, fills a void. As one rather surprised jazz fan noted when recently leaving the Vanguard: "The music is modern and melodic; I didn't think the two went together."

—BURT KORALL.

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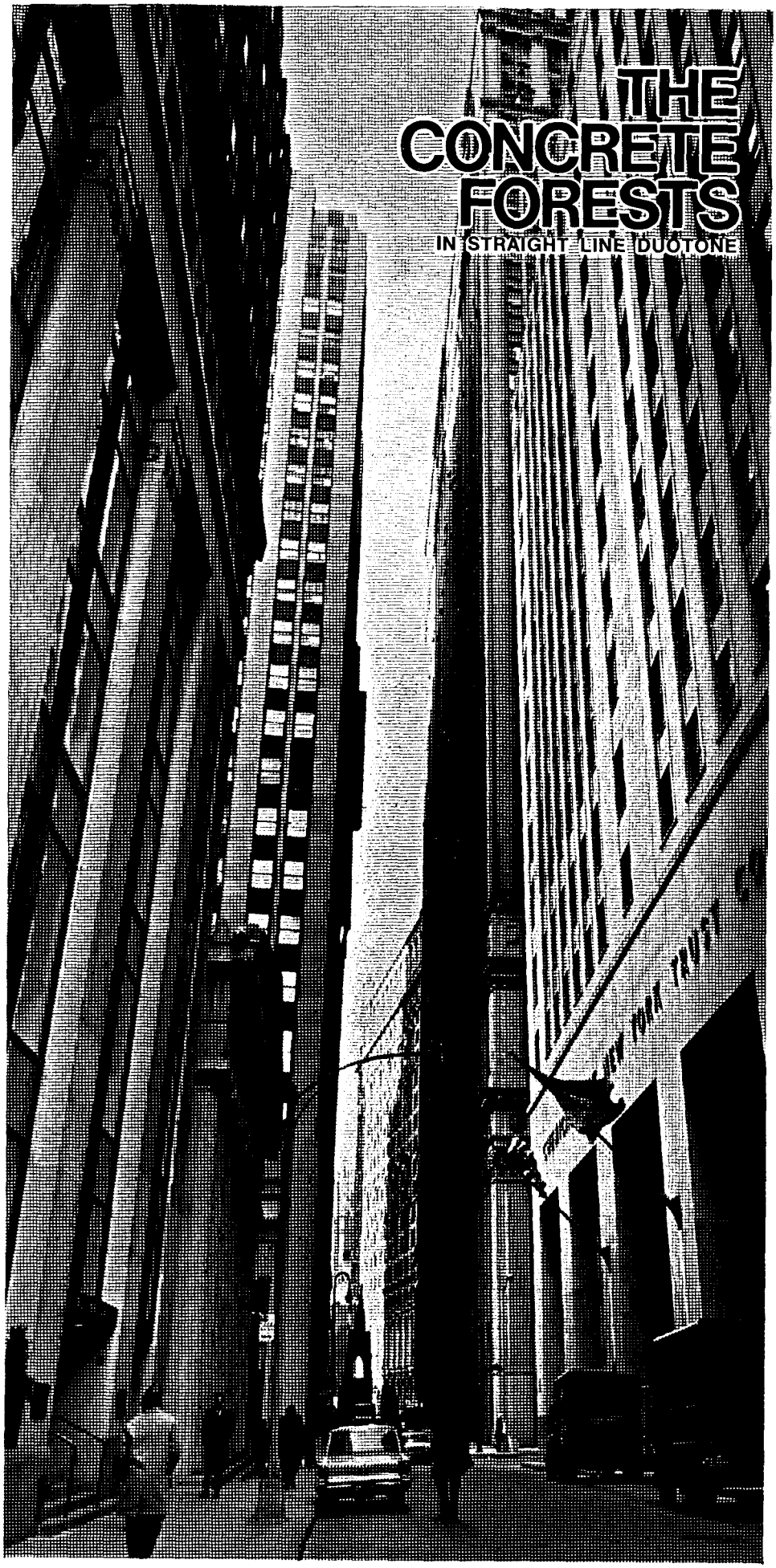

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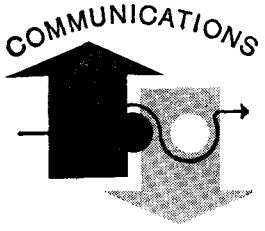

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The Winter of Discontent

A RECENT ISSUE of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* reports from Bonn that the West German newspaper industry is, like its English-speaking cousins in Great Britain and America, in trouble, deep trouble. A very large number of small newspapers in West Germany are, according to the *Guardian*'s Bonn correspondent, in danger of actually going out of business. Many of them have been fighting off closure by syndication groupings, mutual aid in editorial and advertising procedures, and pooling of foreign correspondents, something most European newspapers have always shied away from. Two newspapers, *Der Kurier* in West Berlin and the Hamburg *Abendecho*, recently ceased publication, and Axel Springer, the German press baron, recently forecast that the day is not far off when German cities as large as half a million will be unable to support more than one newspaper.

In Great Britain, where cities the size of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham can support but one evening paper, this is by no means a new story. The British press has been having a thin time of it ever since the post-war surge in union demands and other rising costs. In both Great Britain and West Germany, press proprietors have been up in arms for years at the loss to radio and television stations of precious advertising revenues once solely theirs. In West Germany, where an economic recession has taken further toll of the newspapers' main source of income, many press lords are so hard up that they can scarcely afford to re-equip in the conventional manner, let alone install the marvelous labor-saving devices and inventions that have marked printing's technical explosion in the 1960s—advances that would help right the ship and keep it afloat.

In the United States, a recent American Newspaper Publishers Association survey shows that for the first time more than 1,000 daily newspapers are selling for 10 cents per copy. The actual number of dailies selling at 10 cents is 1,212, an increase of 261 over the number a year ago; only one U.S. newspaper sold for 10 cents at the end of World War II. Moreover, eight out of 10 Americans say in another survey that they would be willing to pay 15 cents for their daily newspaper, which is, as *Editor & Publisher* points out, "a sign of acceptability, a certificate of necessity, and a testimonial to performance." Yet, while it may be a demonstration of the basic appeal and strength of the American newspaper, it is also a sobering change in the philosophy of the daily press, once built on the premise that mass circulation at a penny or two per copy was essential to American democracy. This mass communication function has now largely been taken over by radio and television, especially radio in a transistor age. Ten years ago, a Gallup poll asked the question: "Would you be willing to get a daily newspaper if the price went up to 15 cents?"—and only 45 per cent answered yes. In December of 1966 the response was close to 80 per cent affirmative, a far cry from the penny press principle.

This is, then, a winter of deep discontent within the newspaper business on both sides of the Atlantic. As we have said before in these columns, we believe the time will come when the newspaper will be very much like the

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local electric light and power company or the local telephone company or the local gas works. One to each average town is essential but more than one is not only uneconomic but impractical in the long run. With the New York papers assaulted as they apparently will be this spring by new demands of the Newspaper Guild and other craft unions for a four-day week, it does not seem likely that the newspaper business as we have known it in our lifetime will ever be the same again, and will, indeed, be lucky to maintain itself even at its present shaky level.

The above intelligence has appeared within the past few weeks at the same time that all manner of new electronic devices have been announced for the printing market—production aids sure to reduce the cost of printing something on a sheet of paper. Harris-Intertype Corporation has just announced a photographic typesetter which uses a cathode ray tube and micro-electronic circuitry to produce up to 1,000 type characters per second. The first production unit is scheduled for delivery to one of the South's largest printing firms in mid-'67 and will produce "instant pages" for such frequently revised publications as telephone directories, magazines, and newspapers. This Harris-Intertype ultrahigh-speed unit is built around a cathode ray tube on which type characters to be photographed are flashed in somewhat the same manner as pictures appear on a television tube. Input and printout operations are then put under computer control, and the company claims that its device generates type characters of "graphic arts quality" even at top speed. Since the price of one of these units is around a quarter of a million dollars not every printing shop and newspaper in the country can place an order tomorrow, but if the claims are justified this does mean one more giant step toward a totally automated press and, perhaps, some lessening of the economic pressures killing newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic in these hard times.

In the long run, anything that helps produce a newspaper through mechanical rather than human efforts means a better chance of survival for the press, cold-blooded as this sounds. There will always be reporters to collect the news and there will always be editors to judge, correct, and illustrate it. These all-too-human occupations can never be replaced because they require fresh judgment with each issue, and creative judgment and reporting of the news from original sources are things the computer is and always will be incapable of through its very nature. Meanwhile, though, it will take a hardy species of newsprint to survive, here or abroad. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

It Happens Every Spring

R. L. T.'s RECENT comments on baseball rules and the changes they have undergone over the years [COMMUNICATIONS EDITORIAL, Feb. 11] were read with much interest. I believe the sacrifice fly rule was invoked to reward the batter who was skillful enough to get the ball out of the infield in a crucial situation. By the time it was revoked, such skill had long gone and the long fly was obviously a short home run gone wrong.

I would suggest as a possible amendment to the current code that a foul third strike be put in the "out" category, whether caught or not. Think of how much this would shorten the average game, as well as lengthen the active life of the average pitcher. If it's good enough for softball, why not for hardball?

IRVING KOLODIN.

New York, N.Y.

R. L. T.'s ANIMADVERSIONS on baseball were of great interest to me. Not because I sided with him right down the line. But when so august and highfalutin' a publication as *SR* discusses baseball it deserves a thorough hearing.

First, about the concern re bases on balls ordered by the manager. The official records now make provision for intentional passes. Too bad that they are left out of career records.

The Baseball Rule Book is not changed "forever," as R. L. T. puts it. Action on the code comes ever so seldom. I had a lot to do with the rule which forces a pitcher to go at least five innings to be eligible for credit for a victory. This appeared to be the only solution for a messy situation in which hurlers could receive victory credit if they were injured or became ill before the five innings were completed. Managers were in the habit of favoring pitchers with phony certifications of injury. Koufax never beefed about the rules. He knew that those things even themselves out.

As for the suggestion that the official scorer be permitted to go into such things as team errors for mental lapses, please leave us not throw the game into a situation in which a scorer might find himself in too deep a quandary mentally.

On the whole, the Rules Committee's action for 1967 rates from fair to middling. For one thing in particular it deserves great praise: It did not yield to the holler guys who want the spitter restored to legality.

DAN DANIEL.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Another Part of the Forest

I AM SURE that it seemed very appropriate in New York to put the heading "Ally of the Right to Know" over the letter from David Tennant Bryan, chairman and publisher of the *Times-Dispatch* and *News-Leader* in Richmond [*SR*, Feb. 11]. I can only say that here in Virginia this brings a laugh, rather a hollow one to be sure.

Last November there assembled in Richmond, under the title of "People, Religion, and a Changing Virginia," the first interfaith conference held in the state. I say the first because for the first time Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish leaders gave their sponsorship and took part personally in such an affair; well over a thousand people took part, coming from all over the state, from laymen to half a dozen bishops, by far the largest such gathering ever to be held in Virginia; racially the group was thoroughly integrated, in itself a notable achievement. (In the elevator of the John Marshall Hotel a not-very-sympathetic guest commented that a former owner of the hotel would turn over in his grave if he could see what was happening.)

Agree or not with our purposes, I cannot see how any objective observer could say that this event was not newsworthy, or that the newspaper-reading public should be kept in ignorance of what went on there for three days. Yet the news columns of the *News-Leader* were absolutely closed to the slightest bit of information. (The *Times-Dispatch* did carry some stories on inside pages.) TV thought enough of it to carry nightly stories at some length. And after it was all over, the *News-Leader* did come forth with an editorial. That it was contemptuous of our efforts was its right, and was to be expected. That it offered a few lines from each of two speeches, taken out of context, without having given its readers any chance to form their own intelligent opinions or to appraise the editorial impartially, is not at all consistent with the idea of a responsible free press its publisher so piously espouses.

DAVID H. SCULL,
Immediate Past President.
The Virginia Council on
Human Relations.

Richmond, Va.

IN THE COURSE of some less than complimentary observations on America's press, your letter contributor, Peter Pollak [*SR*, Feb. 11], compares attitudes toward reporters on the part of President Lyndon Johnson and Premier Fidel Castro. His remarks bring to mind the recent survey undertaken by the University of Missouri's Freedom of Information Center. The United States, according to its findings, ranks sixth among the world's nations in the relative independence of its reporting.

Upon coming across the results of the Missouri study, as conveyed by the press services at the beginning of 1967, my initial reaction was one of discouragement and regret. Further examination, though, soon aroused a certain skepticism. For, occupying third place in the standings was none

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other than Finland. Admirable as that small country is in so many ways, it does function under a geographical disadvantage. Through no choice of its own, it adjoins the Soviet Union. Newspaper comment on its mighty neighbor must, consequently, be highly circumspect. A Finn genuinely interested in developments taking place within Russia would hardly place his sole, or even major, reliance upon local publications.

The question, then, with regard to the University of Missouri's survey is precisely which factors most influenced its final results. Press freedom is more than a nation's inclination and ability to criticize its own government—pertinent, as well, is the fairest and most objective account of events and trends beyond its own borders.

Had that aspect been accorded greater consideration, perhaps our American press would have landed a bit higher than sixth position in the final tabulation. May it not be that our newspapers are held in less high esteem than the facts—all of them—warrant?

THOMAS C. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Career Film Available

BECAUSE OF Sigma Delta Chi's expanding efforts to interest young people in journalism as a career, we were particularly interested in *SR*'s two recent articles about the journalism talent shortage: "Please Don't Steal My Reporters," by Frank B. Gilbreth [*SR*, Oct. 8, 1966], and "Where Are Tomorrow's Journalists?" by Alfred Balk [*SR*, Jan. 8, 1966].

Apropos of that, your readers may be interested to know that the careers film which Mr. Balk mentioned as then in production has been released. Eutitled *"That the People Shall Know"—the Challenge of Journalism* (twenty-one minutes, 16 mm, black and white, sound), it is narrated by Walter Cronkite and features six prominent young journalists: Tom Wicker, Washington bureau chief of *The New York Times;* William Normyle, space technology editor of *Aviation Week & Space Technology;* Eddie Barker, director of news and special events for station KRLD-TV, Dallas; Karl Fleming, Los Angeles bureau chief of *Newsweek;* Garrett Ray, editor and publisher of the suburban Littleton, Colo., *Independent* and the Arapahoe *Herald;* and Lois Wille, Pulitzer Prize-winning social problems reporter of the Chicago *Daily News.* They describe their work; the opportunities, excitement, and challenges of journalism; and offer advice on career preparation.

The film already is off to a fast start. The Knight Foundation, for example, has placed an order for fifty prints (prints may be purchased for $50 each from SDX Headquarters, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 60601) to be made available by representatives of the Knight Newspapers in regions they serve. Some 400 requests have been received for free-loan showing to school audiences through the Modern Talking Picture Service (1212 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10036).

Representatives of all journalistic media participated in the film's production, and we believe that if broadcasters, editors, and publishers join in efforts to assure that the movie is made available to journalism educators and students throughout the country it can make a major contribution to interesting young people in the many career opportunities journalism offers.

RUSSELL E. HURST,
Executive Officer,
Sigma Delta Chi.
Chicago, Ill.

Maintenance PR

I AM DELIGHTED with L. L. L. Golden's column, "No More Starched Collars" [*SR*, Feb. 11]. As Mr. Golden so aptly puts it, "In some banks, the public relations function is relegated to a role not far above that of the maintenance divisions."

May I add a postscript to the article by noting that a decade ago New York Mutual Savings Banks pretty much ignored the public relations bit, largely because it wasn't necessary to do otherwise? In recent years, however, as fierce competition for the savings dollar has developed, the "Mutuals" have awakened.

This came about much in the same way as the "Chase" discovered that a warm public relations approach meant profitable banking. In my shop, accumulated barnacles of the years have been slowly and surely scraped away.

FREDERICK KELLERMAN.
Irvington, N.J.

Neglected WFLD

I WAS DISMAYED—and, of course, disappointed—that Jim Harden failed to note the exciting contributions of WFLD, the Field Communications Corporation's new UHF station in Chicago, and its Emmy-winning *Newscope*, in his article, "The TV News Explosion" [*SR*, Feb. 11].

Surely Mr. Harden is aware of David Brinkley's recent prediction about the future of television news: "In place of the star system we will, or ought to . . . report news the way newspapers report it—having different men or many different men, each working on one kind of news or one story, and then having them all report on the air whatever they have learned."

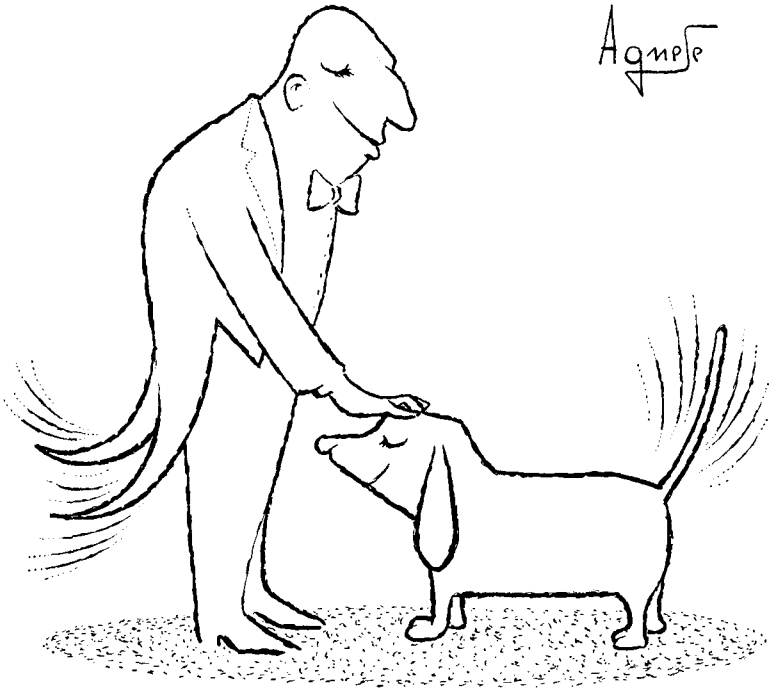
WFLD has been doing precisely that—and more—since going on the air in January 1966. Our gratifying "marriage" with the two Field newspapers, the *Daily News* and *Sun-Times* [see "UHF Breakthrough in Chicago?" *SR*, Aug. 13, 1966], has enabled us to present more than 175 newspaper reporters and editors on the scene of stories or from the newspapers' city rooms (via Vidicon cameras), in every field from hard news, science, and sports, to finance, politics, education, and the arts. This kind of authenticity and expertise helped us win a [local] Emmy (" . . . for a new dimension to TV news coverage . . . ") after only four months on the air.

Our coverage of Chicago's recent record-breaking Big Snow was a striking example of our own news explosion. For twelve consecutive hours on the storm's first day we offered nothing but news about the storm (its crises, dilemmas, problems) and other local, national, and international events. In all, more than sixty newspaper reporters and editors took part in *Newscope's* coverage.

Further, we initiated a notable television innovation by the dynamic use of WA9RTP, the Field Amateur Radio Club ham station, whose headquarters are on the *Newscope* studio set. Throughout the Big Snow weekend, club members joined us by relaying spot news and weather information from 100 ham radio operators in the storm-crippled area. As Paul Molloy, the *Sun-Times* television critic put it: "Channel 32, WFLD, a newcomer, handled itself like an old warhorse. . . . It pre-empted its regular schedule and gave full meaning to the 'electronic journalism' phrase."

Explosion? We're popping all the time!

HERMAN KOGAN,
Assistant General Manager,
News and Newspapers,
WFLD.
Chicago, Ill.



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What Happens to J-School Graduates

By JOHN TEBBEL

AS THE SHORTAGE of qualified personnel increases in the news business, sharp words are flying again over what the nation's journalism schools are or are not doing about it. Some of the same publishers who were saying twenty years ago that the schools were doing too much and weren't really needed anyway are now complaining that the educators aren't doing enough.

One of the most often heard specific complaints is that journalism graduates do not become working journalists, that they are lured away by the admittedly higher salaries of public relations and advertising. Without denying that its graduates do, indeed, serve the other media, and with distinction, the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia last month issued an impressive denial of this charge.

Compiling a new alumni directory, the school discovered that of the somewhat more than 3,000 men and women who have passed through its doors since 1912, a high proportion are still engaged in active journalism, judging by the nearly 2,000 graduates who filed job information for the new directory. More than half—1,013—are working journalists. The newspapers and wire services employ 712 of them, 202 others are on magazines, and ninety-nine are in radio and television. Dean Edward W. Barrett points with justifiable pride to the fact that among these people are ten Pulitzer Prize-winners, thirty-three newspaper publishers, and twelve magazine publishers.

Columbia has also contributed substantially to education, with 152 of its graduates presently on the faculties and staffs of colleges and universities in the United States and abroad, including 144 journalism teachers and sixteen heads of journalism schools or departments. As for allied occupations, only a comparatively small number of graduates have been led into these related fields: forty-one in public relations agencies, thirty-seven in advertising agencies, and 126 in corporate public relations, advertising, and industrial communications.

While there has always been some reluctance on the part of Columbia graduates to leave New York City, the center of the communications industry, the record shows that the school has sent a substantial number of people to newspapers in other parts of the country. There are, for example, fifteen on the Baltimore Sunpapers, eleven at the Knight Newspapers, eight at the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, fourteen on the Minneapolis *Star-Tribune*, twenty at the Providence *Journal-Bulletin*, and twenty-three at the Washington *Post*.

In New York, *The New York Times* is by far the largest employer of Columbia graduates, with eighty-seven, but the *Wall Street Journal* has nineteen, and the news magazines also list a fair number—thirty-six at Time, Inc., sixteen at *Newsweek*—and the three major networks are also well represented, with thirty-four at NBC, nineteen at CBS, and eighteen at ABC. The news services are also high on the list of employers—forty-three at the Associated Press, twenty at UPI.

Names of the famous and near-famous are sprinkled liberally through the list of Columbia graduates (its class roles have always read like a Who's Who in Journalism). But other schools and departments in the nation have also contributed their share of big names, and when one adds the distinguished graduates of such schools as Missouri, Northwestern, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois, Utah, Stanford, the University of Southern California, and New York University (naming only a few) to the Columbia roster, the full impact of more than sixty years of journalism education in America becomes plain. It would, of course, be possible to compile an equally impressive list of non-J school graduates in the media, but, more and more, the schools' products have come to dominate practicing journalism and will no doubt continue to do so as long as there are professional training courses to turn them out.

The experience of other schools bears out Columbia's contention that most graduates stay with the media. For example, a recent compilation of employment records of students in Michigan's "limited graduate program for special students" between 1947 and 1966 showed that out of thirty-nine graduates, twenty-one are in news jobs in the media, six are in education, five are in public relations, and five others in advertising. One girl has retired into marriage, and one graduate has died. Somewhat the same ratio would appear in any list of degree holders from other institutions.

There is little basis, then, to fear that journalism graduates are not going to enter the profession for which they are primarily trained. The task is still to attract enough talented recruits, and to that end the schools and the newspaper business itself are making a determined effort these days, with good if sporadic results. The demand, however, still exceeds the supply.

Newspapers feel the shortage most, magazines somewhat less. Book publishing, which has never been related to J-school training, is just beginning to feel the pinch. Like newspapers in happier days, publishing houses have always had an overabundance of candidates for jobs, but now *their* personnel directors, too, are faced with growing shortages, some more acute than others. This situation is complicated by low industry scales; the book business has never had to contend seriously with unions except in its manufacturing operations. Recently the American Book Publishers' Council organized an ad hoc committee to attack the personnel training problem, but the book industry traditionally has had difficulty in confronting its problems and particularly in acting collectively. Like the newspaper publishers before them, the book entrepreneurs will no doubt do what inevitably must be done only when a sterner necessity compels it.

THE job squeeze is not peculiarly American. In Western Europe, a shortage of trained people exists on newspapers, for reasons which are quite similar, but the plight of newspapers in Western Europe and the United Kingdom is, in some respects, worse than that of newspapers in the United States. European and United Kingdom newspapers have not enjoyed a steady build-up of supply from journalism schools, and now that competing media and competing salaries have caught up with them, they must make an extra effort

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to catch up with the world. They are doing it, too.

European journalism educators also have been more severely handicapped by the academic snobbery which in this country has made unloved stepchildren of so many schools and departments, because they are dealing with a far more rigid system of education, solidly embedded in medieval traditions. In this country, the state universities have departed farthest from those traditions, which may account for the fact that they have, in general, the strongest journalism schools, while Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, founded in the Old World tradition, have none at all. Columbia's, it will be remembered, is the result of an academic accident. The impulse for its founding came from Joseph Pulitzer and not the university. President Nicholas Murray Butler's distaste for it and its potential benefactor was so strong that the actual founding had to wait from 1904, when Pulitzer first proposed it, until after the publisher died in 1911, leaving a specific bequest. The ancient established universities of Europe and England have yielded hardly at all in their belief that the second oldest profession is little better than the oldest. In England, the new red-brick technological universities have shown some interest in journalism education, but their enthusiasm is not overwhelming.

Moreover, the proponents of journalism education over there must contend with an attitude among publishers which has virtually disappeared in America, namely, that journalism can be learned only on the job. Europeans listen with polite disbelief or suppressed disapproval to an American's statement that most J-school graduates in this country don't start as copyboys or apprentices but go to work at once as reporters or copyeditors, even on the best papers. It has been a task to get the European and English publishers to accept any kind of journalism education at all, and consequently the programs which exist are almost entirely professional, unabashedly vocational. In some countries, it is not possible to take such training until a student has earned a baccalaureate degree in political science or some related field. Others prescribe a mixture of liberal arts and professional work, on the American plan, while still others take students directly from the secondary level and give them what amounts to a college course in professional journalism, with little or no liberal arts ornamentation.

The moving force behind journalism education both in England and on the Continent are the editorial trade unions, with the financial aid of government in some countries. These professionals share the publishers' belief to some extent that on-the-job training is best, so their programs often involve apprenticeship training, of a much more extensive character than internship practice in the United States. These trade unionists aim not so much at recruiting as toward improving the standards of those already in the business. In England, for example, there is far more emphasis on seminars and short courses for young men and women in the field who want to know more and do better. By this means the union educators hope to upgrade the quality of the newspapers themselves.

While journalism education is not yet a recruiting operation, by and large, across the Atlantic, it will be in time unless the steady loss of newspapers and the growth of monopoly reduces the rapidly increasing deficit of qualified new people. As it is, the body of bright young creative intellectuals from whom the publishers have always drawn has shown an increasing tendency to look for opportunity elsewhere, especially in television.

In England, journalism training is centered in the National Council for the Training of Journalists, directed by John Dodge, an amiable, energetic ex-newspaperman. Set up fourteen years ago, the Council represents proprietors, editors, and unions, as well as educators. Most of the money to finance it comes from the Fleet Street publishers, who insist that in return they do no training themselves but continue to recruit from the provincial papers, which get the training programs.

Two things make the British system unique. First, it is a national scheme which covers all the provincial papers and must be operated in all offices. Second, only trainees already employed as journalists can take part in it. It is a system based on the complete integration of work and training—"practical relevance," as they call it.

Nevertheless, the Council has had to work out with editors a system of recruitment, and the decision about who is to be trained closely parallels the selection process in a good American graduate journalism school. About 500 reporters, one in four of them girls, are taken on as trainees every year by British provincial papers, and it is these people who are given the training. Their apprenticeship-study program ends with a professional examination.

Aware now of a need for recruitment as well as training, the Council is just beginning what it calls pre-apprenticeship training. This is a full year's program, with each student sponsored by an individual paper which pays him half salary and takes him on as a full-time apprentice at the end of the year if he passes his examination.

The Council has other new projects in mind. One would provide "crash" courses in practical journalism for university graduates who come into the business. Another would extend the training scheme to cover magazine journalists. There is also talk of establishing a school of communications at one of the new red-bricks, but no substantial progress has been made because no one is sure who would pay for it and there is no consensus about what such a school could or should do.

In France, journalism education flourishes at five different centers, much more oriented toward established academic institutions, although professionals have a hand in them. In Belgium there are four journalism institutes, three of them university connected. In the Scandinavian countries, Finland has had journalism training since 1925; Denmark, Norway, and Sweden train in special schools independent of the universities but cooperating with them to some extent. The training is heavily professional. The Dutch started their first nationwide program last fall, when the National School of Journalism began operations at Utrecht, jointly financed by the trade unions and the government. It emphasizes the professional side, but general education is provided, too.

West Germany's journalism education is a combination of apprenticeships, vocational training in school, and preparatory academic work. Austria, after a good many false starts, began in the spring of 1966 its Seminar for Junior Journalists, modeled on the American idea. Like the Germans, the Austrians regard journalism education as a science.

Training in Italy has tended strongly toward communications methodology and research, but the Italian Parliament recently passed a law making it compulsory for anyone who wants to work as a

(*Continued on page* 133)

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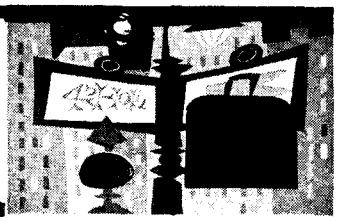
Madison Avenue



The World of the Mini

IF ANYONE questions whether Americans are faddists, witness how many businessmen and journalists have jumped on the word *mini*. Almost daily, it seems, there is a proliferation of the word in marketing terminology in packages, products, promotional terms, names, and references by companies.

It is journalistic coverage, though, which has really made it take hold. This is not surprising to anybody in the field of communications who is paid to popularize words, products, and ideas. But the mini concept today is in the public domain. And it is the journalists who have converted it into a cliché.

The Washington Bureau of the Chicago *Daily News*, for example, reports that Congress is being asked to create four mini-vacations (three day weekends) a year by shifting the dates for observing national holidays. *Newsweek* views children's programing on TV as a mini-wasteland. *Parade*, the Sunday supplement, one week presented a batch of Mini-Quips. A few weeks later, the same publication's food recipe page featured raisin mini-muffins. The highly-respected *Home Furnishings Daily* devoted a two-page spread to mini-merchandising. And a Chicago rock'n'roll radio station, WCFL, has played "mini-tunes"—part of songs. And so the mini craze goes. When or where it will stop depends on its exposure.

It is no secret that the impetus behind the massive mini-movement was created by the mini-skirt's introduction to fashion circles in the United States a few years ago. What is surprising is that the influence of the word *mini* on vocabularies of so many communicators took so long in this country. The whole concept of miniaturization has been going on for some time, especially in the hearing aid industry, aerospace technology, and miniature circuitry for TV sets and transistor radios.

According to a recent article in *The New York Times*, the mini-style is showing signs of lessening in England, the mini-skirt's mother country. But the phrase is gaining momentum in this country, appealing to more and more businesses for which it was not intended.

Consider the imposing array of products—some new, many old—bearing the word *mini* or using it for description today. For example, there's a thermo jug, marketed by Alladin Industries, that's described as almost a mini-ice box. Panasonic's new lineup of home entertainment products this year includes a Mini-Console—a radio-stereo phonograph unit which is a foot deep and less than a foot high. There are a large number of mini-branded products in the appliance and houseware industries.

Seagram Distillers Company, one of the marketing divisions of giant Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, began marketing a Mini-Pak earlier this winter. The package consists of miniature bottles of Seagram liquor brands (each containing one-tenth of a pint). These are the same bottles given to first-class passengers, or purchased, on airline flights. They are illegal for sale in thirty-nine states. Despite this somewhat limited distribution, Seagram decided to go the mini-route (my own coined phrase) because of its sampling advantages. Once a customer has been exposed to a brand through a miniature, there's always the possibility that he or she can be converted into a customer for a larger size.

BUT there are many mini-products. Mini-cameras have appeared on retail counters. The Minox Camera, an import from West Germany, has been sold for some time in this country with good success. Mini-bicycles also have been on the market. And in the world of apparel makers, the follow-the-leader philosophy of some marketers has resulted in mini-purses, mini-blouses, mini-pants, and a mini-Shet (a new type of sweater imported from France; Shet is short for Shetland). There's even a pacer, called Mini-Boy, who has been trotting around the harness race track circuit. Mini-Boy recently returned $19.40 for every bettor who plunked down $2 for the horse to win. Mini-Boy's record: He's finished in the money one out of three starts so far. Not bad for a trend.

Whatever the product, every marketer who has adapted the mini concept is looking for increased sales. There is a concept of borrowed interest in fads, whether it's a mini-product, hula hoop, or a Batman.

Timing, naturally, is important in borrowing a concept for a specific product. "If you get on the cycle early enough, you have a chance to capitalize," says Paul Brickman, vice president of Fuller & Smith & Ross. "But sometimes it's hard to determine whether the fad or term you've picked up is going up or is on the downslide. This, of course, is based on how many firms have jumped on the bandwagon already. And the degree of exposure it's had."

Putting a halo like mini on a product may or may not give it an advantage, though it's worth a try in today's competitive marketplace. In many product categories, there is little if any differentiation. Consumers are increasingly becoming aware of this. According to David Hardin, president of Market Facts, one of the nation's best marketing research firms, there are no brand new products, only adaptations of existing ones. This puts even heavier emphasis on advertising and marketing hooks which attract and beguile the consumer.

Getting the shopper's attention is difficult. The average consumer is bombarded daily with 1,600 advertising messages, a figure which may rise to 2,000 at the beginning of the next decade. Recall will be more of a problem unless there is something about a product or the advertising message that clicks.

THE awesome losses on new products and ideas is another reason why a borrowed term might help a certain product. According to Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, American companies invested $6.1 billion on developing new products last year. Seventy per cent of this sum, or $4.2 billion, was wasted on ideas that did not develop or on products that failed, says BBDO's marketing department.

How long the mini concept will last is hard to determine. But if it does as well as the business generated by the Batman and 007 labels on products, it will be a huge success. Almost 1,000 products with the Batman name were on the market last year, reports the Licensing Corporation of America, which holds the licensing rights to Batman as well as 007. Through the end of 1966, products identified with the Batman name accounted for an estimated $150 million in sales. Products bearing the 007 tag have done better: $100 million alone in 1966 sales—almost twice as much volume as in the previous year. Licensing Corporation believes that 007 endorsed products have a good chance to stay on the market for another decade.

What will be the next fad to which manufacturers will orient their selling needs? Watch media every day for the introduction of a new style, toy, or concept that looks like the brainchild of some clever word merchant. Circle it and send it to your boss and tell him to watch it closely. The absurd phrase may become part of his next marketing program.

—GEORGE LAZARUS.

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Book Collecting, Anyone?

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

IN JUNE 1962, DeCoursey Fales, chairman emeritus of the board of the Bank for Savings in New York City, took his fifty-nine-foot staysail schooner *Nina* from Newport to Hamilton in the annual Bermuda run of 635 miles. There were 131 starters, and *Nina* carried the day. This was the first time in thirty-two years that a schooner had won the event. It was also the first time ever that any entry had been commanded by a seventy-four-year-old skipper.

DeCoursey Fales died in New York last June, a few days after his seventy-eighth birthday, close to the fourth anniversary of his supreme maritime moment. But it is not as a navigator that he will primarily be remembered. There are several facets to his immortality, chief of which is the book collection he gave to New York University in 1959. It would be more accurate to say "started to give"; he continued giving books to NYU up to his death, and by the terms of his will his gifts will continue to accumulate. NYU authorities recently estimated that the Fales Library contains more than 50,000 books and more than 12,000 letters and manuscripts. The library is a memorial to the donor's father, Haliburton Fales (1849-1929), who fostered the son's interest in books.

Book collecting today is becoming more and more a public utility. Great assemblages of books—and assemblages of great books—will continue to gravitate to the auction room, but equally great and even greater collections have gone, are going, or will go to college and university libraries. Who are the collectors of these books? An impressive number of them are, or were, businessmen of stature (and, obviously, of some means), like DeCoursey Fales, each of whom had or has many interests in life. Consider three such noted collectors: Fales, Waller Barrett, and I. Robert Kriendler.

DeCoursey Fales was born in Saranac Lake Village June 1, 1888. He entered Harvard in 1907, the same year in which Bliss Perry, already editor of *Atlantic Monthly*, became a member of the Harvard English Department. For young Fales, this was an epochal conjunction. He had been an omnivorous reader since childhood; Bliss Perry channeled his interest toward the author—as Emerson said, "there must be a man behind the book." Fales also graduated from Columbia University Law School, served as communications officer aboard the U.S. cruiser *Seattle* during World War I, and later became commodore of the New York Yacht Club and served as chairman of the advisory committee on sailing at the United States Naval Academy. In 1911 he joined the Bank for Savings, the oldest savings bank in the state, and he successively was president, chairman, and chairman emeritus; then, after the bank's merger in 1963 with the New York Savings Bank, a trustee and member of the executive committee of the merged institution, the New York Bank for Savings. During DeCoursey Fales's administration the bank, under whatever designation, became on various occasions an exhibition hall, an auditorium, and a museum.

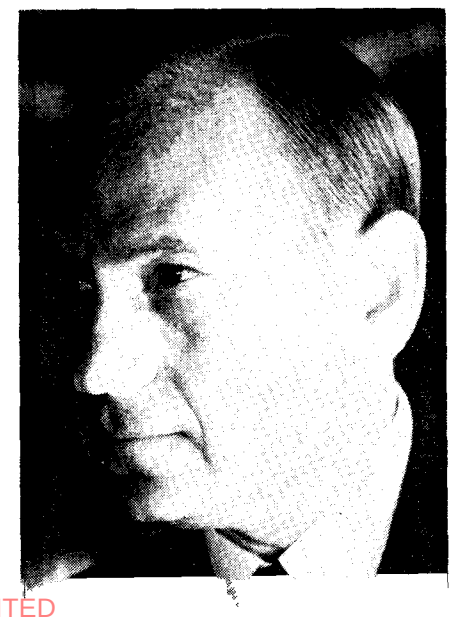
There were no book shows, but of books unshown there was a continuing abundance. The Commodore was supplied by dealers all over the world. New York dealers delivered their wares to the bank by hand, out-of-towners by mail. At the close of the day's business the Commodore would fill his attaché case with the day's catch and carry it off to his country home in Garfield, New Jersey. Often the attaché case was not big enough, and in such crises the Commodore would not disdain to tote his haul in a stout paper shopping bag. Fortifying himself with a preprandial dry martini, he would settle down for a final gloat over his treasures before returning them to New York next morning for delivery to NYU, or sometimes to Manhattan College. The New York Public Library and the Pierpont Morgan Library were also beneficiaries of his largess.

The Fales collection's forte is the novel in English—from, say, the middle of the eighteenth century, or from Samuel Richardson's *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded* of 1740 and Henry Fielding's antiphonal *History of Joseph Andrews and His Friend Mr. Abraham Adams* of 1742. But the Commodore's bookish interests extended far and wide. "A Partial List of British Authors" in the Fales collection released at the dedication in 1959 ran to 158 names, and "A Partial List of American Authors" to 182; included in these two lists were such memorable non-novelists as Algernon Charles Swinburne, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Emily Dickinson, and Van Wyck Brooks. If the Commodore wanted

DeCoursey Fales — He bought what he wanted.

(Above) Clifton Waller Barrett—discriminating collector

(Below) Robert Kriendler —collects author-gourmets.



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something he bought it, and damn the torpedoes.

Our second collector, Clifton Waller Barrett, when awarded the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters by Brown University President Barnaby C. Keeney at the 1966 commencement, was commended in these terms: "With good sense rarely shown in business circles and even more rarely in other fields, you retired while still young enough to devote yourself to your discriminating collecting and your scholarly work." Waller Barrett retired in 1954 at the age of fifty-four, and since then he has been a full-time—or rather an overtime—book collector.

BORN in Alexandria, Virginia, on June 1, 1901, he enrolled at the University of Virginia in 1917. In 1918 he attended the Plattsburg, New York, Student Army Training Camp and became a sergeant. In his nonmilitary activities at the university he derived most pleasure from sitting at the feet of a youthful member of the English Department named James Southall Wilson, who was a ranking authority on a college dropout named Edgar Allan Poe (another sergeant). In 1920 Waller Barrett entered the New York office of the Munson Steamship Lines, later becoming assistant to the vice president, and in 1932 he left Munson to establish the North Atlantic and Gulf Steamship Company. By the time he retired, the line, which had started with one vessel, was operating sixty-six ships.

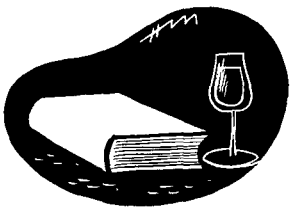
I first met Mr. Barrett at a luncheon some twenty years ago when he was still actively in shipping. I asked him, ineptly, if he had a good grasp of Spanish. He made the conventional answer required in the circumstances—he could order a meal, praise or damn the weather. After several minutes he devoted solely to his plate, he then turned to me and added: "I have read *Don Quixote* twice in the original."

I have since learned that Waller Barrett has in his home, which is close to the University of Virginia campus, a circular library of 10,000 *reading* books including Spanish, French, and Italian texts (Dante, for example). His command of those languages is sufficient to enable him to confine himself to the native tongue when he visits Madrid, Paris, or Florence (in which, after the recent flood, he has performed yeoman service in on-the-spot administrative work and fund-raising for salvage and restoration).

The Clifton Waller Barrett Library—the big one, which now belongs to the Alderman Library at the University of Virginia—had its rather casual inception about 1939. Not much progress had been made when Pearl Harbor put a temporary halt to bibliophily. With the restoration (for a while, anyway) of peace, the Barrett collection grew apace. Today it numbers some 300,000 units—books, pamphlets, broadsides, autograph letters, complete or fragmentary book manuscripts, and possibly half a dozen other categories (but there are no locks of poets' hair). The collection includes the works of some 1,200 American writers from 1775 to 1875.

Of these, perhaps 500 are present in depth (original editions, later editions with new material, original English editions, translations, biographies, critical studies, bibliographies, concordances if any); of the remaining 700 or so authors, collateral material is not included. Belles-lettres are strongly stressed, but a belles-lettres author's non-belles-lettres material is included; thus, Richard Henry Dana, Jr.'s *Seaman's Friend*, a sort of do-it-yourself manual for merchant sailors, is present, as well as his *Two Years Before the Mast*. Historical works are included if they are also generally recognized as literary classics (Parkman's *California and Oregon Trail* and Prescott's *Conquests*).

The comprehensiveness of the Barrett collection can be more conveniently—and perhaps even more dramatically—measured by identifying one or two titles it does *not* have than by listing a cluster of its superlative treasures. One lacking unit is the twenty-nine-year-old Emerson's letter of 1832 to the Second (Unitarian) Church of Boston in which he resigned his charge and declared his spiritual independence. This communication was such a momentous statement of principles that it was immediately put into print, not only as a paper broadside but also on silk. It is an exceptional rarity. So is Hawthorne's *Time's Portraiture* (1838), an even broader broadside (no silk this time) on which appears the text of a carrier's address sponsored by the Salem *Gazette*, to the composition of which the struggling author was happy to turn his hand. Three-quarters of a century later Waller Barrett was delighted to distribute copies of the carrier's address put out by the Alexandria, Virginia, *Gazette* and to accept therefor from a dime to a dollar a piece. There are no copies of these in the Barrett collection, either.



Our third collector, I. Robert Kriendler, is a licensed victualer whose products are celebrated and consumed not only in his native city of New York but wherever American Airlines jets cleave the skies. He is president of the "21" Club, so called because it is located at 21 West 52nd Street, New York, where it occupies three imposing brownstone-front residences of an earlier day. Bob Kriendler is a graduate of Rutgers University. In his senior year (1935-36), he took a course in the contemporary novel which was presided over by Professor William Hayes Fogg Lamont.

FROM Rutgers the newly-minted Bachelor of Arts went straight to the "21" Club, which his brother Jack, his senior by sixteen years, was operating. There he has been ensconced since, except for World War II service in the U.S. Marine Corps in the Pacific, where he was wounded and received several decorations. Brother Jack knew all about Brother Bob's course in the contemporary novel. The restaurant had long been famous for the size and distinction of its literary clientele. Wouldn't it be a good idea if young Bob acquired (by purchase, that is) books by these author-gourmets and had the books inscribed?

Ernest Hemingway was the first prospect, and he came through handsomely. Then one day he brought along John Steinbeck as his luncheon guest. Young Bob, forewarned of this happy pairing, armed himself with a copy of the just-published *The Grapes of Wrath* and asked Steinbeck if he would sign it. Steinbeck demurred grumpily; he had come to eat, not to work.

"Oh, go ahead, John," urged Hemingway.

"Well, what'll I say?"

"Just say 'Scatologically yours.'"

The eventual inscription read: "For Robert Kriendler, scatalogically John Steinbeck 1939" (no *yours*). Twenty-seven years and a dozen Steinbeck books later the author inscribed a copy of his *America and Americans* to a middle-aged Robert Kriendler. This is the most recent addition to the Kriendler collec-

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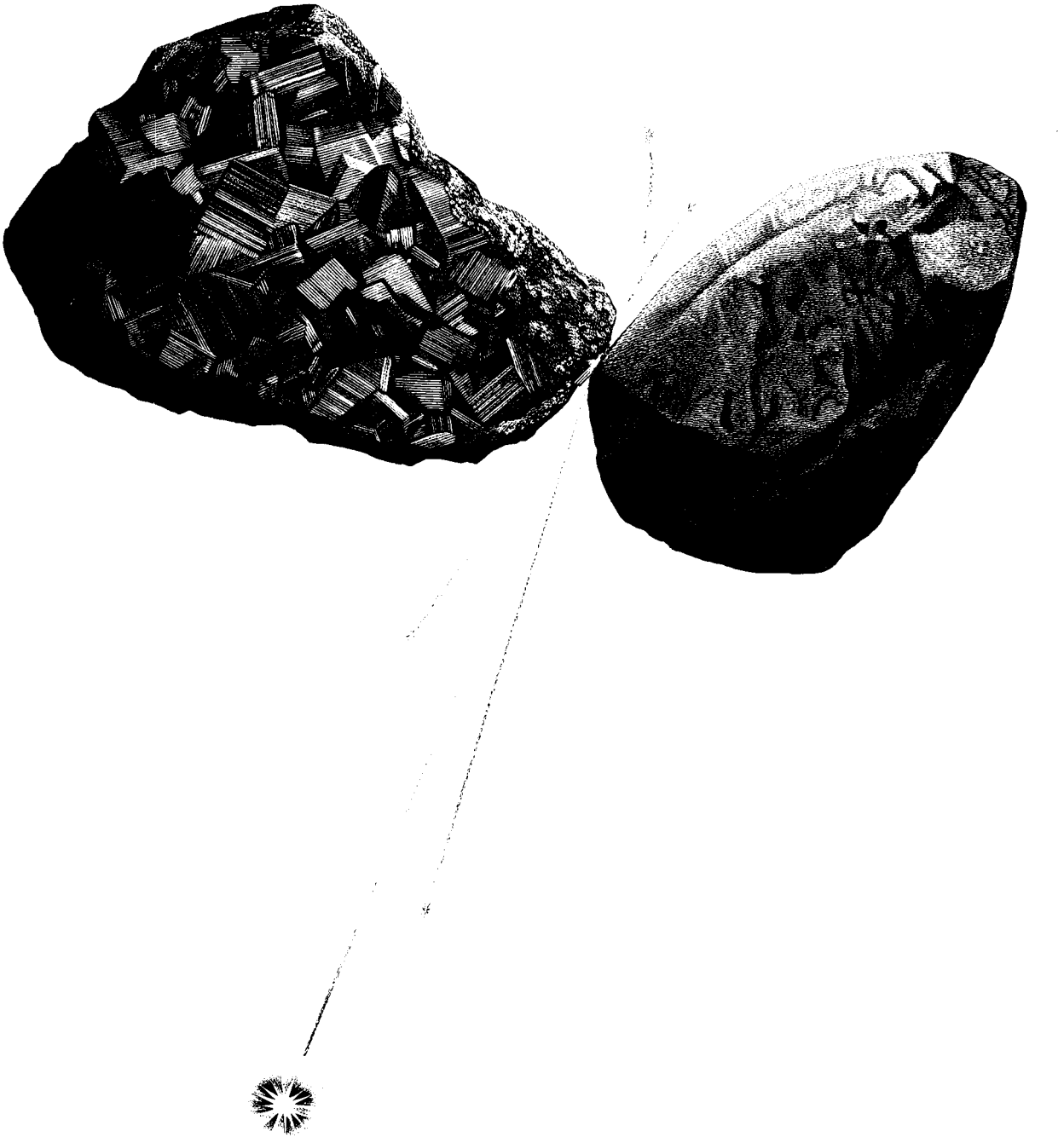

First a spark, then a flame

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tion of contemporary authors, largely American.

Actually, there are *two* Kriendler collections of contemporary, largely American, authors. Bob Kriendler had an inspiration: He would assemble one collection for Rutgers and one for himself. Each collection is today some 600 titles strong, and among the 200 or so authors represented, in addition to Hemingway and Steinbeck, are Sinclair Lewis, H. G. Wells, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, John O'Hara, Lillian Hellman, Louis Bromfield, James Michener, Robert Benchley, Ben Hecht, Moss Hart, George Kaufman, Bennett Cerf, Kathleen Winsor, Clare Boothe Luce, Leon Uris, and John Hersey.

Rutgers has a special collection of 2,000 cookery books, more than a tenth of which are *ex dono* Robert Kriendler, and he serves, of course, as expert consultant to the whole collection. He was the moving spirit behind the acquisition, from a fund provided by the class of 1936, of the lecture notes of Lewis Caleb Beck (1798-1853), who took all science for his province and taught at Rutgers during much of the period from 1830 to 1853.

Obviously, Bob Kriendler is a friend indeed of the Rutgers University Library. And for the past twenty-five years he has been, officially, president of the Associated Friends of the Library of Rutgers University. (Rutgers made him a Doctor of Humane Letters in 1961.) There will eventually be eight Rutgers library units scattered all over New Jersey; one, the Library of Science and Medicine, will be open twenty-four hours a day.

How does one become a book collector?

The usual way, whether one is wealthy—like these three men—or of more ordinary means, is by acquiring two or more books that relate to one another. And the logical source of supply, again regardless of one's means, is the antiquarian bookseller.

There are heavy concentrations of antiquarian bookshops, naturally, in such centers as New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, but the profession is far from being exclusively a big-city operation. Leaf through any issue of the weekly *Antiquarian Bookman* (Box 100, Newark, New Jersey), where the nation's booksellers list their wants, and you will find addresses in Fryeburg, Maine; Suncook, New Hampshire; Rotterdam Junction, New York; Orlando, Florida; Hattiesburg, Mississippi; Alton, Illinois; Salem, Oregon; and dozens of other places. (A complete list of such dealers who are members of the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America—whose roster now numbers some 250—is available from ABAA headquarters in New York's Rockefeller Center: the Concourse Shop 2, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020; also available free is ABAA's Publication No. 5, "an effort to give the layman an idea of what constitutes a rare book, how values are established, what you can do for yourself to find out if the book has a possible value.")

As for selecting a subject area in which to concentrate, literature in English is an obvious and praiseworthy collecting field. So is Americana, particularly regional Americana, from one's own hometown to his home state or geographical region. Or the Americana pie can be sliced chronologically and topically (the beginnings of the labor movement, or the rise and fall of Populism) or biographically (the career of Thomas Alva Edison or of Susan B. Anthony). Science and technology, of course, also have come strongly into their own, and interest in these fields is being splendidly supported by comprehensive bibliographical research.

So choose your own University of Virginia, or NYU, or Rutgers, and remember that no longer is it necessary to die for dear old Rutgers—just give her a buck or a book or, preferably, both.

John T. Winterich, an *SR* contributing editor, is well known to readers of the Literary I.Q. puzzles, which he co-authors (see page 35). He also is a specialist in autograph and book-collecting.

Journalism

Continued from page 127

professional journalist to pass a proficiency test, and it is believed this is going to lead to some curriculum changes. Spain has the problem of journalism education neatly organized. No one can get a job on a newspaper unless he has been to the School of Journalism, which is operated by the government as a part of the Ministry of Information. The School itself is professionally oriented. In Yugoslavia, on the other hand, the only institute for journalistic training at the university level, in Ljubljana, places most emphasis on communicology.

There is, in brief, a steady expansion of education for journalism everywhere in the world, since Africa, Asia, South America, and the Middle East are also involved with the subject in a wide variety of ways. Always, however, the push comes from governments and from those who work in the media: The peculiar myopia of the academic world in many places still stands as a barrier to proper education for the communications media—which are playing so decisive a role in shaping the world we live in.

What happens to journalism school graduates is no longer just a matter of jobs. It is a question of leadership in a profession which has a growing and incalculable power for good or evil.

"He has laryngitis. Let's call for a voice vote."

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Larry Burrows (*Life*): *Vietnam*—a Marine Company under fire near Hill 484 during North Vietnam's infiltration of the demilitarized zone.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE FRONT LINE

"THE JUDGES labored long and diligently to compare race riots with auto smash-ups, football action with foxhunts, and bikinis with beatniks," was one on-the-spot observer's summation of the judging of the 24th Annual Pictures of the Year Competition. And the observation might have enumerated further: LSD, lasers, killer whales, Soupy Sales, canyon sunsets, chemical fallout, mid-air collisions, tornadoes, truants, and pintsized poster girls—in fact, any camera subject that may be seen on news pages any day of the week.

The scene of this mass "trooping the color and the black-and-white" was the University of Missouri campus; the sponsoring organizations were the university's School of Journalism, the National Press Photographers Association, and World Book Encyclopedia Science Service, Inc.; some 8,100 entries representing the work of 615 of the nation's camera reporters vied for awards in the competition's twenty-five specified categories.

Up to this point, everything would seem to have followed the familiar pattern of previous years' contests—everything, that is, except the number of categories. This time judges and sponsors decided that an additional classification was in order for the extensive field photojournalism emanating from the combat zone of Vietnam.

The first-place award in this category was a posthumous one. Charles Chellappah, a part-time Associated Press photographer based in Kuala Lumpur, was killed in action while accompanying U.S. infantry patrols just four days after he had taken his prizewinning combat picture. Another AP staff cameraman, Ed Adams, who has a two-year Vietnam assignment to his credit, was represented among the winners with coverage recorded in the midst of enemy fire. In addition, his picture story covering the Vietcong attack on the American perimeter at Plei Me earned him the competition's Award of Special Recognition.

Vietnam surfaced as a subject in other categories, too — preeminently in the magazine division of news documentary and picture story, and in the prize portfolio which netted the Magazine Photographer of the Year title. One photographer came through with top honors in all: *Life*'s Larry Burrows, already a two-time recipient of the Robert Capa Award "for superlative photography requiring exceptional courage and enterprise." In both individual entries and portfolio submissions these were qualities which consistently stamped Burrows's camerawork and that of his colleagues on assignment in Vietnam.

Whether documenting the air war from a cockpit or reporting Marine casualties in the "demilitarized" buffer zone, news cameras continue in the best of the Mathew Brady tradition. Such pictures as these made in the frontline of combat reveal field photojournalism itself as one of the real newsmakers of the year. —MARGARET R. WEISS.

Photos from 24th Annual Pictures of the Year Competition.

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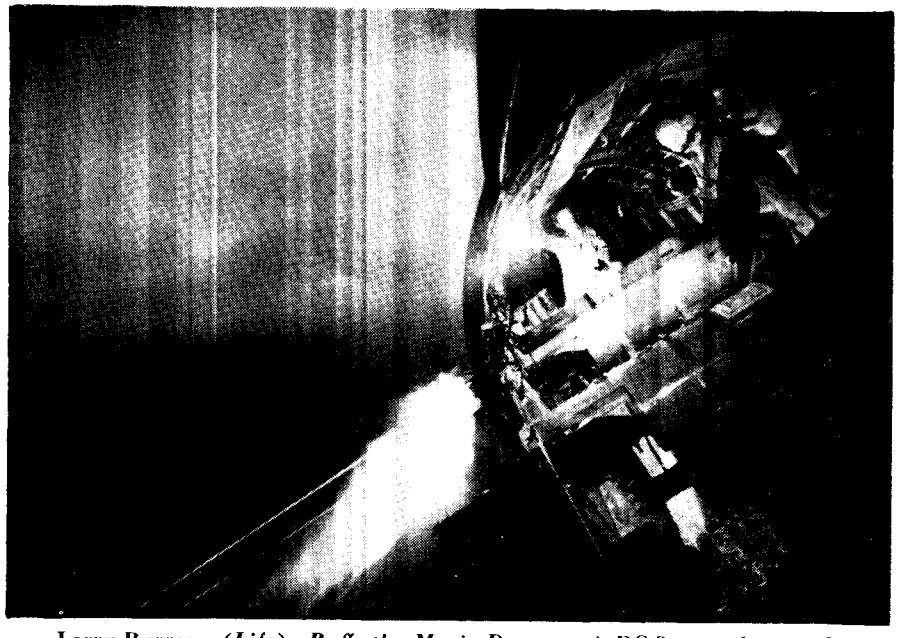
Charles Chellappah (*AP*): *GI Hit by Vietcong Sniper Fire*—The soldier drops an ammo box as bullet strikes him. (Chellappah was killed in action four days later.)

Larry Burrows (*Life*): *Help for a Wounded Marine, South of the Demilitarized Zone*—from the picture portfolio which brought Burrows the Magazine Photographer of the Year title.



Larry Burrows (*Life*): *Puff, the Magic Dragon*—A DC-3 turned man-of-war with Gatling guns circles Vietcong position. (With half of the plane's door removed, the photographer lashed himself to the plane, and his camera to the doorframe, to capture this view for his air-war coverage.)

Ed Adams (*AP*): (left) *Getting Out*—a First Cavalry platoon under attack by Vietcong mortars; (right) *Preparing to Return Fire*—part of a picture story on the fighting at Plei Me.

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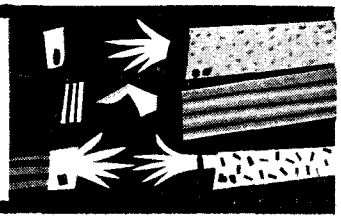
Public Relations



The Challenge to Urban Universities

THE URBANIZATION of the nation has brought new and complex problems to the universities with which few have been able to cope effectively. With 70 per cent of the population in nonrural areas, and with the rush to the cities growing, the impact on college administrations has been serious, and the failure to meet this change has brought major difficulties which are only the beginning.

Few universities can now escape the population shift. What used to be a source of worry for only the city colleges is now the concern of all. Harvard, Princeton, Stanford, Cornell—their difficulties are not very different basically from those of a Columbia, a University of Chicago, a New York University. None can escape the changing nature of American cities with their overcrowding, slums, crime, racial and economic ghettos, extreme poverty, air pollution, traffic congestion.

Much as the universities would like to go on their way, calm islands in seas of turmoil, they cannot. Whether they wish it or not, they are deeply involved in the enormous issues with which the cities must deal if they are to avoid being overwhelmed. The education of their own students cannot be carried on outside the context within which they exist.

True, the universities have always had to educate their students for the world in which they are to live. They have always had to recognize that they have neighbors who are not enamored of the college or its students. In fact, at the beginning of the thirteenth century the first university of record came into being as a result of friction between the students, their masters, and the people of Paris. It was only after a series of tavern brawls, when the townsmen beat up the young boys and their schoolmasters, that Philip Augustus intervened, granted a charter to the University of Paris, and so provided royal protection.

But today's problems are more than a new aspect of this ancient town-gown struggle. They are more than community-relations difficulties which can be dealt with by a bright member of the public relations department who has been assigned to deal with the relationships between the university and the city in which it is located. The changed environment in which the university must seek acceptance raises questions which are fundamental to the university's management.

What can the universities offer to ease the tensions which beset the cities? What can the colleges do to serve the people in their immediate areas and in the city as a whole? What can they do to show that the ills that afflict the cities are their concerns, too?

Today the urban university has found that with the increasing enrollment it must expand the physical facilities. What reasons are there for the surrounding communities to aid the universities in their expansion which may lead to the relocation of whole neighborhoods? What have the urban universities done which would make local political leaders take their side against those who are easily able to arouse opposition to the academic institutions? The fact that the universities are valuable in themselves is not enough for the man or woman who is forced to relocate in a strange community just to make way for the expansion of an institution with which he has no rapport.

A number of universities have made a good deal of headway in this difficult field of community adjustment and community service. One of them is St. Louis University, which has not waited for the community to come to the university but has reached out to serve the whole metropolitan area, whether by easing tensions in the inner city or by bringing the benefits of good music and art to the people. In urban renewal, it has done a remarkable job. Certainly its twenty-two-and-a-half acre renewal of midtown St. Louis, where 2,500 residents were successfully relocated without serious criticism so that the university could expand, is evidence of community acceptance based on good performance. The Very Rev. Paul C. Reinert, S.J., who has been president of the university for some nineteen years, has done an exceptional job of integrating the university with the entire city.

To Father Reinert, "urban universities must become the intellectual citadels, the 'experiment stations' of this urban age, and provide new and better ways of meeting urban life and its challenges—just as the land-grant movement provided these services to an agricultural America of another time. Despite their contributions to science and technology—to national defense—and despite the larger and larger role they are coming to play in American higher education, our urban universities will not have truly come of age until they accept full responsibility for leadership in a renewed and revitalized urban America.

"THE fact is that, as unappealing as some of us may find it, nothing in urban life is outside the purview of the modern urban university. Our cities are our last frontiers; what happens in them in the next five—ten—twenty—years, will in great measure determine what happens to our nation, and, yes, to the whole free world in our fight for survival, for leadership. If we permit our cities to deteriorate, to decay; if we permit pockets of poverty and discontent to swell and grow; if we continue to ignore basic human rights and dignities; if we do nothing about the factors which breed vice and delinquency; if we turn away from the problem of the unskilled and the unemployed; if we feel that a few dollars for bread, beans, and steel beams are all we need to contribute, then we might as well surrender today. For our society, our way of life, cannot endure as we know it on the teetering foundation of smouldering trouble in our urban communities."

Father Reinert is not alone in these views. Others with similar responsibilities hold the same beliefs. But there are a large number of presidents of urban universities, including many prestigious ones, who are only slowly awakening to the fact that times and conditions have changed. Unless they change with them, they may find that they are in more serious trouble than now, and that great and old reputations are not enough to meet the difficulties that are engulfing the sick cities and, with them, their universities.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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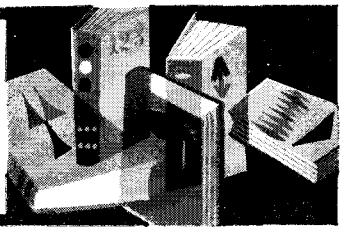
Books in Communications



Libel Bible

THERE long has been a need for a clear, comprehensive, up-to-date guide to libel law, and now Robert H. Phelps, news editor of the Washington Bureau of *The New York Times,* and E. Douglas Hamilton, a New York attorney, have collaborated to produce one. Indeed, their book, *Libel: Rights, Risks, Responsibilities* (Macmillan, $7.95), is more than a guide; it is an anecdotal survey of some of the most interesting and prominent libel cases in recent U.S. history—the Wally Butts-*Saturday Evening Post* case, Reynolds vs. Pegler, General Walker vs. AP, and others.

The authors give ample emphasis to certain negative aspects—the broad prohibitions in libel law that every member of the press must know. These are, perhaps, best summed up in the New York Penal Law's definition of libel, which the writers cite as fairly typical: "A malicious publication, by writing, printing, picture, effigy, sign, or otherwise than by mere speech, which exposes any living person, or the memory of any person deceased, to hatred, contempt, ridicule, or obloquy, or which causes, or tends to cause any person to be shunned or avoided, or which has a tendency to injure any person, corporation, or association of persons, in his or their business or occupation. . . ."

But, refreshingly, Phelps and Hamilton go beyond the usual negative tone of writings on libel to stress the positive—encouragement to communicate the maximum amount of information that seems legally "safe." As they rightly point out, libel law is intended not only to protect individuals from errors and irresponsibility on the part of the press but also to help assure freedom of information, particularly in relation to public figures and public business.

"Once this philosophy is accepted," they write, "it follows that communications media can help a democratic society act intelligently only if they carry a wide variety of reports . . . about those in public life. The leeway in the libel laws was designed for just this purpose."

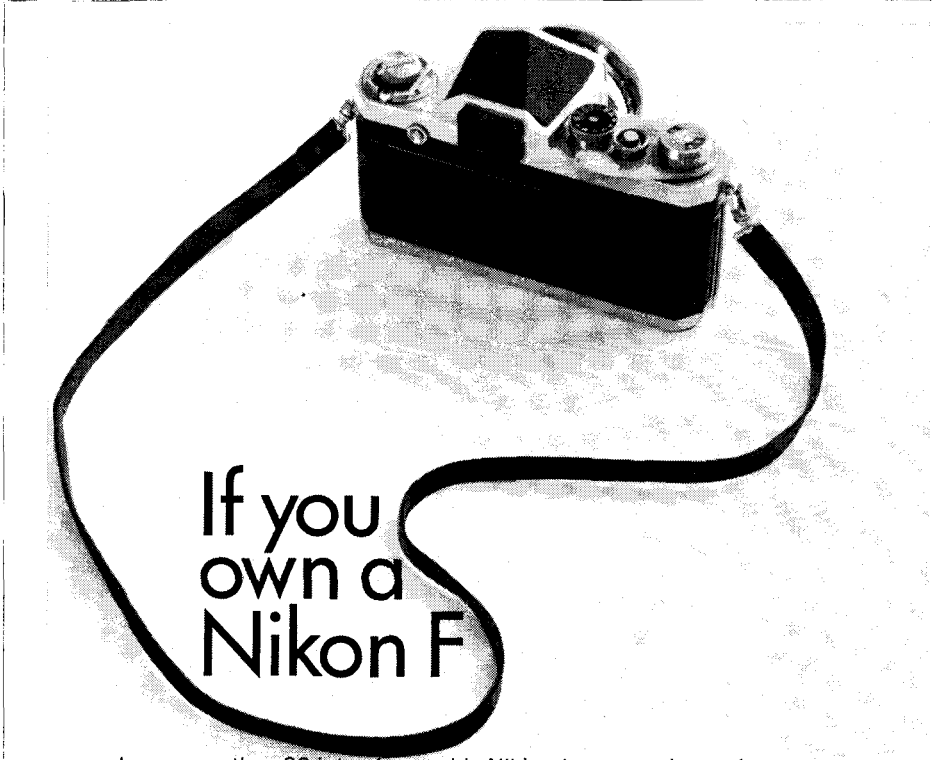
A partial list of the book's chapter headings alone provides a primer on libel: Was It Published? Is Anyone Identified? Is Crime or Dishonor Charged? Is Ridicule of Misfortune Present? Is There a Reflection on Race, Nationality, or Patriotism? Is There Injury to a Man in His Occupation? Truth—the Glorious Defense. Privilege of Reporting—the Bread-and-Butter Defense. Fair Comment—Defense for Opinions. Reply—the Self-Defense. Malice. Defenses After Publication. *The New York Times* Rule—the Expanding Defense. The latter chapter, which deals with the Supreme Court's reversal of a $500,000 judgment awarded an Alabaman against the *Times* in connection with publication of a full-page advertisement, is one of the most useful and timely, for it discusses an important new direction in libel law—which, the authors make abundantly clear, changes faster and in greater degree than is generally realized.

"We claim this is the best book on libel ever written," the publisher states on a dust jacket flap. Extravagant as the claim may seem, it may well be true.

Pulitzer: Professionally, Joseph Pulitzer was a man with feet in two cities, St. Louis and New York. Both operating bases and something of their place in Pulitzer's career are discussed in new books from the Princeton University Press: *Pulitzer's Post-Dispatch* ($7.50), by Julian S. Rammelkamp; and *Joseph Pulitzer and the New York World* ($10), by George Juergens. Both books are more institutional histories than biographies (they grew out of doctoral dissertations), and both contribute new insights into Pulitzer's genius. Of the two, Rammelkamp's volume seems the most perceptive and concentrates most on previously little known subject matter.

McLuhan: If, as communications theorist Marshall McLuhan postulates, "the medium is the message," a new paperback on which he is listed as co-author with Quentin Fiore (*The Medium Is the Massage: An Inventory of Effects,* Bantam, $1.45) communicates some puzzling signals indeed. The volume amounts to little more than an article-length essay, stretched to book length by a profusion of pop-art layouts and photos—all in all, an unfortunately superficial presentation that will add little to the reputation of the medium or his message.

—Alfred Balk.



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Voltaire

Continued from page 27

sistible (though it must be explained that living with Voltaire over a long stretch of time was, to many of his hosts and hostesses, like living with a gorgeous lion who, in fretful moments, gulped down a head or two). It must have been Voltaire who first lived the old show-biz tenet, "Always leave them laughing." There is little doubt from the historical record of the time that he was the funniest man alive. No other reason would explain his immunity from a constant caning and ostracism, so freely did he attack the mightiest, the highest-born, and the Church.

While he lived in England for some three years as a young man he met Congreve, and gushingly advised the great playwright that he regarded him as a peer of Molière. Congreve replied, "Ah, but I had rather you wished to meet me because I am an English gentleman." To which Voltaire sniffed: "There are too many English gentlemen, and too few great playwrights."

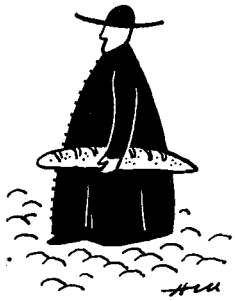
He had a facile genius for enlivening the ideas of others, though he demolished egos and poured salt into hidden wounds. "If I had not cheered up the subject nobody would have been scandalized, but then nobody would have read me," is Voltaire's credo, anticipating Hilaire Belloc's ". . . when I am dead, I hope it may be said: 'His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.'"

He was a great moneylender, from whence came a good part of his income. He lent money to an Abbé MacCarthy, who had gone to the East without repaying him. Voltaire learned that the Abbé, in Constantinople, had been circumcised and impaled. "Ah," murmured Voltaire, "many people have owed me money, but so far none of them have been impaled."

Voltaire detested critics, an attitude not so uncommon in modern America. He called them "insects of a single day." Voltaire gave short shrift to the intellectuals of the time who declaimed about art and writing which an inappreciative public was too dumb to recognize. He fervently believed that a play which does not succeed in the theater is a bad play and a book allowed to go out of print a poor book. "No interesting play ever fails," he said. It was his avowal that there was a sufficient number of educated playgoers in Paris and he was prepared to accept their judgment. Voltaire may have been tempted to this belief by the fact all his books were runaway best sellers and nearly all his plays were embraced joyously by the public.

When his work was criticized by another historian, Voltaire had this to say: "A historian has many duties. Allow me to remind you here of two which are of some importance. The first is not to slander; the second is not to bore. I can excuse you for neglect of the first because few will read your work. I cannot, however, forgive you for neglecting the second, for I was forced to read you."

Voltaire was remarkably free of temperament when he was working. He was an easy collaborator. He would shorten, lengthen, or alter verses, and even be cooperative about words he used. It was his belief that a fresh eye often perceives small inadequacies that the author by himself might never notice. It is proper to muse about Voltaire's mixing today with some screenwriters, playwrights, novelists, many of whom have a fixed



view that every word they write has surely been transported from the summit of Mount Sinai, suitably engraved on tablets of stone.

Not unsurprisingly, Voltaire thought that his plays did have a measure of immortality and were capable of inspiring substantial passion in those who acted in them. Once he heard about a rich old Londoner named Bond (how modern Voltaire is!) who produced Voltaire's play *Zaire* and took the role of Zaire's father. On the night the play opened, the elderly gentleman threw himself into the part with such fervor that when the moment came for him to expire in Zaire's arms he did, actually, die. Voltaire heartily approved.

VOLTAIRE hated splendidly. One for whom he had an unspeakable distaste was the poet Jean Baptiste Rousseau. He remarked once about Rousseau's *Ode to Posterity*: "I really do not believe this ode will ever reach its address." He got a perverse joy out of flailing the hides of the hangers-on at court. When the Regent, the Duc d'Orleans, felt the need to economize and began by cutting in half the number of horses in the royal stables, Voltaire quipped: "He could have done better to dismiss half the asses that crowded his Majesty's court."

Like so many mortals, Voltaire examined his own conscience and found it in good shape, whereas he was not so obliging about the motives of others. He professed pacifism. Warring princes were to him "hateful spiders tearing each other to pieces instead of spinning silk." He harangued Frederick the Great by

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admonishing him to quit ravaging the earth. Frederick knew his man. "It's the fashion now to make war," said the King, "and presumably it will last a good long while. But I can remember the time when if you had an army, you would have marched against Desfontaines, Rousseau, and Van Duren" (three of Voltaire's mortal enemies). Voltaire's answer is not recorded.

Though Voltaire engaged in an on-again, off-again friendship and dialogue with Frederick, he was not above banging the monarch on the jowls. Frederick won a great victory at Mollwitz, but the story has it that when the battle was going badly Frederick spurred his horse wildly to the rear and only returned later when the battle had been won. Voltaire's comment was that the only living creature to whom Frederick ever felt gratitude was the horse that bore him from Mollwitz.

When he wanted something desperately, he didn't hesitate to go right to the top. Once, staying at the duchy of Lorraine, which was presided over by the Queen's father, Stanislas, the King of Poland, Voltaire began his letter of importuning: "Sire, when one is in Paradise it is to God that one must address oneself." In this case Voltaire was thwarted by Stanislas's treasurer, who rapped the Voltairean knuckles and, in so many words, told him he was a boor.

Voltaire was a genius at many things, and getting into scrapes, alas, was one of them. There were those in France who were certain that Voltaire would get into trouble even in a Trappist monastery. But no one could accuse him of not rising to challenge when the occasion demanded. His insouciance was never more strained than the evening when he surprised Madame du Châtelet and a guardsman named Saint-Lambert in what may be described as a compromising moment. Voltaire was obviously, at first, furious. First, Emilie assured him of her eternal love, and then Saint-Lambert apologized and that evening the three supped together. Voltaire told Saint-Lambert: "You are in a happy age of love and delight. Enjoy these moments, too brief. An old invalid like me is not made for these pleasures." He was fifty-four.

Voltaire was, beyond question, the leader in infusing the Newtonian idea into the French intellectual bloodstream. He spread through France a concern for how things work and not with their "essence." Along with Maupertuis and d'Alembert, he changed in a substantial way the direction of French thought, pointing it toward the "practical." Reform in France began with Voltaire. And though the mobs, still milling in an invisible discontent, did not know it, their future power was given a solid philosophical footing.

Voltaire was no democrat in the twentieth-century sense. But in despising cant, laughing at tribal rites, and crying out against abuses of law, justice, and natural reason, he was clearly in the democratic tradition. In France, still squirming under the rule if not the person of Louis XIV, Voltaire and the bite of his comic satire were explosively revolutionary.

He broke the link between the brutal *condottiere* and the intellectual. "I do not like heroes," said Voltaire. "They make too much noise in the world." He opened a chasm, since grown steadily larger, between the intellectual and the prince, between the man of thought and the man of action.

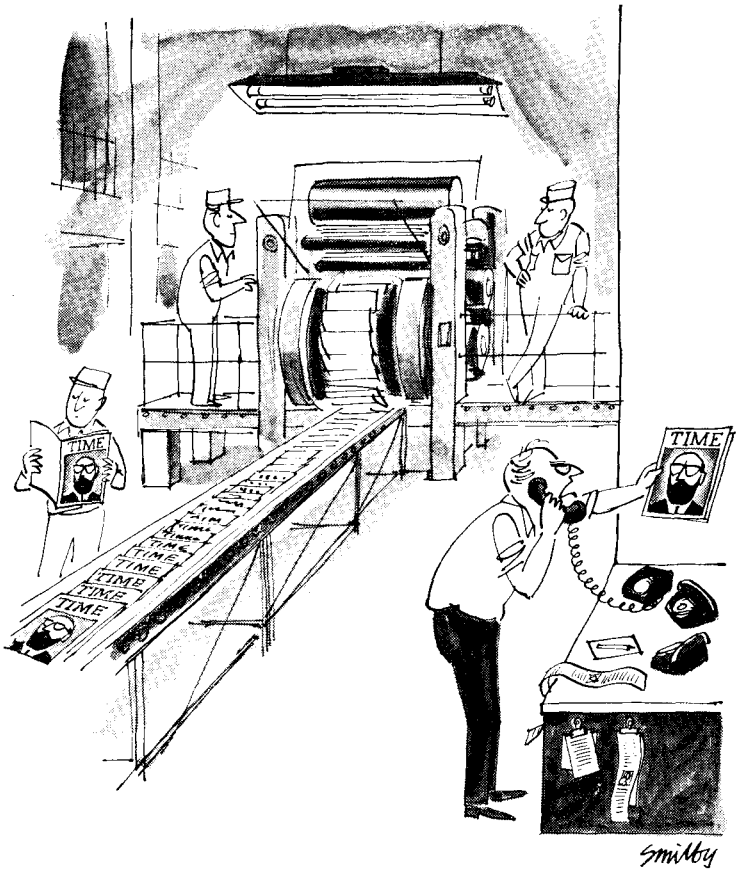
Voltaire worked, though, in the milieu of the moment, which demanded to know, if the world is to be reformed, who would lead the reconstruction? Voltaire, like Erasmus and Luther, placed his faith in the enlightened despot. This was not the answer, but without this opening, the road to the future would have been more difficult for democracy to travel. Moreover, it was Voltaire who took pride in and gave praise for Locke and his then curious ideas about government and the consent of the governed. It may be possible to say that had there been no Voltaire stirring the air with new thought—the mingling of English empiricism and the French method of doubt—the Revolution might have been longer in coming.

In his late seventies, in 1771, Voltaire, throwing aside the pessimism of old age, trumpeted a note of hope: "Well-constituted minds are now very numerous; they are at the head of nations; they influence public manners, and year by year the fanaticism that overspread the earth is receding. Stupidity is being at every instant undermined by reason, which is establishing its reign."

That may have been one of the old man's few bad prophecies. He underrated the staying power of fanatics and stupidity. Moreover, there is no mortal to whom what Pascal called "the glory, the jest and riddle of the world" unveiled itself totally, not even to Voltaire. But Voltaire perhaps came as close as anyone, and he did it with a comic thrust, a savoring wisdom, and a deflating irony.

One of Voltaire's numerous antagonists was an idle nobleman, the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot. When Voltaire was thirty, the Chevalier set a band of ruffians on him. The hooligans were about to beat him into insensibility when the Chevalier, directing the activity from the sanctity and safety of his carriage, cried out: "Don't strike his head, something good may come out of that."

This may be recorded as the century's most accurate prophecy.



"Don't tell me he just shaved!"

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WISE WEIGHT WATCHERS think thin and choose choice charting way to work change! Plan and plot your progress with this personalized unique visual incentive motivational kit. Attractive, functional, and fun. $1.50. Chart-Mor, Box 4189-A, Stanford, California 94305.

KENNEDY-FULBRIGHT—1968. Bumper Stickers—50¢. Citizens for Kennedy-Fulbright, Box 1524, Madison, Wisconsin.

PRIVATE COLLECTION old Chinese textiles. Mandarin squares, etc. Box A-809.

FARM MANAGER, 60, good health and education, seeks superintendent or caretaker position, anywhere near the sea. Box A-525.

CARETAKER, oceanfront estate Bar Harbor. Weekend work in exchange for carriage house apartment. Box A-583.

ART TEACHER, MALE, master's, desires elementary, high school, Junior College, vicinity Santa Monica, California, September 1967. Highest references. Box A-524.

(Continued on page 142)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 141)

TOP DRAWER. Capable, enthusiastic, single female, age 30. Interesting background of extensive travel in the Orient, Europe, Central and South America. Knowledge of languages. Emotionally mature with a keen business and style sense and a flair for living. Seeks challenging and creative position with reputable firm. Human and Public Relations work a specialty. Box A-580.

LAND ROVER. Man, 23, wants one more to camp/share expenses in vehicle. 6 weeks, Alaska or Mexico. 201-945-8545.

FREE BABYSITTER—Ohio High School senior wishes travel opportunity. Dependable, excellent references. Box A-574.

SWEET BRIAR SENIOR seeks interesting summer—prefer beach or travel. Experienced. Box A-569.

STOCKBROKER'S GAL FRIDAY, experienced OTC, options, charting, analysis desires permanent, challenging position. Will relocate anywhere US. Box A-588.

LADY DESIRES POSITION as traveling aide. Experienced. Excellent driver. References. Box A-570.

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATOR-ACCOUNTANT. B.A., 49, financially independent, seeks managerial position. Ask for resume. Box A-563.

TRAVEL U.K., summer 1967, traveled U.S. and Europe, prep graduate, 19, available—aide/tutor. References. Cahoon, 542 del Monte Sol, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

PRE-MED, MALE. 21, B.A. June Kalamazoo College, seeks interesting summer work. Box A-581.

SHARE VACATION, home, abroad. Capable girl, 17, child care, July and August. Reasonable, responsible, references. Box A-565.

HELP! GIRL, 25, seeks uncommon challenge—anywhere. Seasoned traveler, Wellesley/art. Formerly London based, publishing. Box A-557.

HONORS STUDENT, girl, desires summer tutoring, sitting job. Latin, English, History, French. License. Seashore. Box A-560.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE, June, eldest of eight, seeks position with European-bound family. Karen Hanna, Katharine Branson, Ross, California.

MUSIC M.A., 32, college teaching experience, seeks teaching position theory, history, piano areas. Box A-559.

BRITISH SCHOOLMASTER seeks employment fall '67, Asia, South America. Box A-590.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL aide/escort position desired by woman, 35, master's, some German. Available June. Box 253, Brenau College, Gainesville, Georgia 30501.

PRIMARY TEACHER (also Latin-English-History tutor) wants interesting summer job; female, Southern, almost 50 but alive and active. Box A-812.

MOTHER'S HELPER. Episcopal Prep School junior needs summer job in family home or traveling. Experience, references. Box A-806.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, B.L.S., female, for residential junior college for women. Faculty status. Experience unnecessary. Write: Miss Emily Thomas, Librarian, Vermont College, Montpelier, Vermont 05602.

MANPOWER INC. needs experienced stenos, typists immediately to work temporarily. Call the Manpower office in your city.

INTERESTING, INDIVIDUALIZED SKILL TEACHING. College and Secondary. Liberal Arts or Education, B.A. minimum. Single, travel. Enjoy working independently. Start June or September. Interviews NYC area. Reply SR Box A-528.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ARTS COUNCIL DIRECTOR. Public relations, community planning experience. Cultural background. Pioneering opportunity. Southwest city. Box A-526.

WANTED: Creative Editor of new Catholic periodical designed to help primary grade children cultivate a Christian sense of life, of mystery. Requires eye for good graphics, originality, experience with children. Salary open. Send samples, resume to Catechetics Dept., GEO. A. PFLAUM, Publisher, Inc., 38 West Fifth Street, Dayton, Ohio 45402.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES are available next year, in central California, in all elementary grades and secondary subjects. Contact: Gerald Jacobus, Kings County Superintendent of Schools, Box C, Hanford, California 93230.

INDEPENDENT COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL for girls located in Southwest has teaching openings in history, French, mathematics and physical education. If interested send resume. Box A-114.

DIRECTOR, PRESS AND PUBLIC RELATIONS: Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and Hollywood Bowl desire creative person, young at heart, to head expanding program. Send resume and salary requirements to General Manager, Southern California Symphony-Hollywood Bowl Association, 135 North Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90012.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized for 50 years in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

LIBRARY DIRECTOR for City School District. Do you have master's, school library experience, know-how in making libraries center of schools? 14,000 pupils, 17 librarians and I need you. C. Davis, Superintendent, Elmira, N.Y.

TEACHERS—EXPERIENCED: English, math, history, science, guidance. Private school. P.O. Box 3084 Central Station, Hartford, Connecticut.

ESTABLISHED BOSTON TRAVEL COMMENTATOR seeks partnership journalist or PR creator to expand services. International-minded, enterprising assistance wanted. Write Box A-597.

PUBLISHING—We are recruiting for some of the finest publishing houses in the country. Since the following are career opportunities we must have exceptional talent. Editor—adult general science to $20,000. Editors—fiction/nonfiction $20,000-$35,000. Direct mail copywriter with flair $15,000-$30,000. Art Director for beautiful line of hardcovers to $20,000. Copy Editor—leading news magazine experience $15,000. Educators—social science/language arts k-12, to $18,000. Editor—juveniles, to $10,000. These positions are fee paid. Charlotte E. Henkel (agency), 280 Madison Avenue, New York City 10016.

SOCIOLOGIST, M.A.—Overseas location. Young sociologist or social scientist with flair for writing and editing as well as analysis. To prepare, analyze and edit reports on audience reaction and public opinion for American radio station in Western Europe. Good typing required. Relocation expenses paid. Many fringe benefits include free housing. Salary about $5,000 to start plus overseas allowance. Send fully detailed resume. Box A-813.

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For Sale

NYC—TOWNHOUSE, East 87th, off East End Avenue, $90,000. Long term mortgage available. SR Box A-587.

CHESTER, NOVA SCOTIA—"The Yachtsman's Paradise." Very special year-round home, 3 bedrooms, on exclusive Peninsula. Superb view. Shore. Convenient. Ideal for those who want the sea with a minimum of effort. Available May. $24,000. Chester Real Estate, Chester, Nova Scotia, Canada.

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. 1790 circa, perfect brick Federal Colonial. 8 rooms, 4 fireplaces, small barn. Urban area. NYC bus at door. $33,900. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-358-1025.

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For Sale—Furnished

MAINE CAPTAIN'S HOUSE overlooking Rockport harbor. 5 bedrooms; all modern utilities. Rented. $12,000. SR Box A-8.

For Rent—Furnished

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, new cottages overlooking lake and mountains. Private estate with air field, trout, bass fishing, deer, bear, grouse and turkey hunting. Skiing, skating, swimming, tennis, golf and riding at nearby world-famous Homestead Resort Hotel. Call or write for brochure: Clinton M. Hester, Shoreham Building, Washington, D.C. 202-347-2836; 703-522-1451.

ANTIGUA—Beautiful villa and apartment on Caribbean beach, maid, gardener. Box A-86.

YEAR ROUND HIDEAWAY from Baltimore, Washington. 4 bedroom forest cottage edge Blue Ridge. Near golfing, skiing. Call weekdays, 301-523-2213.

EVERGREEN, COLORADO—mountain cabin near hunting, fishing, skiing. Reasonable. Box A-593.

OFFTRACK, TINY ISLAND, luxury residence, secluded, unspoiled. Cook/housekeeper, laundress, all utilities, $250 monthly. Lulley, Bequia, St. Vincent, West Indies.

MONTEGO BAY—3 bedrooms, 3 baths, swimming pool, servants. Commanding view, car. Available April 1st. $1,200 per month. SR Box A-596.

GUANAJUATO, MEXICO country home. 2 baths. Large gardens. SR Box A-803.

For Summer Rental

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—4 bedrooms, modern electric kitchen. 12 acres on secluded private lake. June, July, September. Box 57, University of Chicago.

BERKSHIRES secluded 6 room cottage on Connecticut lake, completely equipped. June 1st-October 1st. $1,500. Box A-594.

FRANCE—chateau in historic Loire country. Completely furnished. 12 rooms, 3 baths. 20 acre park, gardener. SR Box A-582.

DUTCHESS COUNTY. 2 hours NYC. Private lake, forests, swimming, diving, fishing. 8 room 1750 Colonial home, equipped, modernized, dishwasher, Steinway, hi-fi, fireplace. July 15th through August, $1,000. Box A-585.

BERKSHIRE HILLTOP—Living room, bedroom, bath, family size kitchen. Between Williamstown and Northampton. $500, 5 months. Box A-573.

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

SWEDEN—Economics professor working I.M.F. wishes to trade modern house in Uppsala and summer house for house in D.C. area next summer. Write: Swedish Broadcasting Corporation, 2119 Leroy Place, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

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FOR SALE—½ acre lot, Birchwood Lakes, Poconos, Pike County, Pennsylvania. 2 hours New York City. Private lakes with beach houses, boating, tennis, recreation hall, shuffleboard courts. Golfing and skiing nearby. 3 miles to shopping and houses of worship. Very reasonable. Box W-338.

SENECA LAKE. Beautiful 1-2 acre sites. Excellent fishing, swimming, trees, trails, views, good roads, privacy. Allen Pomeroy, Ovid, N. Y. 14521. Phone 607-869-5964.

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CAMPS FOR SALE

LAKE TEMAGAMI, ONTARIO—Boys' canoe camp—location unexcelled, owners retiring. Wigwasati, Box 1185, Tavares, Florida.

CANADIAN CAMP PINECLIFF for twenty girls. 8 acre island, finest equipment. H. H. Grafton, Tavares, Florida.

CAMPS

THE ROCK provides a summer of venturesome concerns and adventurous activities. An intimate atmosphere with activities young people 11-17 would expect to find at a camp plus another dimension. RFD, Williamsburg, Massachusetts. 413-268-7069.

T-R RANCH. Reading, Riding, Ranching. Boys 9-14. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

BROWN LEDGE — Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Mrs. H. E. Brown, 81 Tilden Road, Box C, Scituate, Massachusetts.

CAMP CHOCONUT—Constructive Fun. 50 boys (9 to 14) learn to develop and rely on their own resources while living together. Basic program. Nothing fancy. Camping out, work projects, carpentry, nature, farm animals, private lake, relaxed sports. 17 miles south Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania 19035.

THE FRENCH CAMP at Peter Pan Farm. Voluntary French lessons by Frenchman. Voluntary farm chores. Elaborate Arts-Crafts department. Music, Drama. Horseback riding, filtered swimming pool, tennis court, sports, international staff—campers. Coed, ages 5-16. Relaxed, noncompetitive family atmosphere. Aart & Johanna Vos. Phone: Woodstock, N.Y. 12498. 914-679-6936.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, ranch-travel-work program provides constructive adventure, boys 13-17. 21st summer. Separate western travel program girls 14-18. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

GOLDEN ARROW in Sunapee, N.H., offers a personal noncompetitive approach where campers from varied backgrounds use the wilderness setting in creative living experiences. A balanced program from log-cabin building to music and photography. Bruce Charpentier, 35-54 88th Street, Jackson Heights, N.Y. 11372.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the HUMANITIES. Co-educational-integrated; ages 14 through 18. Study creative thinking through literature, history, music, drama, and MATHEMATICS in HUMAN CULTURE. Work projects; recreation. June 25th-August 6th. B.S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

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SUMMERLANE CAMP: freedom, love, work and joy. Box 25Y, North Branch, New York.

ART for every child—professional art staff. Noncompetitive, individual program. Camping, tennis, lake, excellent equestrian program. Camp Ballibay, Camptown, Pennsylvania 18815.

THE ROOTABAGA COUNTRY. A nation of 50 children, 6-13, self-governing under mature staff. Fun and adventures start with unusual musical, dramatic, and craft activities and extend to the deep woods of the Green Mountains. Explorations in mathematics. Wenonah and Michael Powsner, TRUMBULL HILL, Shaftsbury, Vermont 05262.

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LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. Established 1930. 80 boys, 8 through 15. 7 weeks $600. Wilderness canoe and fishing trips. All land and water sports. Tutoring. Outstanding staff. Write Capt. L.R. Claud Robinson, 1564 Forest Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

BURLEIGH HILL. Boothbay, Maine. Boys. Saltwater sailing instruction, racing. Swimming, tennis. $775.

HIGH ADVENTURE—Montana Rockies—Boys 12-17. Mountaineering on Continental Divide. Trips—Glazier Park, rodeos, ghost towns, Indian Reservations. D. Edwards, 401 East 74th Street, New York 10021. Phone: 212-861-3511.

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ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States—exclusively for persons over 60! Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care, good transportation. Near shopping, attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 6-hole golf course, gardens . . . come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Health Care Center on the grounds . . . providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information write Manager, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

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GO GAUGUIN! Caribbean mountain studios. Congenial atmosphere. Hammond, Naguabo, P.R.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

SKIERS AND RELAXERS love good fellowship. The Yodler, Stowe, Vermont.

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(Continued on page 144)

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(Continued from page 143)

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ALAN WATTS TOUR OF JAPAN, September 26th-November 6th, 1967, $1,795, including air fare from West coast, ground transportation and lecture fees. Write Society for Comparative Philosophy, Box 857, Sausalito, California 94965.

DOUBLE-DECKER OMNIBUS London-Edinburgh-London. Six overnights in ancient haunted inns. History, culture, parties and barbeques with England's intellectual swingers. 30 seats left. Jaunting, accommodation, Beatles and breakfast. $6.90 per day. August. Box A-811.

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"Slow down, world– this kid wants to get on"

"This is a fine little girl that got sidetracked from the rest of the world. Now she's trying to make it back.

"There are lots of kids like this. Little folks that hurt all over, trying to learn how to walk. Trying to do things other kids don't have to learn. They'll make it, too, if they don't run out of hope.

"Hope is a job for Easter Seals. Special doctors and nurses. Special equipment. Special love—special ways to keep these little ones full of hope. It costs money.

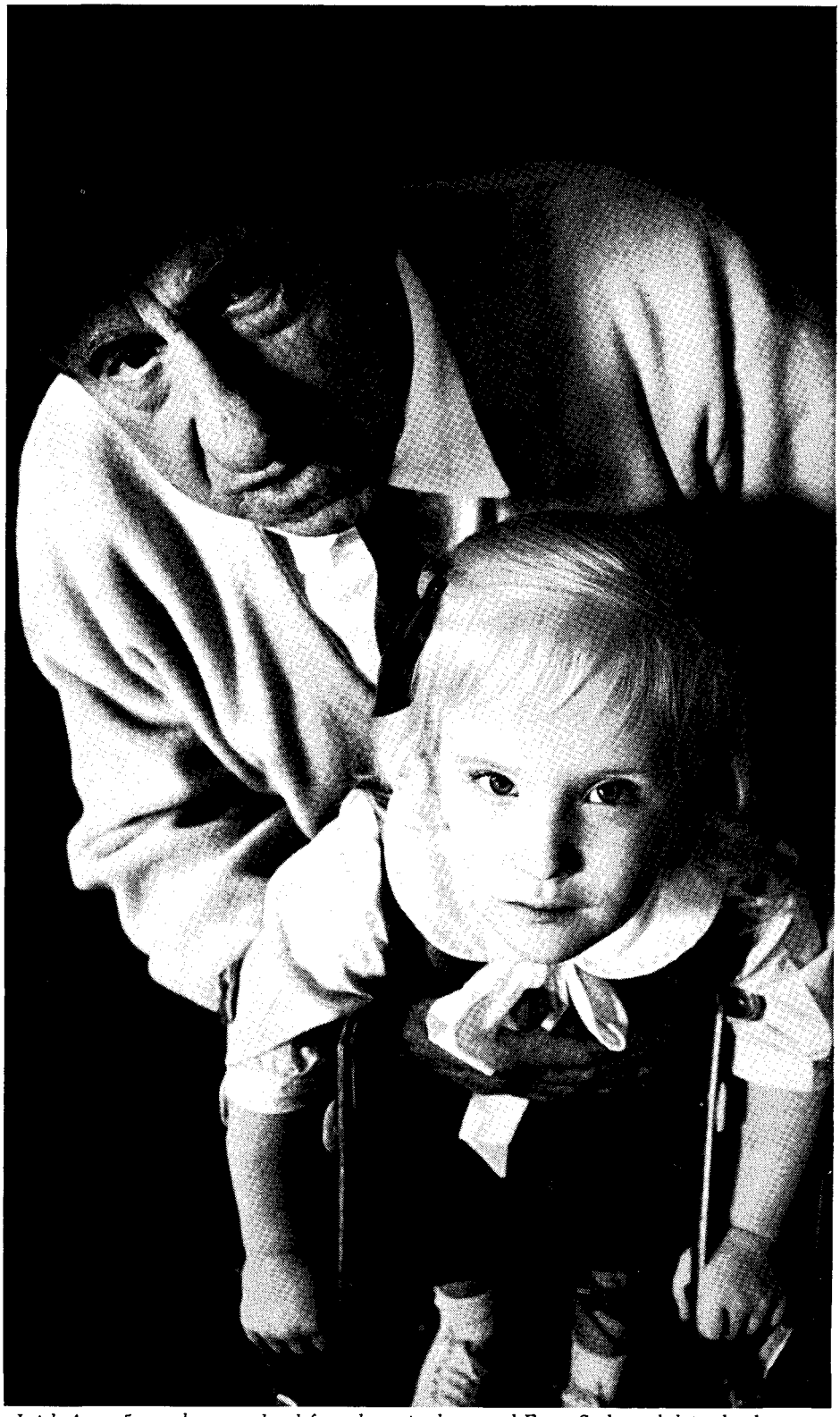
"But not a lot if we split it up.

"How about you m'friend? Slow down a minute, and reach out a hand with a few dollars in it, for Easter Seals. If you do, you'll put one of these little kids a little closer to catching up with the rest of the world. And that's a fine thing."

Jimmy Durante
Spring, 1967

Easter Seal Fund Appeal

ADDRESS: EASTER SEALS, C/O POSTMASTER, YOUR CITY, YOUR PERSONAL ZIP CODE



Leigh Anne, 5, was born paralyzed from the waist down, and Easter Seals are helping her learn to walk and care for herself. Jimmy Durante is National Chairman of the 1967 Easter Seal Fund Appeal.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1718

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Joan Hawkins

Mrs. Wortman is on a brief vacation. At her request, Joan Hawkins of Louisiana is taking her place. Mrs. Hawkins is no stranger to solvers of Fans' Sections in books of the Double-Crostic SERIES and in the four Special FANS' BOOKS, published by Simon and Schuster and regularly announced in *Saturday Review*.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Towering pyramidal structure of ancient Babylon.	103 54 96 190 116 32 165 12
B. A *man at the bottom* of a mine shaft who places the corves upon the cage.	146 16 122 134 36 3 175 80
C. To contemplate in imagination.	72 107 41 86 151 180 28 125
D. A wine pitcher or jug found in nearly all periods of Greek art.	25 159 2 67 113 130 82 139
E. In Arthurian legend, a country once contiguous to Cornwall, but long since sunk beneath the sea.	163 23 118 154 34 43 179 145
F. In a decline.	47 137 88 11 158 189 39 64
G. A first sketch, as of a picture or model of a statue (familiar French).	8 117 173 70 76 138 91 104
H. A little nerve.	185 53 93 149 172 24 58 131
I. In forestry, a windfall.	48 7 155 126 73 97 147 170
J. Tyll Eulenspiegel; hence, a jester or buffoon.	46 184 79 99 178 106 60 112
K. Hooked; bent at the tip like a hook.	174 68 14 152 161 31 144 85
L. To restore to life; resuscitate.	19 5 77 133 26 191 156 65
M. East Indian aquatic herb with edible roots, which sounds as if it might make one sneeze.	63 4 187 129 50 22 161 110
N. One who spends, lends, or gives away money grudgingly, if at all (slang).	181 61 45 75 177 124 100 167
O. The mad-dog skullcap (if WNI II isn't putting us on!)	13 192 40 164 30 94 128 157
P. A tender of a glycerine-concentrating machine.	6 119 44 38 140 52 89 176
Q. To compete with.	109 169 57 98 150 9 33 188
R. Ecstatic; delighted beyond measure.	162 59 142 121 18 132 42 105
S. Contemptible; dishonorable.	141 55 160 115 186 17 37 81
T. Least flexible.	90 136 143 69 29 10 182 87
U. A bird that is one year old, or has once molted.	78 193 62 183 21 102 166 49
V. Fitted or intended to teach; instructive.	135 1 35 51 168 92 114 74
W. To establish or settle comfortably.	27 148 171 84 127 111 66 15
X. An instrument of appointment to a high ecclesiastical office, esp. that of a bishop.	71 20 95 153 108 120 56 123 83

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New Interna- tional Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 V	2 D		3 B	4 M	5 L		6 P	7 I	8 G	9 Q	10 T	11 F	12 A	13 O	
14 K	15 W	16 B	17 S	18 R	19 L	20 X		21 U	22 M	23 E		24 H	25 D	26 L	27 W	
28 C	29 T		30 O	31 K	32 A		33 Q	34 E	35 V		36 B	37 S	38 P		39 F	40 O
41 C	42 R		43 E	44 P		45 N	46 J	47 F		48 I	49 U	50 M	51 V	52 P	53 H	
54 A	55 S	56 X	57 Q	58 H	59 R	60 J	61 N	62 U	63 M	64 F	65 L		66 W	67 D	68 K	69 T
70 G	71 X	72 C	73 I		74 V	75 N	76 G	77 L	78 U	79 J	80 B	81 S		82 D	83 X	84 W
85 K		86 C	87 T		88 F	89 P	90 T		91 G	92 V	93 H	94 O	95 X	96 A		97 I
98 Q	99 J	100 N	101 K	102 U	103 A	104 G	105 R		106 J	107 C	108 X		109 Q	110 M	111 W	112 J
113 D	114 V	115 S	116 A	117 G		118 E	119 P		120 X	121 R	122 B		123 X	124 N	125 C	
126 I	127 W	128 O	129 M	130 D		131 H	132 R	133 L	134 B	135 V		136 T	137 F		138 G	139 D
140 P		141 S	142 R		143 T	144 K	145 E		146 B	147 I	148 W		149 H	150 Q	151 C	152 K
153 X	154 E		155 I	156 L		157 O	158 F	159 D		160 S	161 M	162 R	163 E	164 O		165 A
166 U	167 N		168 V	169 Q	170 I	171 W	172 H	173 G	174 K	175 B	176 P	177 N	178 J	179 E		180 C
181 N	182 T		183 U	184 J	185 H		186 S	187 M	188 Q	189 F	190 A	191 L	192 O	193 U		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 23 of this issue.

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